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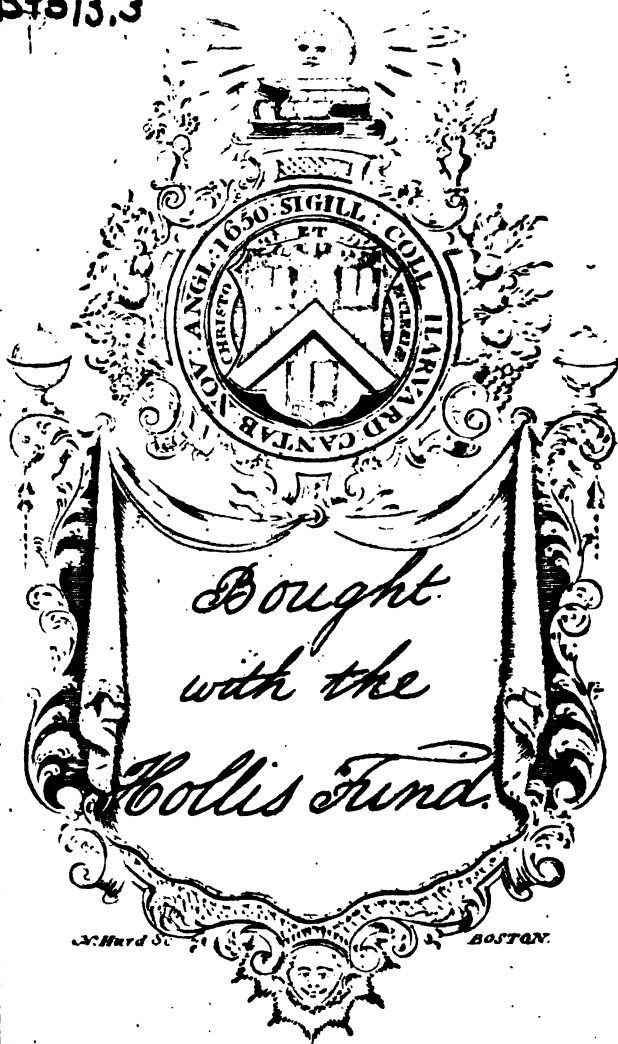
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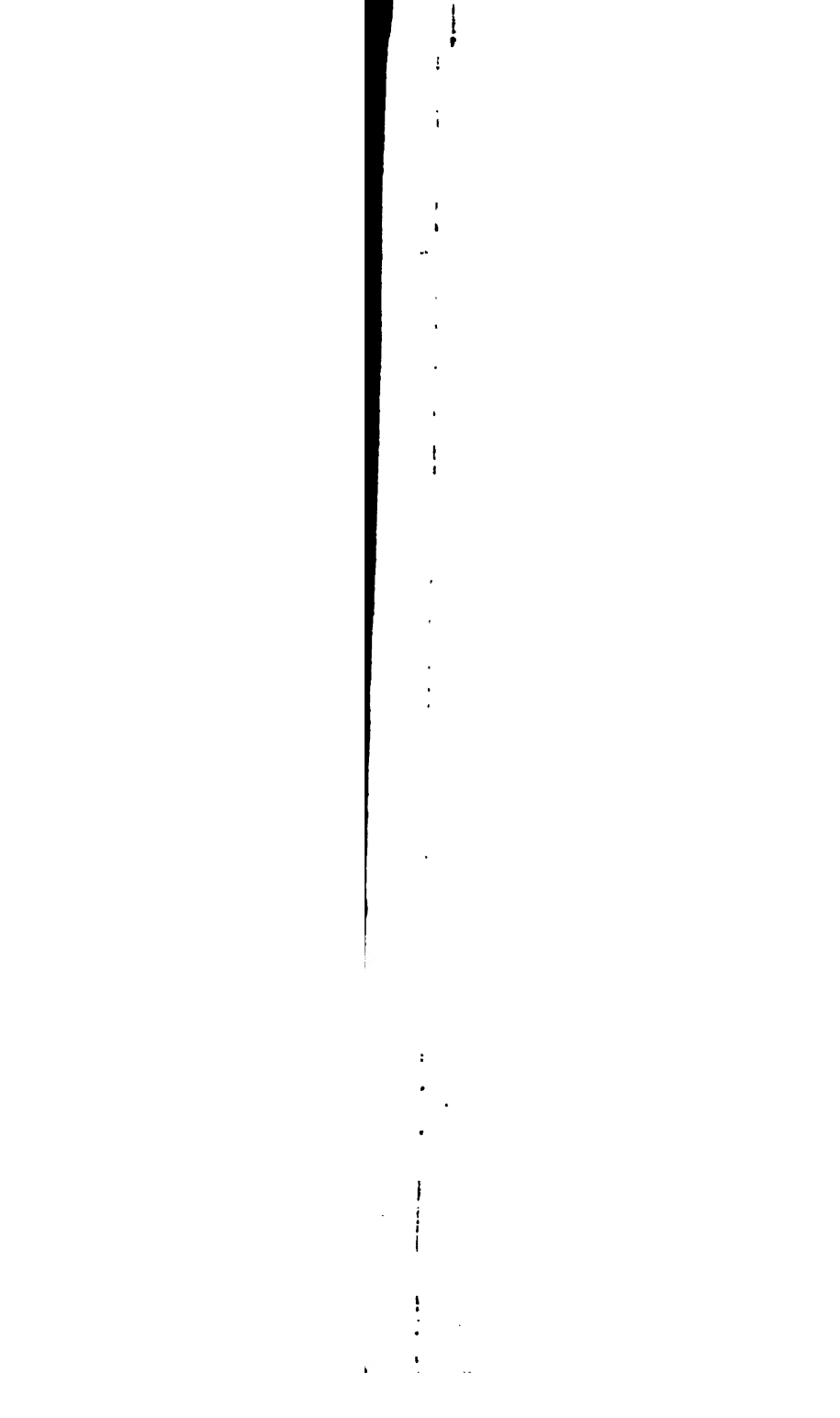
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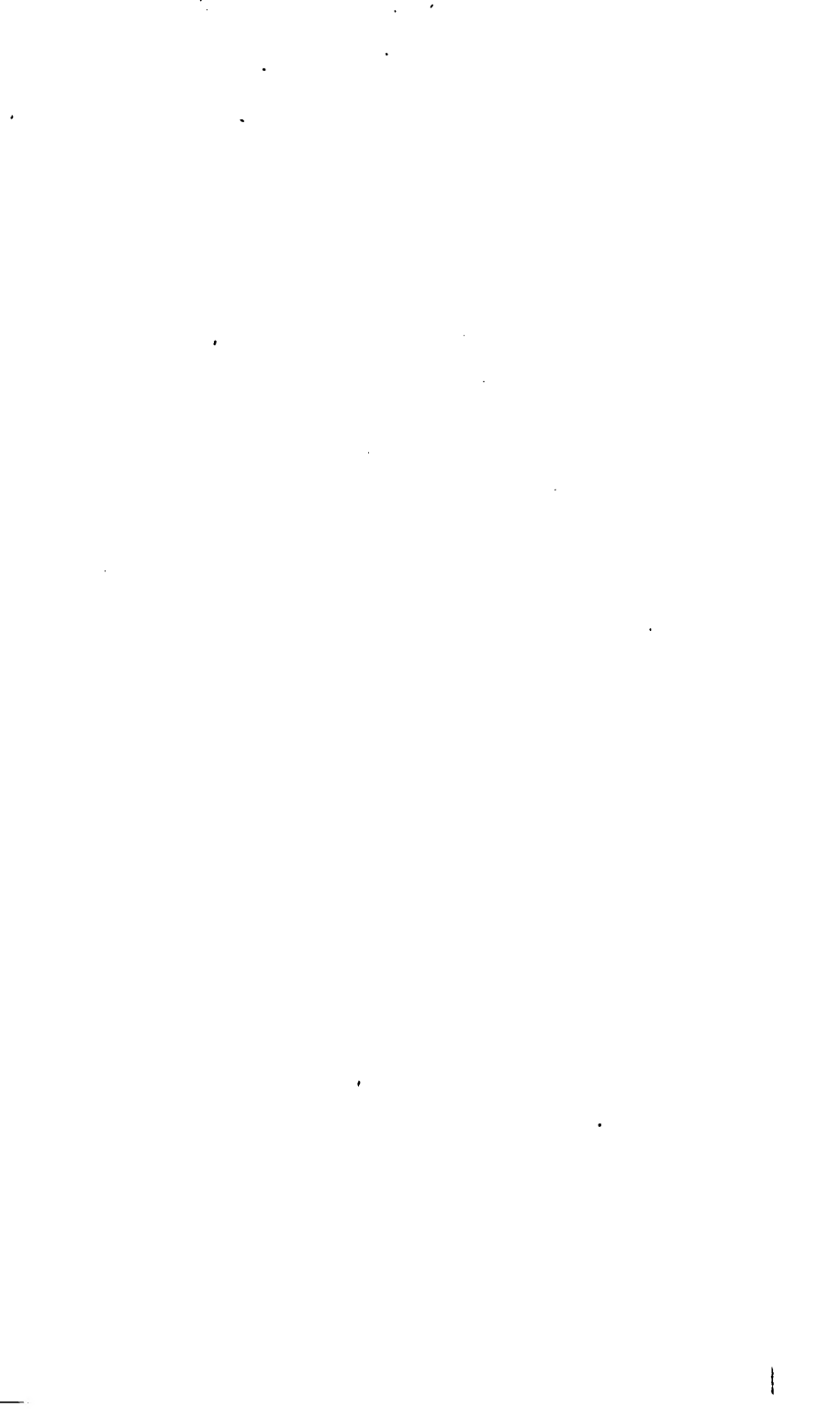
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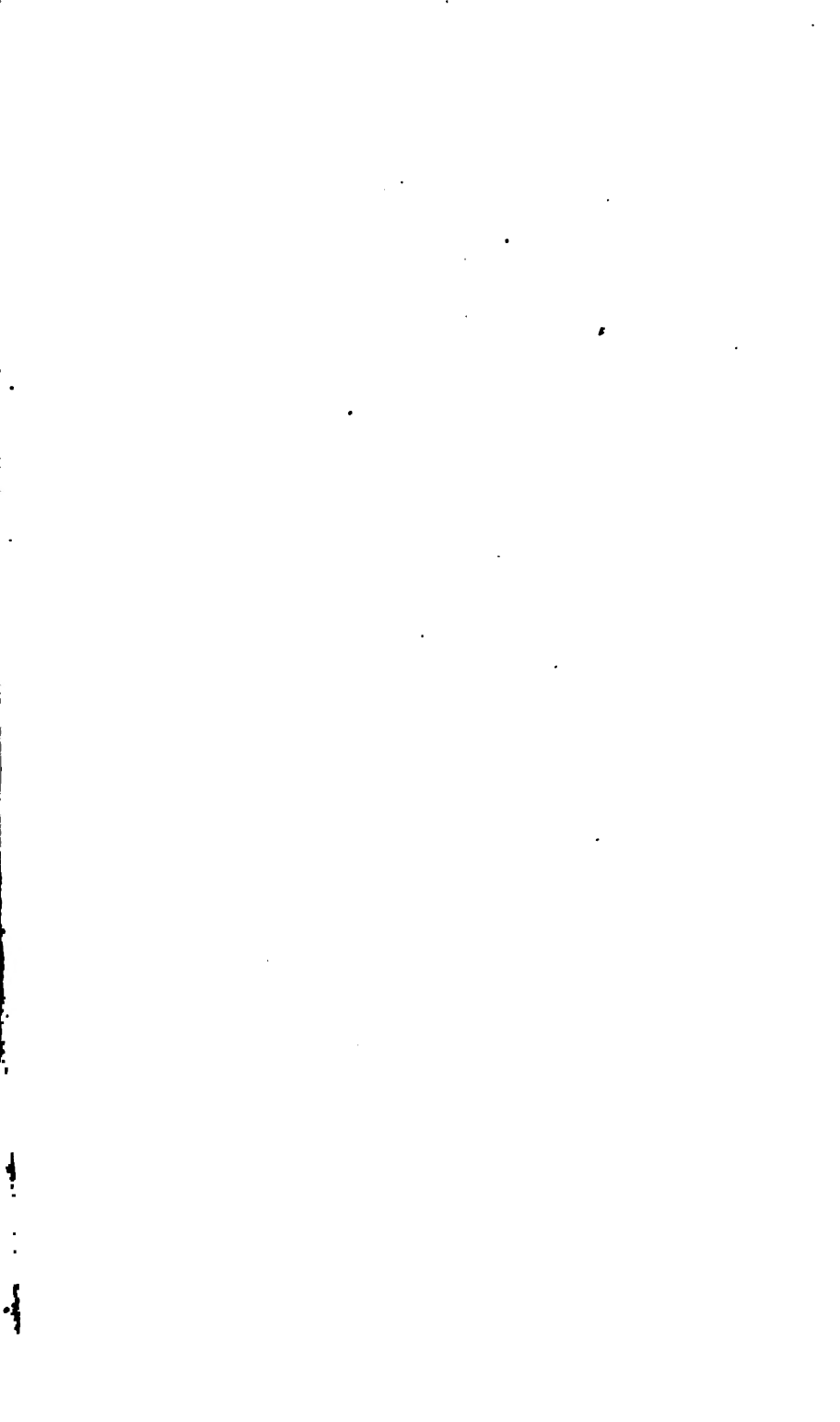
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THE
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FROM

JANUARY TO APRIL INCLUSIVE.

1841.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1841.

ART. I.

1. *The Certainties of Geology.* By WILLIAM SIDNEY GIBSON, F.G.S. Smith and Elder.
2. *Scriptural Geology, or an Essay on the High Antiquity ascribed to the Organic Remains Imbedded in Stratified Rocks.* By the REV. GEORGE YOUNG, D.D., 2nd. Edition. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE authors before us are widely divided,—are in fact directly opposed, upon the subjects indicated by our running title, Mr. Gibson ranging himself under the banner of the Geologists, and the Reverend Doctor standing up strenuously for the Mosaic account, according to its literal sense as given in our English Bibles.

Now, it may be thought that on questions which have excited of late years so much keen controversy as those referred to, and so soon after our notice of Dr. Pye Smith's work on the relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science, we might have allowed the present volumes to pass with the slightest mention of the views which they generally urge, especially as we do not discover in Mr. Gibson's any very novel arguments on the more important grounds of difference; while in Dr. Young's smaller work, we have but a second edition of what appeared two years ago; with an appendix, however, containing animadversions on Dr. Smith's work. But it is right that a champion on each side should be heard together, when the points at issue are of such magnitude as those belonging to a science which ranks next to that of astronomy, and, on the other hand, as is supposed by many pious persons, when the very foundations of our religious faith are being undermined by the advocates of geological theories. We therefore take advantage of the present opportunity to place before our readers a few of the more striking arguments repeated or advanced by the combatants before us; although, after having so recently reviewed Dr. Smith's work, we need not at any very considerable

length accompany Mr. Gibson, seeing that he takes pretty nearly the same path as that pursued by the reverend gentleman last mentioned; not as a follower, we are informed in the preface, for nearly the whole of the Essay "had been written before the publication of Dr. Smith's work, which the author had not the good fortune to read until within the last few weeks, nor did he ever attend or read reports of the Rev. Dr. Smith's lectures on the subject."

In an introductory chapter Mr. Gibson, whose enthusiasm is rather verbose, asserts the high claims which Geology has in the range of science. Next we have a general view of the nature, the objects, and the relations of Geological research; its tendency in a theological sense being here as in many other passages of the book rated very high. We then have a summary of the Geological discoveries "which establish the high antiquity of the earth;" and hence a far more remote beginning than the era supposed to be fixed by the sacred narrative. After this the Mosaic record is subjected to the tests which natural phenomena, reason, interpretation or philology, and analogy supply. The Noachian flood in due course is the theme; after which we have a "Summary of the arguments by which the consistency of Geology and Revelation is established," which we quote entire.

The consistency of the results established in Geology with the doctrines of Revelation seem, it is said by Mr. Gibson, to be as follows:—

"That upon certain points, with regard both to the doctrine of the Creation and of the Deluge, the generally received interpretation of the Mosaic text can no longer be entertained consistently with the facts established in Geology, and must therefore be abandoned, but that it is susceptible of altered interpretation, and that for many considerations, it is clearly liable to correction, by the ascertained results of scientific investigations in the actual phenomena of the globe.

"That such correction does not in the least involve the authority of the Holy Scriptures, because a construction which renders the Mosaic narrative perfectly consistent with the language of the globe, may fairly, and without doing violence to the meaning and context of the narrative, be adopted: or if any hesitation should be felt in receiving an altered interpretation, then there are strong reasons for concluding that upon these particular subjects, the history interwoven in the book of Genesis, is not possessed of that character 'which could give importance to every point of discrepancy or coincidence between its statements and the phenomena of nature.

"That we may so conclude without casting the slightest impeachment on the sacred writings.

"That with regard to the extent to which the received interpretation must be altered, we find,—

"First, as to the doctrine of the Creation—that the researches of Geology confirm the testimony of Scripture to the fact that all created things ori-

ginated in the fiat of Omnipotence; that the creation of man was last in order in the great work, the human race having become tenants of the globe at a comparatively recent period; and established societies having begun to be formed, at an epoch, no further distant, in all probability, than that assigned by the Mosaic text.

"That consequently, it is only as to the periods comprehended by the expression 'the beginning,' and by the 'days' of creation, that the received interpretation has to be adapted to the testimony of the globe. And that the only point therefore requiring reconciliation is one in which the inconsistency can be obviated by a change of construction, a change which is fairly warranted by the text."

Mr. Gibson refers to the interpretations put upon the beginning of Genesis by Drs. Chalmers, Buckland and others; and upon the "days" of creation. But to go on with his summary:

"Second, as to the doctrine of the Deluge—that although the phenomena of the globe infallibly testify that frequent changes in the relative situations of land and sea have taken place, and that the submersion by the waters, of land previously existing above their surface, has been for periods of lengthened duration, and that these changes have been accompanied by circumstances relating to organic life, which prove their occurrence at distinct intervals of time; yet, that these facts do not disprove the occurrence of the tranquil inundation described in the Mosaic narrative, because, on a comparison of their respective characters,—indicated as regards the geological deluges by the Phenomena of nature, and as regards the Noachian Deluge by the statements of the Mosaic record,—the events cannot be identified with each other in any respect.

"That the very character assigned to the Noachian Flood by the sacred historian precludes us from expecting to find in nature any marks of its occurrence; our belief in it, therefore, rests upon the Mosaic record, as fully and independently as our conviction of the revolutions to which the globe has been subjected, rests upon the phenomena disclosed in geological investigations.

"That such anterior revolutions occurred in periods of which nothing could have been known to mankind, but by means of geological induction; and consequently, that the silence of the Mosaic narrative as to their occurrence, is not surprising; and besides, such events were foreign to the subject of those sacred records which were destined to reveal the moral obligations of the human race.

"That there are strong reasons for considering the introductory portion of the Mosaic text to admit of the construction, that great anterior periods, subsequent to the original creation of the world, are left undefined, unnoticed, and unlimited by the text.

"That consequently, the proofs adduced in Geology, that the Noachian Flood was not the only event of the kind that even affected the globe, do not impeach the veracity of the Mosaic text.

"That the assumed universality of the Noachian Flood is not disproved by conclusions established in Geology alone; but that considerations arising

on the text itself, on the laws of nature, and on physical facts, must forbid our adhering to that interpretation of it, which involves the doctrine of the universality of the Flood at one time over the globe, and in fact justify our interpreting the statement that the Flood covered the whole earth, to mean the whole earth then known to man."

Such are some of Mr. Gibson's "Certainties;" but hear the other party.

In the case of all controversies where the subjects of them deeply concern the interests of mankind, the virulence of party, and the hostility of the combatants, bear a close relative violence to the importance of the question. Every one knows how it is in the domain of politics: in the field of physical science also fierce have been the disputes. But how much hotter than in either has religious antagonism grown! What then are we to expect on the subject of Geology, when not only the pride of science is enlisted in the cause, but the stability of our religion is thought by one party at least to depend upon the decision arrived at, viz., whether or not the Mosaic account of the Creation and of the Deluge is to be construed literally, or otherwise? Why, the impartial, candid, and temperate reader must be prepared to hear the one party denounced by their opponents "as atheists, infidels, and enemies to revelation;" the other retaliating and flinging back such terms and names as these,—"bigots, fanatics, ignorant, and illiberal."

The range that Geology has by this time of day taken in the collection of facts, and which are accumulating with amazing rapidity, enable each party to give a show of probability to almost any fancy; and hence so many theories, often to be put to flight by some new discovery; so that instead of *certainties* we have very frequently mere hollow *conjectures*. Nor can we say that this system of pleasurable guessing is confined to the geologists; for since their researches have been so incessant and successful, the Scripturalists have been put to their wits' end, and been obliged to arm themselves with the same sort of weapons,—to store their minds with the same kind of knowledge, that their opponents are in possession of. Perhaps Dr. Young has found this necessary; at any rate he has evidently devoted no small share of time and thought to geological subjects, the attractions of the pursuit and the championship of what he considers to be revealed truth, no doubt inspiring him.

His Essay is divided into two *Parts*; the First—"proving that the *Strata*, instead of requiring myriads of ages for their formation, may have been deposited nearly about one period;" the Second—"shewing that the Deluge was the period, when all the secondary and tertiary rocks were formed." We must adduce some of his facts and reasonings, which he thinks amount to *proving* and to *showing*; troubling the general reader as little as possible with technicalities or the abstruser points of the subject; endeavouring

only to direct attention to a few of those views which ought to be consulted along with such theories as Dr. Pye Smith and Mr. Gibson have put forth with regard to the Creation and the Noachian Flood.

The Geologists allow an antiquity of incalculable extent to the animals and vegetables whose remains are imbedded in stratified rocks; that is to say, going back to a period millions of years anterior to the creation of man. "They picture to themselves a multitude of primeval worlds, each garnished with its peculiar race of animals and vegetables, each subsisting for thousands of years, but at length overwhelmed, to make way for a new race, destined in its turn to grow, to flourish, and to be destroyed." But, asks Dr. Young, is there anything in the strata, or their imbedded relics to indicate such high antiquity?—He answers thus,—

"We see the crust of the earth composed of a vast series of beds, which must have been deposited one over another by water; with a number of irregular masses, which appear to be of igneous origin, and may be supposed to have been ejected from below, by some volcanic expansive force: but, as we discern nothing in the latter class of rocks to shew how long they were in being heaved up, so we perceive not any thing in the former, to shew what time was occupied in their deposition.

"The regularity with which the depositions have been made, and the remarkable thinness of some of the seams, are, indeed, urged as proofs, that the process has been very slow, and that an immense period of time must have been required to form the whole series. The ripple-marks on many of the beds, and the laminated texture of others, are particularly appealed to, as decisive evidences of a leisurely and long protracted deposition. But do we not witness on our sandy shores, where ripple-marks abound, the formation of strata in miniature, often accumulating to a considerable thickness in a few days? When a storm, or high tide, has broken down, and swept away, any large sand bank; its materials, in less than a week, are re-deposited on another part of the beach, where they form a new bank, perhaps some yards in thickness, composed of regular layers of sand, clay, gravel, sea-weed, and comminuted coal. The orderly appearance and laminated texture of stratified rocks, therefore, cannot prove, that a vast period was employed in producing them."

As to the imbedded relics, he maintains that there is nothing to prove that they are of different creations, although the groups in the successive depositions may be different. He will not allow that in tracing the beds upwards, there is a gradual progress as is alleged by the pre-adamites, from the more rude and simple creatures, to the more perfect and completely organized; "as if the Creator's skill had improved by practice." But the point which he most particularly urges in this part of his subject is that the fossil vegetables and animals did not live, as is taken for granted by his opponents, where they are now found, but were drifted thither. Ocean

currents are held by him to have acted to a boundless extent towards producing the phenomena in question, and a number of illustrative cases are adduced.

The pre-adamites argue that the stratified rocks could not be deposited in a very limited time, for that they would be formed with a slowness, analogous to the gradual manner in which sediment is now being deposited in the bed of the ocean, furnished by the waste of sea-cliffs, and the mud of rivers. Our author however takes various grounds to shew that the stratified beds must have been formed on a grander scale, and deposited at a much more rapid rate; such indeed as the agencies which must have been at work at the Deluge would effect,—the pressure of the volcanic force from below, the heat attending it, and the action of electricity.

We must pass on to the second *Part* of the Essay after quoting what he has to urge to an objection that may be raised to his hypothesis. It may be asked, "If the fossil animals and vegetables all belonged to one period, why do those of one formation differ so widely from those of another? And why are there so many beds in which there is not a single species identical with any existing species?" The answer given is in these words:—

"To obviate this difficulty, let us attend to another important statement, laid down and fully established by Mr. Lyell, in his *Principles of Geology*, II. pp. 66, 67, &c.; viz. that the animals and vegetables of our globe, are not equally distributed over the whole, but exist in groups, occupying peculiar districts. The productions of the New World are totally different from those of the Old; those of Europe are not the same with those of Africa, nor do the latter correspond with those of Asia. The indigenous species of animals and plants in New Holland are, almost without exception, distinct from those of other countries. In the Flora of St. Helena, out of 61 native species only two or three occur any where else. With the exception of some eels, none of the fishes in the river Nile correspond with those of Europe, (See Geological Survey of the Yorkshire coast, p. 335.) In the Galapagos archipelago, as described by Mr. Darwin, 'The birds, reptiles, plants, and insects are, with very few exceptions, of species found no where else in the world;' and these islands abound with saurians, not unlike those of the Ias. (Lyell's *Element* p. 394.) In short, as Mr. Lyell observes, "Each separate region of the globe, both of land and water, is occupied by distinct groups of species; and most of the exceptions to this general rule, may be referred to disseminating causes now in operation." (*Principles*, II. p. 67.) Not only in each quarter of the globe, but in each considerable division of that quarter, especially if it be somewhat insulated, we find quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, insects, plants, fishes, mollusca, and sea-weed, peculiar to that locality.

"If, then, a similar distribution existed in the primeval world, and if we suppose, with Professor Phillips, that the currents which brought the materials of our strata, flowed from remote regions, and from various directions; the organic bodies, as well as the mineral substances, drifted by any

one current, must need have been different from those deposited by any other current. And if we grant what is extremely probable, that the animals and vegetables of the ancient world, were distributed over a much greater extent of surface, at least of productive surface, than there is in the present world; we need not be at all surprised at the variety of genera and species, discovered in stratified rocks. Looking upon the whole case, it would be more strange to find uniformity than variety, in the relics of a world replete with life, in all its diversified forms, beyond what can now be witnessed."

Coming to the second part of the Essay, we find that the first thing attempted to be shewn, is that the pre-adamite theory is inconsistent with scripture. The Doctor thinks that it seems scarcely consistent with the wisdom of the Divine Being, that a succession of creations should occupy our globe throughout long ages, without any intelligent creatures to enjoy the scene, and praise the Creator. Again, according to the sacred record, it was man's transgression that brought death into the world, while the Geologists say that it reigned and triumphed for an immeasurable space before man existed. But the strongest scriptural objection to their system is, that it leaves no room for the deluge as recorded in the Bible. That deluge he argues, both from the still existing phenomena, and from Revelation, must have been universal, not local, as Dr. Smith conjectures: and tumultuous, not a quiet effusion of waters over the earth, as others do; and that two natural agents were sufficient to work out the dreadful catastrophe, both of which the sacred historian mentions, "The windows of heaven were opened,"—that is there was a tremendous rain; and "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up,"—that is, the waters of the ocean were heaved up by its bed being elevated and the dry land depressed. Perhaps earthquakes and volcanoes were let loose; and these continued in operation for weeks together, throwing up primeval strata, and often rocks, which may account for many of the phenomena which are sought to be turned to purposes hostile to the sacred historian's description. In short the Deluge is represented by our author as the grand era in the history of the earth as regards the things that have puzzled philosophers, and given scope to the wild as well as brilliant imaginings of the pre-adamites. He says:—

"The ancient bed of the ocean may be supposed to have consisted of numerous layers of sand, clay, lime, and other substances, including corals and marine shells; and these layers having been accumulating from the earliest ages, might have acquired a vast thickness at the era of the deluge, and might to a certain degree be consolidated into rocks. At any rate, when volcanic agency began to heave up these primeval strata, the powerful heat and pressure from beneath, aided perhaps by chemical causes, and by voltaic or electric action, would speedily indurate them, and when continued for

some time, would reduce many of them to a crystalline form. In this way, we may account for the formation of the primary stratified rocks, including the transition rocks, with the rocks of the Silurian system. Many of these rocks are slaty, and finely laminated, as might be expected from their being slowly deposited throughout a long series of years. Several of them also contain, as might be expected, the remains of shell, corals, and other organized substances, such as might be found in the primeval ocean, or might be accidentally conveyed into it. While these rocks were thus hardened, and gradually raised, the inequality of the pressure from below, would throw them into various irregular positions, and occasion numerous contortions and fractures. Hence, fragments of the slate rocks might be expected to occur in the strata that succeed; and the one could not be supposed to be conformable to the other.

“During these operations at the bottom of the sea, others of great importance were taking place on the shore; for, when the bed of the ocean began to rise, the dry land would necessarily begin to sink; and, in sinking, would be violently shattered, and partially dissolved. In consequence of this, the mountain torrents, swoln with the rains, and the waters of the sea, now spreading along the open country, would sweep away immense quantities of matter, organized and unorganized, to be deposited in the deepest parts of the ocean. First, the alluvial soil, yielding to the united attacks of the torrents and the waves, would be extensively carried off from the plains and low islands; and, mingling with the sand and gravel, brought down by the mountain streams, or lying on the shore, would be conveyed into the deep sea, and deposited there, to form the red sand-stone, or conglomerate, which rests unconformably on the slate rocks, and is often of immense thickness.

“While the waters were demolishing the alluvial soil, the trees would be uprooted, and the whole vegetation set afloat; so that the rich forests of the plains, and low islands, would, each in succession, become a floating mass of vegetable matter; and this dense mass, partially loaded with mud, being conveyed into the ocean, would, in a short time, sink to the bottom, to become eventually a bed of coal. In the mean time, currents running from various quarters, bringing arenaceous, calcareous, or argillaceous matter, would form beds of sandstone, limestone, or shale, alternating with the vegetable strata and with one another. Thus, the materials of the carboniferous series of rocks, would be gradually deposited; the contents of many a rich forest being lodged in the new formed beds, while each stratum would contain the organic bodies brought by the current to which it owed its formation.”

With regard to the paucity or non-discovery of human remains in deposits so ancient as those which have been found in the ossiferous caves, Dr. Young has some pertinent observations. He remarks:—

“Perhaps the principal cause is, that as land and sea, for the most part, exchanged places at the deluge, by far the greater part of the inhabitants of the land must have been buried in the depths of the ocean. But human

relics have been discovered in ancient deposits. In the cave of Gailenreuth they are found intermixed with the bones of extinct species of bears, hyænas, elephants, &c.; and the same discovery has been made in the caverns of Bize, Pondres, and Souvignargues, in the south of France; and more recently, in some caverns near Liege. In some of these localities, fragments of pottery, and rude flint knives, are said to have been found. Of course, the abettors of the pre-adamite theory, will not allow these human relics to be of the same age with the bones of the extinct animals; and have made several lame attempts to get over the difficulty thus lying in their way. M. Schmerling, and other men of learning, residing near these caverns, and having much better opportunities of knowing the facts, than any transient visitor, however skilful, have decidedly expressed their opinion, that the human bones in these deposits are coeval with those of the quadrupeds. It is not pretended, that the bones of men were merely lying on the surface, or found only in the entrance, where they might be accidentally dropt: they were found in the inmost recesses of the caves, buried in the mud with the bones of the bear, the hyæna, and the rhinoceros; and to deny them the same antiquity, is to attempt to uphold theory at the expense of unquestionable fact.

“But it is not in cave deposits only that human relics have been detected: they occur also in solid rocks. The discovery of human skeletons imbedded in grey limestone, in the island of Guadaloupe, marks an important era in the progress of geology. It is to be regretted that further researches have not been made into that interesting deposit; especially as most geologists roundly assert, that the stone is a mere modern concretion. This notion, now so generally adopted, is quite at variance with the plain facts of the case, as detailed by Mr. Konig, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1814; and the valuable specimen in the British Museum gives it no countenance whatever. The stone, which I carefully examined, greatly resembles some varieties of oolite limestone; like which, it contains fragments of shells, and of corals; the latter, as in the oolite, sometimes retaining their original red colour. The bones are entirely fossilized, and have no appearance of recent bones accidentally incrustated with stalactite or travertine. Nothing but a fixed determination to set up theory against fact, can resist the evidence arising from this discovery. The strange idea, that these imbedded human remains are the result of a battle and massacre, of so late a date as 1710, may be believed, when once another petrified field of battle can be pointed out; but it is far more likely, that we shall first discover other fossil specimens of the human race in secondary rocks, affording such irresistible evidence, as will at once annihilate the whole system of pre-adamite creations.”

We have thus presented some of the arguments and facts made use of by a strenuous champion in behalf of the literal meaning of the Mosaic text, without having had any other purpose in view than to point out some of the hypotheses and constructions on both sides, of a question of unsurpassed interest and importance to those of our readers who may never have set about weighing the several and particular arguments regarding it; perfectly satisfied at the same

time that "the volume of creation, the volume of providence, and the volume of inspiration, have all one Author," and must be in sweetest harmony; nay, convinced that the time will come when Geology and Scripture will reciprocally, and without the possibility of being set at odds, illustrate and recommend one another; when conjectures which we find so plentiful on both sides will have to yield to demonstrations, and the bitter exaggerations of one set of interpreters regarding the opinions of another set, shall be abashed amid the effulgence of truth and the light even of this world. In the meanwhile, however, we must not close Dr. Young's volume before having a glimpse of the contents of the appendix, which smartly animadvertes on Pye Smith's theory, especially of a *local* Creation, and a *local* Deluge.

We need not recapitulate what we before quoted from Dr. Smith concerning his alleged localities, further than to say that he limited them to a portion of Central Asia; whereas most commentators have thought that the Adamic creation replenished the whole earth before the flood, and that that flood was universal.

Dr. Smith gets over the literal and full meaning of the language of Scripture on these subjects by stating that the Divine Being, in communicating with man, adapts his communications to the weakness of man's understanding, and the imperfections of man's knowledge; and also that in scripture universal terms are often used to express a limited idea. He argues besides, as regards the rate of increase before the Deluge, that it was far less than after that catastrophe. In reply to some of these views, the following paragraphs are not without their force. Says our author:—

"Had the creation and the deluge been limited to Central Asia, we must have found here some obvious traces of this localization; some peculiarities of soil, of rocks, of animals, and of vegetables; enabling us to discern, with tolerable accuracy, the extent of this newest part of the earth's surface, at once the cradle and the grave of its primeval inhabitants. But where are the landmarks of this Adamic world? Where are the traces of its existence, or its distinguishing features? The face of the country shews not a vestige of evidence for this localizing theory; which we are therefore warranted to dismiss, as 'the baseless fabric of a vision.'

"It is proper to add, that, according to the words of Peter (2 Peter iii), the heaven and the earth that are reserved unto fire against the day of judgment, are the same that were overwhelmed by water; and we might as well plead for a local conflagration, as for a local flood. The argument drawn from this text, is not to be set aside by alleging, that the world may mean only the inhabitants of the world; for at the day of judgment, 'the earth and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up;' not the inhabitants, who shall then be otherwise disposed of.

"Against the doctrine of a universal deluge, the doctrine taught in scripture according to its most plain and obvious sense, no such objections can

be urged. Those which Dr. Smith has produced as insurmountable, are chiefly conjured up by himself, or by those whom his lively imagination has induced him to follow.

“He alleges, that to effect a universal deluge, a zone of water five miles in thickness must have encircled the whole globe; that this mass of waters must have been created on purpose, and subsequently annihilated; and that this vast increase of the earth’s bulk, though only temporary, would greatly augment its power of attraction, and tend to derange the whole solar system.

“But this difficulty is altogether imaginary. To produce a general deluge, there was no need to create a single particle of water: for there is enough of water in the ocean even now to repeat such a deluge, if required. All that is wanted for this purpose is, to elevate the bed of the sea, and consequently to sink the dry land; for when the former rises, the latter must subside, to fill up the space which would otherwise be a *vacuum*. Nor was it at all necessary that the waters should attain an elevation of five miles above their present level, or even a third part of that height; for we have no right to suppose, that the antediluvian mountains were as lofty as the present. The highest existing mountains are either the cones of volcanoes, such as Chimborazo, Hecla, and the Peak of Teneriffe;—which very probably had no place in the ancient world;—or, like the lofty peaks of the Himalayan range, they consist of masses of primary rocks, thrown up on their edges, like projecting fragments of broken ice; and these might be elevated in the breaking up of the earth’s crust at the deluge.”

As to the Ark, it is also happily enough remarked, that had the deluge been so limited as Dr. Smith represents, the question very naturally suggests itself why there was any such means of preserving the seed of animals at all. Why did not Noah and his family emigrate?

The reply to one or two other opinions of Dr. Smith, which the author pleases to designate mere fancies, may be quoted:

“Another of his *facts* is, that death entered our world before sin; and in connexion with this, that the carnivorous creatures lived on animal food before the fall of man, as well as after. He must therefore believe, that the ravages of fierce lions and prowling wolves could not diminish the happiness of the first pair; that the sight of a cruel tiger destroying a lamb, and the cries of the innocent victim piercing their ears, might be quite compatible with their state of perfect bliss! He argues, that the threatening of death implies that they had witnessed death; but he might as well reason, that the mention of good and evil to them implies that they had witnessed evil as well as good. He allows that, during the state of innocence, the constitution of man was exempted from the law of mortality; and he might as well have granted, that the ravenous propensities of carnivorous animals were then dormant. The case of animalcules is not easily explained; but if any were eaten by the first pair, with their earliest food, they were not themselves conscious of the fact.

“There is one favourite object never lost sight of in these Lectures, the

ascription of inconceivable antiquity to the globe. The fabulous ages claimed by the annalists of Egypt and Hindostan, for their respective nations, sink into utter insignificance beside the exorbitant demands of Dr. S. He claims many thousands of centuries for the production of gneiss alone; as if that, and other primary rocks, could not have been formed in a day, or in an hour, by the almighty fiat, at the first creation. He claims countless ages for the formation of the secondary and tertiary strata, according to his slow rate of deposition already noticed. He demands, as we have seen, an immeasurable period for the eruption and action of the volcanoes of Auvergne; and he requires 500,000 years, on the authority of Mr. Mc. Laren, for a single period of volcanic quiescence at Arthur's Seat! This last he pronounces 'no random guess, but founded upon knowledge and consideration.' Yet he owns, that Mr. Rhind takes a very different view of the matter: and well he might. I have had frequent opportunities of examining the same rocks, and can assure the reader, that there is nothing to indicate, whether the said period was 500,000 years, or 500 years, or less than 500 days. The assertion is a matter of pure fancy."

We are pleased to find Dr. Young admiring the religious sentiments which pervade certain portions of Dr. Smith's work, and frankly admitting that although their geological views, on some points, are diametrically opposed, yet that he believes both are devoutly inquiring after truth, and love the truth as far as they discern it.

ART. II.—*The Hour and the Man.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. 3 vols. London: Moxon. 1840.

DID the title-page not also announce that this is a "Historical Romance," the reader who has gone no further into the volumes would be at a loss to conceive what was the nature or subject of the work. But even with the announcement, and after a perusal of the story, one does not discover any particular propriety in the terms selected—the *Hour* and the *Man*; and therefore we must set them down as words chosen for the purpose of exciting curiosity and enticing readers; for it is certain that Miss Martineau's name, coupled though it may be with the most unintelligible title to a book, will command attention, but perhaps still more when so mystically connected.

The "Man" was a real personage and the most celebrated of the Negro race of whom modern history presents any records, being no other than Toussaint L'Ouverture, the hero of St. Domingo, where the scene of the romance is laid. The most striking passages in the life of that extraordinary man, and the revolution in which he so signally figured, of course supply the principal incidents of the work,—the author keeping pretty closely to the facts as recorded by the most favourable accounts of Toussaint's character and career,—

coloured and disposed to her liking and ability, and interspersed with many other pictures of scenery and society novel to Europeans, and not a few disquisitions, as well as pointed recognitions of important principles, according to the author's potent manner and peculiar philosophy.

The main fault which we find with this remarkable work, is the charging the portraits of individuals and the picture of a community not only different physically and in corporeal forms, but morally, intellectually, and socially, pretty much according to English standards. Even the European colonists and planters are British rather than French, according to some of the representations. We think too that the theorist frequently triumphs over the painter of nature, and the faculty for metaphysical distinctions over imagination. The parts, when separately taken, are each and all powerful in a literary sense, that is, in so far as thought and language are concerned. They are also often just and truthful in themselves. But when the whole are combined, and considered as developing character and tracing events, there appears to us a want of consistency and of united force that interferes with the general effect intended to be produced. Miss Martineau's power appears to be that of a master of the grand principles of human nature, and who is capable of delineating character to the minutest shade abstractedly. But she is far from being so felicitous in making her personages develop themselves in action or even in dialogue; and hence we think she never can take her place in the rank of first-rate novelists or romancists. Nay, it is stretching to some extent the meaning of these terms to call her *Deerbrook* and *the Hour and the Man* by either of them. Her fictions are philosophizings tacked to invented circumstances, or recorded facts, which are so constructed as not to awaken the profoundest sympathy, however much we may admire the moral or the doctrine sought to be taught.

In one respect this lady's tales surpass almost all others: she composes them with the highest aims. She is ever in earnest and therefore ever commands the reader's respect as well as attention. She does not express herself like one who only is careful not to do harm, but as one who feels herself bound to do positive good. She does not select or handle a theme that will merely amuse during an idle hour, but one that will bear serious treatment and severe thought,—that will transmit valuable lessons and require a re-perusal,—all the while also being suggestive.

We are not going to give any outline of the romance further than stating, as already intimated, that it expands the real story of the Negro hero, and represents him in the fairest and noblest lights that the facts will permit. She not only pronounces him to have been a man of wonderful sagacity, and endowed with a native genius for war and government, but to have been religiously pious and merci-

ful, as well as candid and undissembling. "No retaliation" is declared to have been a principle of his, which was tested by his conduct, this highly favourable representation being without doubt considerably effected by the visit which Miss Martineau lately paid the fortress of Joux in Switzerland, where Toussaint is supposed to have met with a horrible death,—that of starvation. In an appendix this story is given, from which we take some passages. As to the mystery that attaches to the manner of the murder, we are told,—

"Great mystery hangs over the tale of Toussaint's imprisonment and death. It appears that he was confined in the Temple only as long as Napoleon had hopes of extorting from him information about the treasures, absurdly reported to have been buried by him in the mornes, under circumstances of atrocious cruelty. It has been suggested that torture was employed by Buonaparte's aide, Caffarelli, to procure the desired confession : but I do not know that the conjecture is founded on any evidence. As to the precise mode of L'Ouverture's death, there is no certainty. The only point on which all authorities agree, is, that he was deliberately murdered : but whether by mere confinement in a cell whose floor was covered with water, and the walls with ice (a confinement necessarily fatal to a negro,) or by poison, or by starvation in conjunction with disease, may, perhaps, never be known. The report which is, I believe, the most generally believed in France, is that which I have adopted,—that the commandant, when his prisoner was extremely ill, left the fortress for two or three days, with the key of Toussaint's cell in his pocket ; that on his return he found his prisoner dead ; and that he summoned physicians from Pontalier, who examined the body, and pronounced a serous apoplexy to be the cause of death."

Says the author, no words can convey a sense of the dreariness of the fortress and its dungeons ; but she found only three persons who pretended to know anything of the Negro prisoner. One of these was a boy.—

"Our third informant was a boy, shrewd and communicative, who could tell us the traditions of the place ; and, of course, young as he was, nothing more. It was he who shewed us where the additional stove was placed when winter came on. He pointed to a spot beside the fireplace, where he said the straw was spread on which Toussaint lay. He declared that Toussaint lived and died in solitude ; and that he was found dead and cold, lying on that straw,—his wood fire, however, not being wholly extinguished. The dreary impressions of the place saddened our minds for long after we had left it ; and, glad as we were, on rejoining our party at Lausanne, to report the complete success of our enterprise, we cannot recur to it, to this day, without painful feelings. How the lot of Toussaint was regarded by the generous spirits of the time is shewn in a sonnet of Wordsworth's written during the disappearance of L'Ouverture. Every one knows this sonnet ; but it may be read by others, as by me, with a fresh emotion of delight, after having dwelt on the particulars of the foregoing history.

“ ‘Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillow'd in some deep dungeon's earless den :—
O miserable chieftain ! where and when
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not : do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee : air, earth, and skies.
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee : thou hast great allies :
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.' ”

The family of Toussaint were first sent to Bayonne, and afterwards to Agen, where one of the sons died of a decline. The two elder ones, endeavouring to escape from the surveillance under which they lived, were embarked for Belle Isle, and imprisoned in the citadel, where they were seen in 1803. On the restoration of the Bourbons, not only were they released, but a pension was settled on the family. Madame L'Ouverture died, I believe, in the south of France, in 1816, in the arms of Placide and Isaac (two of her sons). ”

We shall not be lavish with our extracts from the romance itself ; but will content ourselves with a specimen of the writer's trains and habits of sentimentalizing, and one or two short descriptions. Who would be a statesman if his pleasures be so few and so far removed from fresh nature, as is pictured in the following passage ?—

“ Precious to the statesman are the moments he can snatch for the common pleasures which are strewed over the earth—meant, apparently, for the perpetual enjoyment of all its inhabitants. The child gathers flowers in the meadow, or runs up and down a green bank, or looks for birds' nests every spring day. The boy and girl hear the lark in the field and the linnet in the wood, as a matter of course : they walk beside the growing corn, and pass beneath the rookery, and feel nothing of its being a privilege. The sailor beholds the stars every bright night of the year, and is familiar with the thousand hues of the changing sea. The soldier on his march sees the sun rise and set on mountain and valley, plain and forest. The citizen, pent up in the centre of a wide-built town, has his hour for play with his little ones, his evenings for his wife and his friends. But for the statesman, none of these are the pleasures of every day. Week after week, month after month, he can have no eyes for the freshness of nature, no leisure for small affairs, or for talk about things which cannot be called affairs at all. He may gaze at pictures on his walls, and hear music from the drawing-room, in the brief intervals of his labours ; and he may now and then be taken by surprise by a glimpse of the cool bright stars, or by the waving of the boughs of some neighbouring tree : he may be beguiled by the grace or the freak of some little child, or struck by some wandering flower-scent in the streets, or some

effect of sunlight on the evening cloud : but, with these few and rare exceptions, he loses sight of the natural earth, and of its free intercourses, for weeks and months together ; and precious in proportion—precious beyond his utmost anticipation—are his hours of holiday when at length they come. He gazes at the crescent moon hanging above the woods, and at the long morning shadows on the dewy grass, as if they would vanish before his eyes. He is intoxicated with the gurgle of the brook upon the stones, when he seeks the trout-stream with his line and basket : the whirring of the wild-bird's wing upon the moor, the bursting of the chase from cover, the creaking of the harvest-wain—the song of the vine-dressers—the laugh of the olive-gatherers—in every land where these sounds are heard, they make a child once more of the statesman who may for once have come forth to hear them. Sweeter still is the leisure-hour with children in the garden or the meadow, and the quiet stroll with wife or sister in the evening, or the gay excursion during a whole day of liberty. If Sunday evenings are sweet to the labourer, whose toils involve but little action of mind, how precious are his rarer holidays to the state-labourer, after the wear and tear of toil like his—after his daily experience of intense thought, of anxiety, and fear ! In the path of such should spring the freshest grass, and on their heads should fall the softest of the moonlight and the balmiest of the airs of heaven, if natural rewards are in any proportion to their purchase-money of toil.”

Take a picture of another kind. It is of a deserted plantation, run to wildness.—

“ Jacques knew where to seek his friend ; and led the way, on descending from the hills, straight across the plain to the Breda estate, where Toussaint meant to await his family. How unlike was this plantation to what it was when these Negroes had seen it last ! The cane-fields, heretofore so trim and orderly with the tall canes springing from the clean black soil, were now a jungle. The old plants had run up till they had leaned over with their own weight and fallen upon one another. Their suckers had sprung up in myriads, so that the racoon, which burrowed among them, could scarcely make its way in and out. The grass on the little enclosed lawns grew so rank, that the cattle, now wild, were almost hidden as they lay down in it ; and so uneven and unsightly were the patches of growth, that the blossoming shrubs, with which it had been sprinkled for ornament, now looked forlorn and out of place, flowering amidst the desolation. The slave-quarter was scarcely distinguishable from the wood behind it, so nearly was it overgrown with weeds. A young foal was browsing on the thatch, and a crowd of glittering lizards darted out and away on the approach of human feet. Jacques did not stay at the slave-quarter ; but he desired his company to remain there and in the neighbouring field, while he went with Thérèse to bring out their chief to them. They went up to the house ; but in no one of its deserted chambers did they find Toussaint. ‘ Perhaps he is in his own cottage,’ said Thérèse. ‘ Is it possible,’ replied Jacques, ‘ that, with this fine house all to himself, he should take up with that old hut ? ’ ‘ Let us see,’ said Thérèse, ‘ for he is certainly

not here.' When they reached Toussaint's cottage, it was no easy matter to know how to effect an entrance. Enormous gourds had spread their network over the ground, like traps for the feet of trespassers. The front of the piazza was completely overgrown with the creepers which had been brought there only to cover the posts and hang their blossoms from the eaves. They had now spread and tangled themselves till they made the house look like a thicket. In one place, however, between two of the posts, they had been torn down, and the evening wind was tossing the loose coils about. Jacques entered the gap; and immediately looked out again, smiling, and beckoning Thérèse to come and see. There, in the piazza, they found Toussaint stretched asleep upon the bench—so soundly asleep for once, that the whispers of his friends did not alter for a moment his heavy breathing."

Night at St. Domingo :—

"For some little time nothing was heard but the sounds that in the plains of St. Domingo never cease—the humming and buzzing of myriads of insects, the occasional chattering of monkeys in a neighbouring wood, and, with a passing gust, a chorus of frogs from a distant swamp. Unconscious of this din from being accustomed always to hear more or less of it, the boy amused himself with chasing the fire-flies, whose light began to glance around us as darkness descended. His sister was poring over her work, which she was just finishing, when a gleam of greenish light made both look up. It came from a large meteor which sailed past towards the mountains; whither were tending also the huge masses of cloud which gather about the high peaks previous to the season of rain and hurricanes. There was nothing surprising in this meteor, for the sky was full of them in August nights; but it was very beautiful. The globe of green light floated on till it burst above the mountains, illuminating the lower clouds, and revealing along the slopes of the uplands the coffee-groves, waving and bowing their heads in the wandering winds of that high region."

ART. III.—*The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Vol. VI.*

London: Bentley. 1840.

THE concluding volume of the series, in which numerous letters from the original manuscripts and never before published have appeared, these additions having continued to increase as the work approached completion. In the portion before us there are no fewer than some hundred novelties, and although we have thought all along that the specimens which have been for many years in print were, speaking generally, worthy of preference in selection, yet those which are now given to the world for the first time are acceptable, even while remarkable only for their playfulness and trifling. Howsoever light and empty they be as regards feeling, or cold and superficial in respect of thought, their graceful and sparkling wit is always charming, and the ceaseless gossip sometimes

informing. The additions in this volume strike us as being fully more interesting than any that are to be found in the earlier parts of the series.

Walpole's letters are not to be viewed alone as charming specimens of epistolary writing, or on account of the wit that sparkles in them, and the amusing anecdotes which they contain. They afford a striking view of the writer's curiously constituted mind, of the aristocracy and courtiers of the period, of political actors and intrigues, and of the fashion in literature and criticism. As regards the man himself, we think that there appear stronger evidences of his "affectations," a term which the *Edinburgh Review* has applied to him, than Miss Berry in the preface is willing to admit. He seems to us at least to have feigned an easiness of disposition and a reluctance to be deemed anxious about such grave occurrences in life as engage the attention of most men, especially those who move in a public sphere, or are the objects of public curiosity, than he really felt. A person who so often proclaimed his equanimity, his carelessness and his frivolity, may be supposed to have been desirous to pass for something other than he really was. It is not very likely that one who was so superficial as well as eccentric could be free of a kindred weakness, viz. that of affecting superiority to the things which troubled or deeply engaged greater minds. In reference to his literary labours he speaks with a diffidence and want of concern which we believe to have been in a great measure assumed. And when he professes a contempt or carelessness about the opinions of the multitude, are we to take his words in their full and precise meaning? On looking back to the fifth volume, we find what we consider evidence to the effect expressed, in a letter to Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes), when speaking of the "Castle of Otranto," and which we copy out :—

"Lately I have had little leisure to attend to literary pursuits. I have been much out of order with a violent cold and cough for great part of the winter; and the distractions of this country, which reach even those who mean the least profit by their country, have not left even me, who hate politics, without some share in them. Yet as what one does not love cannot engross one entirely, I have amused myself a little with writing. Our friend, Lord Finlater, will, perhaps, shew you the fruit of that trifling, though I had not the confidence to trouble you with such a strange thing as a miraculous story, of which I fear the greatest merit is the novelty. I have lately perused with much pleasure a collection of old ballads, to which I see, sir, you have contributed with your usual benevolence. Continue this kindness to the public, and smile as I do when the pains you take for them are misunderstood or perverted. Authors must content themselves with hoping that two or three intelligent persons in an age will understand the merit of their writings, and those authors are bound in good breeding to suppose that the public in general is enlightened. They who are in the secret, know how far of that public they have any reason to wish should read

their works. I beg pardon of my masters the public, and am confident, sir, you will not betray me; but let me beg you not to defraud the few that deserve your information, in compliment to those who are not capable of receiving it. Do as I do about my small house here. Everybody that comes to see it or me are so good as to wonder that I don't make this or that alteration. I never haggle with them; but always say I intend it. They are satisfied with the attention and themselves, and I remain with the enjoyment of my house as I like it. Adieu! dear Sir."

But, according to Miss Berry's account, his character presented much deeper traits than the world has been inclined to attribute to him, and which were exhibited to those in whom he took a friendly interest. The affections of his heart, she says, were bestowed on few, "but they were extremely warm, pure, and constant;" and she gives some striking illustrations. To the reader, however, any question closely bearing upon his moral or intellectual qualities will not excite much anxiety; for in whatever way speculation may run, the merits of the Letters will not only be universally acknowledged, but the various features of these merits cannot be mistaken or be the subject of controversy; therefore it is only necessary for us now to quote some of the more entertaining to be found in the present volume, either on account of the anecdotes they contain or the easy and witty trifling of the writer.

We first of all introduce notice of certain royal personages:—

"The Duchess of York arrived punctually at twelve, in a high phaeton, with Mrs. Ewart, and Bude rode on horseback. On the step of the gate was a carpet, and the court matted. I received the Princess at the side of her chaise, and, when entered, kissed her hand. She had meant to ride; but had hurt her foot, and was forced to sit most of the time she was here. We had many civil contests about my sitting too; but I resisted, and held out till after she had seen the house and drank chocolate in the round drawing-room; and then she commanded General Bude to sit, that I might have no excuse: yet I rose and fetched a salver, to give her the chocolate myself, and then a glass of water. She seemed much pleased, and commended much; and I can do no less of her, and with the strictest truth. She is not near so small as I had expected; her face is very agreeable and lively; and she is so good-humoured, and so gracious, and so natural, that I do not believe Lady Mary Coke would have made a quarter so pleasing a Duchess of York: nor have been half so sweet a temper, unless by my attentions *de vieille cour*. I was sorry my Eagle had been forced to hold its tongue. To-morrow I shall go to Oatlands, with my thanks for the honour; and there, probably, will end my connexions with courts, begun with George the First, great-great-grandfather to the Duchess of York! It sounds as if there could not have been above three generations more before Adam. Great news! How eager Mr. Berry will look!—but it is not from armies or navies; not from the murderers at Paris, nor from the victims at Grodno. No! it is only an event in the little world of me. This morning, to receive my Princess, I put on a silver waistcoat that I had

made three years ago for Lord Cholmondeley's marriage, and have not worn since. Considering my late illness, and how many hundred-weight of chalk I have been venting these ten years, I concluded my wedding-garment would wrap round me like my night-gown; but, lo! it was grown too tight for me. I shall be less surprised, if, in my next century, and under George the Tenth, I grow as plump as Mrs. Ellis. Methinks I pity you, when all the world is in arms, and you expect to hear that Saul Duke of Brunswick has slain his thousands, and David Prince of Coburg his ten thousands, to be forced to read the platitudes that I send you, because I have nothing better to amuse me than writing to you. Well! you know how to get rid of my letters."

The wife of the Pretender is the subject of the following court gossip:—

"The Countess of Albany is not only in England, in London, but at this very moment, I believe, in the palace of St. James's—not restored by as rapid a revolution as the French, but, as was observed last night at supper at Lady Mount-Edgcumbe's, by that topsy-turvy-hood that characterizes the present age. Within these two months the Pope has been burnt at Paris; Madame de Barry, mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor of London, and the Pretender's widow is presented to the Queen of Great Britain! She is to be introduced by her great-grandfather's niece, the young Countess of Ailesbury. * * Well! I have had an exact account of the interview of the two Queens, from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well-dressed, and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a good deal; but about her passage, the sea, and general topics; the Queen in the same way, but less. There she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former; who, perhaps, may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the Princesses: nor did I hear the Prince; but he was there, and probably spoke to her. The Queen looked at her earnestly. To add to the singularity of the day, it is the Queen's birth-day. Another odd incident; at the Opera at the Pantheon, Madame d'Albany was carried into the King's box, and sat there. It is not of a piece with her going to court, that she seals with the royal arms."

Our next is excellent in its way. It was addressed to Lady Craven who was a great traveller, and who after the death of her husband, from whom she had been separated, married a foreign prince:—

"Berkeley Square, Nov. 27, 1786.

"To my extreme surprise, Madam, when I knew not in what quarter of the known or unknown world you was resident or existent, my maid in Berkeley-square sent me to Strawberry-hill a note from your ladyship, offering to call on me for a moment,—for a whirlwind, I suppose, was waiting at your door to carry you to Japan: and, as balloons have not yet settled any post-offices in the air, you could not, at least did not, give me any direction where to address you, though you did kindly reproach me with my

silence. I must enter into a little justification before I proceed. I heard from you from Venice, then from Poland, and then, having whisked through Tartary, from Petersburg; but still with no directions. I said to myself, 'I will write to Grand Cairo, which, probably will be her next stage.' Nor was I totally in the wrong, for there came a letter from Constantinople, with a design mentioned of going to the Greek Islands, and orders to write to you at Vienna; but with no banker or other address specified. For a great while I had even stronger reasons than these for silence. For several months I was disabled by the gout from holding a pen; and you must know, Madam, that one can't write when one cannot write. Then, how write to *la Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*? You had been in the tent of the Cham of Tartary, and in the harem of the Captain Pacha, and, during your navigation of the *Ægaen*, were possibly fallen into the terrible power of a corsair. How could I suppose that so many despotic infidels would part with your charms? I never expected you again on Christian ground. I did not doubt your having a talisman to make people in love with you; but anti-talismans are quite a new specific. Well, while I was in this quandary, I received a delightful drawing of the Castle of Otranto; but still provokingly without any address. However my gratitude for so very agreeable and obliging present could not rest till I found out. I wrote to the Duchess of Richmond, to beg she would ask your brother Captain Berkeley for a direction to you; and he has this very day been so good as to send me one, and I do not lose a moment in making use of it. I give your ladyship a million of thanks for the drawing, which was really a very valuable gift to me. I did not even know that there was a Castle of Otranto. When the story was finished, I looked into the map of the kingdom of Naples for a well-sounding name, and that of Otranto was very sonorous. Nay, but the drawing is so satisfactory, that there are two small windows, one over another, and looking into the country, that suit exactly to the small chambers from one of which Matilda heard the young peasant singing beneath her. Judge how welcome this must be to the author; and thence judge, Madam, how much you must have obliged him. When you take another flight towards the bounds of the western ocean, remember to leave a direction. One cannot always shoot flying. Lord Chesterfield directed a letter to the late Lord Pembroke, who was always swimming, 'To the Earl of Pembroke in the Thames, over against Whitehall.' That was sure of finding him within a certain number of fathom; but your ladyship's longitude varies so rapidly, that one must be a good bowler indeed, to take one's ground so judiciously, that by casting wide of the mark one may come in near to the jack."

To the Earl of Buchan he thus writes:—

"Strawberry Hill, Sept. 23, 1785.

"If you can tap the secret stores of the Vatican, your Lordship will probably much enrich the treasury of letters. Rome may have preserved many valuable documents, as for ages intelligence from all parts of Europe centered there: but I conclude that they have hoarded little that might at any period lay open the share they had in most important transactions. History, indeed, is fortunate when even incidentally and collaterally it lights

on authentic information. Perhaps, my lord, there is another repository, and nearer, which it would be worth while to endeavour to penetrate: I mean, the Scottish College at Paris. I have heard formerly, that numbers of papers, of various sorts, were transported at the Reformation to Spain and Portugal; but, if preserved there, they probably are not accessible *yet*. If they were, how puny, how diminutive, would all such discoveries, and others which we might call of far greater magnitude, be to those of Herschel, who puts up millions of copies of worlds at a beat! My conception is not ample enough to take in even a sketch of his glimpses, and, lest I should lose myself in attempting to follow his investigations, I recall my mind home, and apply it to reflect on what we thought we knew, when we imagined we knew something (which we deemed a vast deal) pretty correctly. Segrain, I think, it was, who said with much contempt, to a lady who talked of her star, 'Your star! Madam, there are but two thousand stars in all; and do you imagine that you have a whole one to yourself?' The foolish dame, it seems, was not more ignorant than Segrain himself. If our system includes twenty millions of worlds, the lady had as much right to pretend to a whole ticket as the philosopher had to treat her like a servant-maid who buys a chance for a day in a state lottery."

The anecdotes which he picked up are endless, and inserted with the most perfect skill. We have room only for one example more:—

"Pray, delight in the following story: Caroline Vernon, *fille d'honneur*, lost t'other night two hundred pounds at faro, and bade Martindale mark it up. He said he had rather have a draft on her banker. 'Oh! willingly;' and she gave him one. Next morning he hurried to Drummond's, lest all her money should be drawn out. 'Sir,' said the clerk, 'would you receive the contents immediately?' 'Assuredly?' 'Why, Sir, have you read the note?' Martindale took it; it was, 'Pay to the bearer two hundred blows, well applied.'"

But is it not to be regretted that few solemn thoughts or religious sentiments are to be met with in the six volumes? It affords grounds for serious reflection when one finds an old man a coxcomb, and his ideas and occupations generally little better than frivolous, however pleasant may be their style, or amusing when one takes up a volume of his letters for random reading. His education, we mean the discipline of his heart and mind during youth, must have, we suspect, been much neglected; and other circumstances might work powerfully to the production of a superficial man. Much may have depended on what is stated in the following sentences which we meet with in Miss Berry's preface. "He had lost his mother, to whom he was fondly attached in early life; and with his father, a man of coarse feelings and boisterous manners, he had few sentiments in common. Always feeble in constitution, he was unequal to the sports of the field, and to the drinking which then accompanied them; so that during his father's retreat at

Houghton, however much he respected his abilities, and was devoted to his fame, he had little sympathy in his tastes, or pleasure in his society." After all Horace was neither to be imitated nor envied.

ART. IV.—*The Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq. F.R.S. &c.; including a Narrative of his Voyage to Tangier.* By the Rev. J. SMITH, A. M. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1840.

THE Life, Journals, and Correspondence of the worthy Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., contained in these volumes, have been deciphered from the Shorthand MSS. in the Bodleian Library, and are now first published from the originals. It in some degree concerns the reputation of Mr. Smith, that his part in the publication has been limited to the mere deciphering, as it had been in the case of the celebrated "Diary;" and that he has had nothing to do with the editing on either occasion. Nay, we are informed, that much has been deciphered by him of the Diarist's that has not been given to the world. We say that the statement in some measure touches the literary reputation of the reverend gentleman; for it saves him from the blame which an incompetent or careless editor incurs. It is not enough that Pepys was one of the most active and observing men that ever lived,—that he in an unique manner reflects most accurately the times in which he lived,—that he had extraordinary opportunities of mixing with historical characters,—and that his whims and self-complacencies took the most diversified shapes and directions; he was also such a gossip, so universal in his quaint notices, that without informing notes, much that he wrote possesses no interest to the general reader at this day; while many things which he recorded were merely of temporary and official concern. It will not serve any literary purpose to publish the whole of the remains even of any man of genius unless the editor can turn every, even the slightest particular, to some enlightening use, respecting the manners of a bygone age; and this can only be accomplished by one deeply and minutely conversant with that age, and by means of judicious arrangements, separations, and curtailments. Connecting, biographical, and elucidatory particulars will require to be added, so as to render the whole a complete and light-giving contribution. Now, the volumes before us present often the reverse of these features. There is a good deal in them that is indefinite or trivial in itself; and then the editorial matter is poor and unsatisfactory,—every way inferior to Lord Braybrooke's *Pepys's Memoirs*. Still, the major portion of these volumes are valuable and interesting in a high degree, not only as a worthy supplement to the former publication, but as serving to complete the portrait of the worshipful Secretary, and also the picture of the times, in the high and unusually diversified situations in which he flourished.

Many of our readers must be aware that Pepys' parentage was no way notable, among the magnates of the land. His father indeed was a London tailor. The future Secretary, however, received a classical, and college education; and he did not fail to secure the friendship of eminent and influential men, by whose means he attained to distinction and wealth.

These volumes, after presenting to us an introduction, in which brief notices are given of Pepys' early life, (Lord Chancellor Cottingham is said to be a descendant of an elder branch of the family of Pepys,) contain many letters from the Secretary himself and his correspondents; a journal of his voyage to Tangier and of his sojourn at that place; a diary of a journey in Spain; and an appendix, illustrating portions of the text.

The correspondence commences in 1665, and closes, numerous and sometimes large gaps occurring, with the death of Pepys, in 1703. His position, his tastes, his habits, necessarily introduce us to a singular variety of topics, and furnish a great diversity of lights. He was a man of business, a courtier, a politician, not over-nice in regard to current manners, acquainted with bribes and bribery, a *litterateur*, an amateur, a hearty patron, a kind friend, and a sufferer under the suspicion of being enamoured of the Scarlet Lady—having been imprisoned for a season in the Tower.

Pepys had much influence with Charles, and with James also, from both of whom he obtained favours for friends or solicitors. His correspondence therefore casts light sometimes upon the personages, as well as the usages and attainments in high life, which indeed, at least in as far as education and the contemplation of improvement are concerned, appear to greater advantage than has generally been accorded to the period. And frequently when the theme is one only belonging to the common news of the day, the manner of treatment and representation are worthy of notice. But we must without farther preamble adduce some specimens, which either from the subject of them or the letters themselves, possess a special interest; confessing, at the same time that it is not easy to decide what will be most agreeable to our readers, among a collection of such diversified and rich materials. However we must do our best, considering the room allowed us; which indeed requires not to be occupied by any connecting, explanatory or critical remarks of our own; so that the larger space shall be given to the Correspondence, from which our extracts will be taken. But a word or two suggested by the Tangier Journal,—first of all:—

When Pepys accompanied Lord Dartmouth's expedition thither in 1683, as a Commissioner for setting the claims of the inhabitants upon the Crown, previous to the evacuation of the place, the infamous Kirke, whose atrocities in the West of England have been the theme of execration and of modern fiction, was Governor. One of

the stories told of him, when in the West, is, that he promised to a young maiden to pardon her brother, if she would pass the night with him; but that the next morning he pointed out to her the young man on the gibbet. Now, however incredible this monstrous piece of wanton cruelty, may appear, Pepys narrates a number of things of Kirke which prove that he was capable of any atrocity, however fiendish or savage. The remark which we wish to offer upon the things now referred to is this, that even colonial society and the system of governorship, in the worst and most despotically regulated of our settlements of the present day, would render the existence of such a monster,—not to speak of his rule,—impossible. But to the Correspondence: here is a characteristic letter from the “illustrious John,” which receives a prompt, clever, and courteous reply.—

“*John Dryden, Esq., to Pepys.*

“14th July 1699.

“Padron mio—I remember, last year, when I had the honour of dining with you, you were pleased to recommend to me the character of Chaucer’s *Good Parson*. Any desire of yours is a command to me, and accordingly, I have put it into my English, with such additions and alterations as I thought fit.

“Having translated as many fables from Ovid, and as many novels from Boccace, and tales from Chaucer, as will make an indifferent large volume in folio, I intend them for the press in Michaelmas term next. In the mean time, my Parson desires the favour of being known to you, and promises, if you find any fault in his character, he will reform it. Whenever you please, he shall wait on you; and, for the safer conveyance, I will carry him in my pocket, who am,

“My Padron’s most obedient servant, “JOHN DRYDEN.

“For Samuel Pepys, Esq.,
at his house in York Street, These.”

“*Pepys to John Dryden, Esq.*

“Friday, 14th July 1699.

“Sir—You truly have obliged me; and possibly, in saying so, I am more in earnest than you can readily think, as verily hoping from this your copy of one *Good Parson*, to fancy some amends made me for the hourly offence I bear with from the sight of so many lewd originals. I shall, with great pleasure, attend you on this occasion whene’er you’ll permit it; unless you would have the kindness to double it to me, by suffering my coach to wait on you (and whom you can gain me the same favour) from hither, to a cold chicken and a salad, any noon after Sunday, as being just, stepping into the air for two days.

“I am, most respectfully, your honoured and obedient servant,
“SAMUEL PEPPYS.”

Our next extract is long, but it is a still greater curiosity, settling indeed a point of highly interesting literary history. It may well be called an episode in itself. It regards Milton’s Latin work,

'De Doctrina Christiana,' which most of our readers must be aware, was not many years ago discovered in the State Paper Office, and edited by Bishop Sumner, when some doubts were thrown on its authenticity. These doubts are now completely removed; the occasion and manner of the manuscript coming into the hands of Government being clearly traceable.

The letter in question is from Daniel Skinner, dated Rotterdam, Nov. 19th 1676, and addressed to Pepys, giving a particular account of the writer being disappointed in his prospects in London, of his literary career at Nimeguen, and of his promotion in the English Embassy of Sir Leoline Jenkyns. But he had offended the Keeper of the State Paper Office, Sir Joseph Williamson, by having arranged with Daniel Elzivir, printer at Amsterdam, to print an edition of the works of Milton. Our extract will explain these and other matters; and also strike the reader, on account of the indifferent manner in which the poet is spoken of, in comparison with promotion or retention of place.—

"After a hazardous passage cross the seas, though first a great expense in clothing myself for so great an appearance as this at Nimeguen, and a long, tedious, mighty chargeable journey through all the parts of Holland, (a country serving only to set a greater value on our own,) I at last arrived at Nimeguen, meeting with a very kind and (beyond expectation) fair reception from Mr. Chudleigh, though (which is the misfortune I am telling you of) I was surprised with an unkind letter which his honour Sir Joseph Williamson had conveyed before my arrival to my Lord Jenkyns concerning me. The whole business was thus:—Your worship may please to remember, I once acquainted you with my having the works of Milton, which he left behind him to me, which, out of pure indiscretion, not dreaming any prejudice might accrue to me, I had agreed with a printer at Amsterdam to have them printed. As good fortune would have it he has not printed one tittle of them. About a month ago there creeps out into the world a little imperfect book of Milton's State Letters, procured to be printed by one Pitts, a bookseller in London, which he had bought of a poor fellow that had formerly surreptitiously got them from Milton. These coming out so sllily, and quite unknown to me, and when I had the true and more perfect copy, with many other papers, I made my addresses to Sir Joseph Williamson, to acquaint him that there was a book come out against his authority: that, if his honour connived at that, he would please to grant me a licence to print mine; if not, that he would either suppress that little book, or give me leave to put (in the bottom of the Gazette) that they were printing in Holland, in a larger, more complete edition. Now Sir, (little thinking that Sir Joseph was such an enemy to the name of Milton,) he told me he could countenance nothing of that man's writings. In his answer I acquiesced. A little while after, his honour sends for me to know what papers I had of Milton's by me, and that I should oblige him if I would permit them to his perusal: which very readily I did, thinking that it might prove advantageous to me. And finding upon this so great an access to his honour, I

presented him with a Latin petitionary epistle for some preferment, either under him or by his means. His honour was pleased graciously to receive it, and in a most expressive manner to promise me any advancement that might be in his power. During this, the opportunity of going to Nimeguen happened; and, the day before I went out of England, I went to his honour for some recommendations. He returned me my papers with many thanks, and was pleased to give me a great deal of advice not to proceed in the printing of my papers at Amsterdam; that it would be an undoubted rub in any preferments of mine: and this, he said, he spoke out of mere kindness and affection to me. I returned his honour many humble thanks, and did expressively ensure him that, as soon as I got to Amsterdam, (which I took in my way on purpose,) I would return my copies and suppress them for ever. Which, sir, I have done, and have followed his honour's advice to every punctilio. Yet, notwithstanding this, his honour was pleased whether I shall term it unkindly or unnaturally (to despatch a letter after me to my Lord Jenkyns, to acquaint his Lordship that I was printing Milton's works, and wished them to have a care of me in the King's service; which has put a little stop to my being employed as yet, till I can write to England, and procure so much interest as to clear Sir Joseph Williamson's jealousy of my being yet engaged in the printing of these papers: though my Lord Jenkyns and Mr. Chudleigh are so well satisfied, after my giving them a full account of the business, and bringing my copies with me to Nimeguen, ready to dispose of them where Sir Joseph shall think fit, that they seem as much concerned at Sir Joseph's letter as I do, and have sent me here to Rotterdam at their charge, (so kind they are,) to remain here till I can write to England, and they have an answer from Sir Joseph Williamson how that his honour is satisfied; which they don't at all question but he will be when he shall hear what I have said and done.

"Now, may it please your worship, having given you a full and true account of the whole affair, seeing the fortune of a young man depends upon this small thing, either perpetual ruin, or a fair and happy way of future advancement; pray give me leave to beg of you, which I most humbly and submissively do, that you would please instantly to repair to his honour Sir Joseph, and acquaint him that I am so far from printing anything from Milton's now, that I have followed his honour's advice, and upon due pensitation with myself have nulled and made void my contract with Elsevir at Amsterdam, have returned my copies to myself, and am ready to dispose of them where his honour pleases, either into the hands of my Lord Jenkyns, or into his own for better satisfaction; and am so far from ever procuring a line from Milton printed, that, if his honour pleases, he shall command my copies, and all my other papers, to the fire. And though I happened to be acquainted with Milton in his life-time, (which out of mere love to learning I procured, and no other concerns ever passed betwixt us but a great desire and ambition of some of his learning,) I am, and ever was, so far from being in the least tainted with any of his principles, that I may boldly say, none has a greater honour and loyalty for his Majesty, more veneration for the Church of England, and love for his country, than I have. Once more, I beg your worship, and, with tears instead of ink that might supply my pen, I implore that you would prevail with Sir Joseph to write another letter to

my Lord Jenkyns and to Mr. Chudleigh, and to recal his former, which I am sure his honour wrote merely out of jealousy that I would proceed, notwithstanding his advice, in the printing of my papers : which you see, sir, how far I am from. Though my Lord Jenkyns, Mr. Chudleigh and I do imagine Sir Joseph will be soon pacified when he hears this ; yet, considering how great a ruin is likely to befall me if his honour is not graciously pleased to recal his former letter, I can't but with all the utmost repeated petitions imaginable, nay, with as much earnestness as ever condemned man begged a reprieve, intreat your worship to immediately intercede for me, and clear Sir Joseph his suspicion of me. Not that ever I could have imagined that, after so much access and favour his honour was pleased to afford me,—after my delivering up my papers to his perusal, his thanks, and multitude of kind expressions to me,—his honour would have been so contrary to his candid and favourable disposition to all lovers of learning and good literature, as to prejudice me so much, nay, as utterly to ruin and undo me, if he is not pleased by your kind persuasions graciously to recal his former letter. And, lest I should leave any stone unturned, I have penned out a letter to his honour myself, wherein I have humbly and with great submission cleared myself. Likewise Elsevir, the printer, has written to him by this post. Here, at Rotterdam, I shall stay till his honour is pleased to send to my Lord Jenkyns ; which I pray your worship may be the next post after the receipt of this letter, which is next Friday, which will arrive at Nimeguen the Tuesday after, God willing, when I shall be sent for from hence, and be received under Mr. Chudleigh with all imaginable kindness, as soon as Sir Joseph's letter arrives : my Lord Jenkyns being mightily inclined towards me upon your worship's kind letter of me some time since, which character I will study day and night to make good ; Mr. Chudleigh being also wonderfully kind to me upon the same account : who hope as much as I do, and they don't question it, but this little storm will blow over. Thus, sir, wholly and entirely owing the rise of my fortune to your good self, I shall be here, at Nimeguen, in a fair prospect of making myself for ever."

Our wish is to vary our extracts as much as possible : we therefore next quote another episodical passage from the letter of Mr. Forbes, who was attached to the legation to Denmark, of which the Earl of Essex was the head. The letter is dated, Copenhagen, May 7. 1670 :—

"After ten days tossing at sea, (sometimes cross winds, at others great calms,) we arrived before Cronberg Castle, the entry to the Sound. And because our entry has made already a great noise, and will yet make much more through all Europe, I will give you an exact account of all that has passed.

"You must know that the late King of Denmark, Frederic III., made an order that no ship should pass the Sound without striking. This was confirmed by the young King, and strict orders given to the governor of the castles, that all ships should pay this homage to him. My Lord Ambassador, who was not ignorant of this order, was resolved not to obey, as you may well imagine, but within three or four miles of the castle he was

forced to come to anchor by reason of a great calm. He had not been there half an-hour, when Sir Robert Hamilton (whom you have seen in England) came aboard the yacht to give my lord notice that the governor of the castle intended to make him strike his flag, and, if he refused, to fire forty-six guns at him, with an intention to sink him. To prevent this, he proposed to my Lord three things—to land before he came to the castle, to pass as near as he could on the other side without reach of their guns, or else to go in the night. My Lord Ambassador replied, that he was not ashamed of the King of England's flag, and therefore would not go by in the night, nor one foot out of his way; and that he would rather choose to be sunk a hundred times, than do anything that might reflect upon the King his master's honour. The next morning we set sail, and held as near the castle as we could, being just before it with our flag and topsail up: we saluted, first, as usual, with seven guns. The castle returned with three; but, seeing we did not strike, they fired another gun ahead, a second astern, and a third over us, all being charged with ball. It was told us before that the shooting thus was the signal (if we refused to strike) of the forty-six guns; but it seems they were better advised, and suffered us to come to anchor with our flag up. My Lord, with most of the gentlemen, went immediately ashore. Thence we came in wicker waggons to Copenhagen. It fell out very happily for us, that the same we day arrived, the late King was buried at Roeschild, twenty-four miles from Copenhagen. The first thing I did was to go to the palace to see him lie in state, which was really very magnificent; but the pomp and solemnity of carrying him through the city was much more. I believe there were above two thousand citizens, all in long mourning, carrying lamps and torches; several troops of horse in mourning cassocks, and twenty-four mourning coaches and six horses. The King, Christian V., himself did follow the hearse. I did not expect to see the half of the magnificence and pomp used on the occasion. The Ambassador did refuse to make his entry, or have audience, until he had satisfaction for the affront done to him in firing guns at his *pavilion* or flag. This firm and courageous resolution hath startled the court mightily, but it is a bait they must swallow. Accordingly, the governor of the castle of Cronberg has been here, just now to ask pardon of my Lord, and to declare that it was not of design to do any affront to the King of England; nor did they pretend that he should strike his flag; and that he was sorry it was interpreted otherways. Monsieur Guildenlow was present when this declaration was made; I have had the honour to transact the whole business alone, with Guildenlow and the other ministers of state here. I pray you let me know, as soon as possibly you can, what they think of it in England, for I am sure the King will gain more honour and reputation in the world by it, than by anything since he was restored, and my Lord Ambassador will gain no little credit I do believe."

We now give a very remarkable letter of James the Second, communicating to his daughter, the Princess of Orange, what were his reasons for his adoption of the Roman Catholic Faith. It is dated, Whitehall, Nov. 1687:—

"Monsieur d'Albeville having told me you were desirous to know the chief motives of my conversion, I have sent you as many particulars as my leisure will permit. I must first tell you I was bred a strict Church-of-England man by Dr. Stuart, to whom the king, my father, gave particular instruction to do so. And I was so zealous that way, that when the Queen, my mother, designed to bring up my brother, the Duke of Gloucester, a Catholic, I, preserving still the respect due to her, did my part to keep him steady to his first principles; and, as young people often do, I made it a point of honour to stick to what we had been educated in, without examining whether we were right or wrong. Thus I did then, which shews how I stood affected in point of religion; and I can say, that in all the time I was beyond sea no Catholics said anything to me to persuade me to change my religion; and so I continued for the most part I was abroad, without troubling myself about those concerns. The first thought that came into my head of anything of that kind which moved me to a more serious consideration, was the great devotion I found among so many of the Catholics of all sorts whenever I had been among them; the great helps they had towards it; and that I found every day some one or other of my acquaintance, of that persuasion, leave off their loose way of living, and live as good Christians ought to do, though many of these continued still in the world. When I found this, and observed their decent way of serving God, their churches being so well adorned, and the great charities they did, it made me begin to have a better opinion of their religion, and moved me to inquire more narrowly into it; and then I soon found that both they and their religion had been very much misrepresented: which made me begin to compare them and the Reformed churches together. When I had done this, I considered the reasons which were given by the several reformers for their separation, and more particularly by the Church-of-England men. I read over again the histories of those reigns in which it happened, written in the 'Chronicles.' I perused very carefully the 'History of the Reformation,' written by Dr. Heylin, and the preface of Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' Which having done, I discoursed with men of that persuasion (I mean of the Church of England) upon the same subject, and found no satisfactory reasons for what they had done. I then began to enquire into the reasons given by the Catholics for the infallibility of their church, which I found could not be denied them without shaking the very fundamentals of Christianity. And being once satisfied in that point, which is the chief to be considered on, all the rest falls in, of course. Let any ingenious person, without being prepossessed, read what our Saviour said to St. Peter by name, Matthew, xvi. chapter, verses 18 and 19, and to his apostles in general, and it will manifestly appear that he left an Infallible Church, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Pursuing this point, I concluded that the apostles, and the whole congregation of the faithful assembled at Jerusalem, were all most manifestly of that opinion, otherwise they would not have used that phrase (Acts, xv. verse 28,) 'for it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us,' in the decree they made at that meeting. Next, I enquired what authority there was, even for the Scripture itself, and found, upon strict examination, that it was declared canonical by the Church, some books offered being laid aside as not so, and only those allowed which were approved by the same. Now, none can be thought to be such proper

interpreters of Scripture as those who declared the certainty of it. Besides whether it is not likelier, reasonably speaking, that the church which hath had a constant succession from the very apostles' time to this day, should be in the right; or private men, who, upon pretence of reformation, broached new opinions, and had their heads fuller of temporal than spiritual concerns, as Luther, Calvin, and the reformers here in England? It would be too long for this paper to make this out, though it were easy to do it, and it would satisfy any ingenious person that what they did was not inspired into them by the Holy Ghost. For, instead of endeavouring to reform manners, and to increase devotion, they did quite the contrary, by opening a way to liberty, indulging to men's appetites, lessening the reverence which is due to God in the manner of his worship, and letting Christianity loose, I may say, by encouraging every one to believe he is a competent judge of the Scripture, and, consequently, may interpret it according to his own fancy. 'Tis this that hath very much shaken the foundation of Christianity, and hath let in so many sects and dangerous opinions, and hath made Socinians and Latitudinarians increase so much among us here in England.

Christianity, at first, gained credit by miracles and the powerful preaching of the Apostles. The blood of the Martyrs, the seed of the Church, rendered her most fruitful and glorious, by the wonderful examples of Christian fortitude. Lastly, an humble submission hath preserved it ever since; for, without submission, a man cannot be so much as a Christian. It was that consideration which chiefly made me embrace the communion of the Church of Rome, there being none that do, or can pretend to infallibility, but she. For there must be an infallible Church, or else what our Saviour said is not so, and the gates of hell must prevail. The practice of the Church of England confirmed me in this belief, having acted ever since the Reformation, as if they believed themselves infallible, though they will not own it. Otherwise, why have they been so severe against all dissenters from her ever since the beginning of the Reformation, and made such severe laws against them, which, from time to time, have been more severely put in execution than is generally known, and as well against Protestant as against Popish dissenters? Now, I would willingly know how the Church of England can find fault with those who have fallen from her, when she herself shewed them the way, by quitting the communion of the Catholic Church, of which she herself was a member, having no more right to do it than any one county of England to separate itself from the rest, and govern itself by laws different from those established over the whole kingdom. To say more on this subject would exceed the bounds of a letter; and if to what I have here set down the King my brother's and the late Duchess's papers be added, I think it is sufficient, if not to convince an unbiassed judgment, at least to create a more favourable opinion of the Catholic cause. A true copy of my letter to my daughter, the Princess of Orange, 1687."

"J. R."

A Mr. Gibbon, the great-grand-uncle of the celebrated historian, was infected with the superstitious notions of the age; a belief, however, in which Pépys did not participate. The former writes to the latter in the following terms:—

*"Mr. Gibbon to Pepys.**"27th August, 1675.*

"Good Sir—I pray pardon me: I am sorry I appeared so abruptly before you, I'll assure you, a paper of the same nature with the enclosed was left for you at the public office some ten days since, as likewise for every one of the Commissioners. But, Sir, I am heartily glad of the miscarriage, for now I have an opportunity to request a favour, by writing, that I could hardly have had confidence by word of mouth to have done; and in that I have much want of my friend Mr. ——. Sir, a gentlewoman of my acquaintance told me she had it for a certainty, from the family of the Montagus, that as you were one night playing late upon some musical instrument, together with your friends, there suddenly appeared a human feminine shape and vanished, and after that continued. Walking in the garden you espied the appearing person, demanded of her if, at such a time, she was not in such a place. She answered no; but she dreamed she was, and heard excellent music. Sir, satisfaction is to you my humble request. And if it be so, it confirms the opinion of the ancient Romans concerning their genii, and confutes those of the Sadducees and Epicures [Epicureans.]

*"Sir your most humble servant,**JOHN GIBBON."*

Let the manufacturers of Manchester and Glasgow read the following letter:—

*"Captain Wylde to Pepys.**"October, 1683.*

"Sir—In order to your desire, I present your honour with this small narrative concerning staining calicoes in India. They take the pieces and put them into milk, mixed with conge, which is size boiled in water and strained, which is like our water-starch; and allum a good quantity, wetting and drying it two or three times, laying it smooth. When dry, they sleek it with smooth shells, and roll it up, being fitted for use. Then, their patterns being drawn on paper, they prick them, and pounce them with charcoal. They have a root called chay, (the best comes from Persia, and is like our small licorice,) which they beat, and steep in water with allum. They have a small iron pen with a slit at the end, much like a butcher's skewer, with cotton yarn rolled within an inch of the drawing end, the bigness of a walnut, which they dip in liquor, squeezing it so gently between their three fingers and thumb, so running along the pounced work, where it turns black in a trice, no ink blacker, though looking like fair water. So, in like sort, they colour birds, beasts, flowers, fruit. When they have done one colour with these pens, they run it about the edges with hot wax, that it may not mix with other colours. Then they boil the cloth to fetch out the wax. And every colour they lay on, they wax and boil till finished. They make great quantities of a sort which is not completed in eight or ten months' time; so that the cloth is half worn when finished.

*"Sir, I am your faithful humble servant,**CHARLES WYLDE."*

We conclude with a letter from Evelyn to Pepys, which will have charms for the whole literary world. It is dated Deptford, October 4, 1689. He begins with saying that he had been reading Aristotle's book on divination by dreams, and that—

"The very night after, methought Mr. Pepys and I were discoursing in his library, among other things, about the ceremonious part of conversation, and visits of form, between well-bred persons; and I distinctly remember that I told him (what was true and no dream) that the late Earl of St. Alban's, uncle to Henry Jermyn, took extraordinary care at Paris that his young nephew should learn by heart all the forms of encounter and court address; such as the Latins would express by *verba honestatis*, and the French, who, if I mistake not, are masters to excess in these civilities, by *l'entre-gent*; as on occasions of giving or taking the wall, sitting down, entering in at, or going out of, the door, taking leave, *l'entretien de la ruelle*, and other encounters *à la cavalière*, among ladies, &c.; in all which, never was person more adroit than my late neighbour the Marquis de Ruviqnè. The Italians, and indeed Spaniards, exceed us infinitely in this point of good-breeding. Nay, I observe generally, that our women of quality often put us to 'O Lord, madam!' when we have nothing else to fill up and reply. But *quorsum hæc?* (a little patience,) I was never in my life subject to night-visions, till of late, I seldom pass without some reverie; which verifies that of St. Peter, cited from the Prophet, 'Your old men shall dream dreams;' and so you will shortly give me over for a dotard, should I continue to interrupt you with my impertinences. I will only tell you that my wife, of a much sedater temper, yet often dreaming, has now and then diverted me with stories, that hung as orderly together as studied narratives. Some I had formerly made her write down for their prettiness, very seldom broken or inconsistent, such as mine commonly are, but such as the Peripatetic means when he says, '*quieto sanguine fiunt pura somnia*,' comparing those other extravagant and confused dreams to resemblances the circles of disturbed and agitated waters reflect, that blend and confound the species, and present centaurs and terrible spectres; whilst the calmer fountain gives the entire image (as it did of Narcissus in the fable) and entertains us with our waking thoughts. What could be more explicit than the above, of the cause of this variety of dreams, which he as well as Hippocrates, and others from them, attribute to the crasis and constitution of the body, and complexions co-operating with other perturbations affecting the fancy. But, leaving these to the 'Oneirocriticks, I shall use them no further than to let you see how often you are in my best and serenest thoughts: 'Amici de amicis certa sæpe somniant;'—And if the subject of my wild phantasm (which was a dialogue with you, about forms of speaking on ceremonious occasions) naturally leading me to something I lately mentioned, where I spake of academies and refining our language, have not already quite worn out your patience, I would entertain you here with a copy of what I sent our chairman some years since, as an appendix to my former letter, and as you enjoined me. 'I conceive the reason both of additions to and corruptions of the English language, as of most other tongues, has proceeded from the same causes; namely, from victories, plantations and colonies, frontiers, staples of commerce, pedantry of schools, affectation of travellers, fancy style of court, vernility and mincing of citizens, pulpits, the bar, politicians, remonstrations, theatres, shops, &c. The parts affected with it may be found to proceed from the accent, analogy, direct interpretation, tropes, phrases, and the like. I did therefore humbly

propose,—1. That there might be compiled a grammar for the precepts, which (as it did the Romans, when Crates transferred the art to that city, followed by Diomedes, Priscian, and others who understood it) might only insist on the rules, the sole means of rendering it a learned and a learnable tongue. 2. That with this a more certain orthography were introduced, as by leaving out superfluous letters, &c. such as o in weomen, people; u in honour; a in reproach; ugh in thought, and the like. 3. That there were invented some new periods and accentuations, besides such as our grammarians and critics use, which might assist, inspirit, and modify the pronunciation of words and whole sentences, and stand as marks and warnings before them, how the voice and tone of the reader is to be governed; as in reciting plays, reading verses, &c., for regulating the key, and varying the tone of the voice and affection, not without some directions for the hand, and gesture of the body. 4. To this might follow a lexicon, comprehending by themselves all pure and genuine English words. Then derivatives with prime, certain, and natural significations. Then symbolical, so as no innovation be admitted or favoured, till there arise some necessity of a new edition amplifying the old on mature consideration. 5. That, in order to this, some were appointed to collect all technical words and terms, especially those of the more liberal employments, as the author of the *Essais des Merveilles de la Nature et des plus Nobles Artifices* has done for the French; Monsieur Felibien, the mechanical; Mr. Moxon, for some of the English; and Fr. Junius, John Laët, and others, endeavoured for the Latin: but these must be gleaned from shops, not from books. 6. That things difficult to be translated or expressed, and such as it were, incommensurable one, to another, *verbi gratia*, determinations of weights and measures, coins, honours, national habits, arms, dishes, drinks, municipal constitutions of courts, old and abrogated customs, &c., were better interpreted than, as yet, we find them, in dictionaries, glossaries, and noted in the lexicon. 7. That a full catalogue of exotic words and phrases, daily minted by our *logodædali*, were exhibited, and it were resolved on what should be sufficient to render them current *ut civitate donata*; since without some restraining that same *indomitam novandi verborum licentiam*, it must in time quite disguise the language. There are elegant words, chiefly introduced by physicians and philosophers, &c., worthy to be entertained: others, perhaps, fitter to be discarded, seeing there ought to be a law, as well as a liberty, in this particular. In this choice, some regard should be had to well-sounding and more harmonious words, and such as are numerous and apt to fall gracefully into their cadences and periods, and so recommend themselves, as it were, at the very first sight. Others, like false stones, will never shine or be set to any advantage in whatever light they are placed, but embase the rest. Here it may be noted, that such as continue long in universities greatly affect words and expressions nowhere in use besides, as may be observed, for Cambridge, in Cleveland's Poems; and there are some Oxford words, as I might instance in several used by others. 8. Previous inquiry should be made what particular dialects, idioms, and proverbs, are in use in several parts and counties of England; for the words of the present age being properly the vernacular, or classic rather, special regard is to be had of them; and this considera-

tion alone admits of vast improvements. 9. It were haply not amiss that there were a collection of the most quaint and courtly expressions, by way of *florilegium*, distinct from provincialisms, &c. For we are exceedingly defective in our civil addresses, excuses, apologies, and forms, on sudden and unpremeditated, though daily encounters, in which the Frenchman, Italian, and Spaniard, have a kind of natural grace and talent, which furnishes the conversation, and renders it very agreeable. Here might come in *synonyma*, *homonymia*, &c. 10. Since there is likewise a manifest rotation and circling of words and phrases, which go out and come in, like the mode and fashion, books would be consulted for the reduction of some of the old laid-aside words and expressions, had formerly in *deliciis*; for our language is in some places barren by reason of this depopulation, as I may call it, and therefore such wastes and deserts should be cultivated and enriched, either with the former, if significant, or some other. For example, we have hardly any words that so fully express the French *clinquant*, *naïveté*, *ennui*, *bizarre*, *concert*, *façonner*, *chicaneries*, *consommé*, *emotion*, *deferés*, *effort*, *choc*, *tour*, *détaché*. Ital. *vaghezza*, *garbato*, *doletto*, *cruppo*, &c. We should therefore, as the Romans did the Greek, make as many of these do homage as are likely to prove good citizens. 11. Something might well be translated out of Cicero, Demosthenes, the Greek and Latin poets, and even of the modern languages, that so some judgment might be made concerning the elegance of the style and colours, and so a laudable and unaffected imitation of the best and choicest recommended. Nor should there be wantin *gopia* of epithets, and variety of expressing the same thing, several ways, such as the 'Poetiche Dictorie' of Tomaso Caraffa, for the help of poets, preachers, orators, &c. 12. Finally, there must be a stock of reputation gained by some public writings and compositions of the members of the assembly, that so, as I intimated in my letter to you, others may not think it a grace to come under the test, and accept them for judges and approbators, &c. Where the design thus far advanced I conceive a very small matter would despatch the art of rhetoric, which the French proposed as the next to be recommended to their academicians.— So much for this, and, I fear, too much, now I see how I have blurred; but 'tis not worth the writing fairer. I stayed, sir, at Lambeth with his grace till past four, being to return with the bishops, and go home, as I was engaged that evening. I called at your house, but you were gone forth, they told me, in your coach, which made [me] conclude it was not to Lambeth, where I should have been sorry not to have waited on you. I have now gotten me a pair of new horses, but they are very young, and hardly broken to the coach as yet. So soon as I may trust them, and that the weather be a little settled, I shall not fail of waiting on you at Mr. Charleton's, and those other virtuosos."

Many of the worshipful and garrulous Secretary's letters are excellent in the way, and all of them characteristic. But we have no room for more than we have quoted, and must leave it to our readers to have recourse to the volumes themselves for their rich diversity; for no doubt circulating libraries will be supplied with the work, while no well appointed private collection will remain without it.

ART. V.—*Narrative of a Three Months' March in India; and a Residence in the Doab.* By the Wife of an Officer in the 16th Foot. With Plates, from Drawings made on the Spot. London: Hastings. 1841.

MRS. ASHMORE, the "Wife of an Officer in the 16th Foot," embarked at Gravesend for India, early in 1833, and sailed from Calcutta, on her return for England, early in 1838. Her notes extending over the whole of the interval, and her *Narrative of the Three Months' March to Cawnpore*, one of the largest military cantonments in British India, can hardly be expected to present any very striking novelty to persons at all acquainted with the history and condition of our Eastern possessions. Indeed the author does not pretend to more than to communicate the impressions made upon her own mind, when these were fresh, and thus to picture to the best of her power "the varied hues which gild the ever-changing horizon of the traveller, and of the leading characteristics of those scenes into which so many of the youth of Britain now daily hasten to take a part." Passing over therefore the voyage, the notices of the Cape, of Madras, and their respective *lions*, we arrive at Calcutta, which we shall part from in a like summary manner, in order to come to the "March;" for we look upon her lively sketches and details of its scenes and incidents as characteristic of military life and encampments, and withal entertaining, beyond what the "Officer" himself would probably have given; and yet she had at first to experience the want which ignorance of the native language imposed.

It was in the beginning of December that the 16th was to commence its march, and of course a good deal of preparation was necessary. "Tents, baggage, elephants, hackeries, (bullock waggon) palkies, palkie-bearers, bangy wallahs, and etceteras *ad infinitum*, were in requisition." Mrs. Ashmore was the only lady belonging to the regiment, who purposed going by land, and therefore whatever might be the difference as regarded fatigue, we must suppose that she chose a mode of conveyance that would enable her the better to satisfy a praiseworthy curiosity; and this even without having the society of her husband, who was obliged to keep with the troops whilst they were in motion.

The first day's march, the encamping ground, &c. afford subjects for the fair writer's observation and description, and may be taken as our first specimen:—

"When I reached the encamping ground, I beheld a busy scene; the regiment was in line, the elephants all assembled, hackeries arranged for inspection, with their attendant hackery wallahs and bullocks; a large space was covered with tents ready pitched, and a magnificent grove of mango trees filled up the back-ground of the picture. We had not much satisfaction, however, in viewing our own establishment: the tent, it is true,

was pitched, but no appearance of breakfast was there, and the man who had undertaken the charge of the fowls had let them all at liberty, by throwing their bamboo abode violently on the ground : with some trouble a number of them were recaptured, but several were irrecoverably lost, and flew off to the neighbouring jungle.

"Towards evening we walked to a Ghât at a short distance from the encamping ground, whence the view was beautiful ; the tints of the declining sun were rich beyond what can be seen in England. An island lay before us in the river, and bore a good crop of indigo, and within a short distance from where we stood was the small but keen fire which was consuming the body of a Hindoo.

"The strength of our camp was calculated to be nearly as follows ;—about six hundred soldiers, (the sick, with the women and children having been sent by water,) forty elephants, about four hundred officers' servants, to which may be added upwards of two thousand camp followers ; I do not recollect hearing how many hackeries, but they were very numerous. No sooner did the regiment reach the encamping ground each day, than a temporary bazaar, or native market, was established : some of the suttlers continued with the regiment during the whole march, carrying with them whatever could produce a profit from being dealt out by retail, or providing themselves from the villages near which the route lay, and thus renewing their supplies for the next morning's market.

"At some places the villagers would bring fruit, vegetables, eggs, &c., and the meat was provided by the commissariat ; upon the whole, no one had any reason to find fault with the fare which was to be obtained. We had provided ourselves with an excellent little Bengalee goat, which continued to give us milk during the whole march ; and we had not failed to take plenty of biscuits, butter, sundry rounds of Hunter's beef, tongues, humps, a small cask of pickled herrings, sardines, sauces, rice, and flour. These of course swelled our baggage very considerably ; besides, as there was no mess established by the officers, we were obliged to carry with us our wine and beer. Some boxes were exclusively appropriated to the package of plates, dishes, breakfast equipage, knives, forks, cruet stands, and the endless paraphernalia of daily requisites, in fact, to look back and think of what we were compelled to carry is terrific ; but the accomplishment of it was comparatively easy, and the habit was soon formed of finding its own place for everything. The servants, too, who are accustomed to marching, if tolerably attentive, will soon relieve the unpractised traveller of all trouble ; but the misfortune is, that 'Griffs,' or new comers, are always suspicious of the people who are around them,—and in truth not without much reason, for they are generally pillaged without mercy during the first few months of their residence in the country ; they are kept in a constant state of annoyance, unable to act for themselves, and fearful of being acted for, so that their safest, and in fact only reasonable, plan is to make themselves acquainted with the language as fast as possible. The Company's officers are compelled to do this ; but the greatest portion of those in the Queen's regiments refuse to take the least trouble about it, rather pride themselves upon only knowing a few offensive epithets, and go on beating and abusing their unfortunate domestics as long as they can persuade them to remain in their

service. This treatment is sure to meet with its reward, as none but bad servants will remain to be constantly maltreated, and they invariably return such uncourteous behaviour with cheating, lying, and plundering. An ignorance, too, of the language necessarily entails many misconceptions,—for the Indian servants always pretend to understand an order rather than incur the danger of irritating their masters by numerous questions, and consequently, in nine cases out of ten, do just what they were told not to do; at this even a kind master will become incensed occasionally, and the heat of the climate is but too likely to add to this ebullition of temper."

Not so ignorant and intractable are the elephants, if every due allowance be made; for Mrs. A. tells us that she was amused by the manner and readiness of their obeisance when met. "The mahouts of several ordered them to make their salaams, which they did by throwing their trunks above their head, and when the word was again given, they all marched off in regular order, to deposit their loads in the barrack-yard. These burdens consisted of young branches of trees, which they had fetched from a distance for their evening's repast."

Our next is a scene on the border of a small nullah which had to be crossed by means of boats, and which emptied its "turbid waters into the mighty Hooghly":—

"The passage of the regiment across the nullah was an interesting sight. Groups of villagers had collected on its opposite bank, enveloped to the eyes in their winter cloathing; the hackeries had crowded together, whilst the elephants were lying down to be relieved of their burdens;—some of them were in the water, the tips of their trunks being alone visible, and their drivers standing upon their backs more than half immersed, balancing themselves, and urging the animals forward with their long iron spikes. On emerging from the water, black and dripping with moisture, the elephants again lay down to be reladen; the baggage having been carried along the frail bridge upon hackeries. All was tumult and confusion, when, in the midst of it, the regiment appeared winding down the steep bank of the ravine, with band playing, and all in apparent haste to reach the encampment."

The incidents, in the shape of disasters which the fair writer witnessed or experienced, were petty, although of a nature to give annoyance to a good provider; such as breakages, books damaged by escaped liquids, small pilferings, &c. Centipedes too were sometimes rather near at hand; and even the docile, serviceable elephants made Mrs. A. often cry out "*Khuburdar hat, hee,*" (take care of the elephant). Indeed these ponderous brutes now and then took it into their heads to be cross and authoritative on the March. On one occasion a loaded hackery occupying the path which the monarch had a fancy to make his own, was unceremoniously seized by his trunk, and overturned, driver, bullocks, bag-

gage, and all; down a precipice forty feet high. On another occasion a soldier was politely taken round the waist by the same sort of lithe instrument, and placed on the side of the road; thus teaching him to keep a respectful distance.

We halt with the author for a moment on the banks of the Ganges:—

“Arrived at our encamping ground on the banks of the sacred stream, what a scene presented itself! wide as an inland sea, so wide, that we could only discern a streak of land on the distant horizon, and smooth as glass, it formed a strange contrast to the busy scene on shore. Thousands, I may safely say, of the black natives were seated in groups, preparing and eating their dinners, their fires made on the ground in little mounds of mud, whilst hackeries, elephants, camels, bullocks, tents, horses, and tattoos, to say nothing of the soldiers and officers of the regiment completely covered the open space near the river. The boats of the ladies, and the fleet belonging to the regiment, were below us, all lagoo'd on the banks of the Ganges; most of the ladies were in camp; in fact every body was alive, and all were enjoying the beauty and variety of the picture.”

Mrs. A. has a passing notice of the kindness of an English Missionary and his family whom she met with in the course of the March, adding that he gave a very “good account of the conversions amongst the Hindoos, whom he much prefers to the Musslemaun population of the neighbourhood, as being far more ready to hear instruction and to allow their children to attend his schools, provided only that nothing is required from them which would injure their caste.” The latter part of this statement greatly qualifies the term *conversions*; but still the testimony is in exact accordance with our own views, when it is added that a point is gained, when the children are allowed to attend the schools superintended by Christians. The Braminical superstitions and obduracies must be shaken by any such innovations. We are also told that several of this priesthood have been baptized by the Missionary mentioned, and that one of them was spoken of in the highest terms. In another part of the volume, speaking of the “false characters” to servants, and other matters connected with “helps” in India and domestic arrangements, she says, “The remark of a converted heathen to a Church Missionary Preacher struck me as being particularly just. ‘You know not,’ he said, ‘you cannot comprehend, half the deceitfulness of our hearts. When you address us, we think not for an instant of making any reply, but that which we imagine you wish us to make; whatever have been our actions, our words, or our thoughts, we unhesitatingly deny them all to gain your approval; the very idea of truth is totally unknown to us.’” We hope that this “converted heathen” was not illustrating the exceedingly severe doctrine which he was endeavouring to propagate.

With regard to Indian servants and the custom which prevails in the manner of hiring them we have some curious statements, and also sensible observations, such as a wife should take cognizance of. Having arrived at Cawnpore, she says :—

“ Our next occupation was to discharge the supernumerary domestics whom we had required on the march, as well as the Bengalees, very few of whom wished to remain in service up the country; indeed, we generally found them very bad servants in the upper provinces, although the up country servants are considered less efficient in Bengal than the natives of that place. Their language also varies much, as well as their general habits of clothing and feeding. We had then to engage a fresh household, with the dissatisfaction of knowing, that, for awhile, at any rate, we should be tormented with the very worst of their kind, as the rogues and cheats invariably infest those griffs who are as yet unacquainted with their tricks and language. There is something droll in the ceremony of engaging servants in the East. Whilst lounging upon a sofa, or under the shade of a verandah, you are informed that an applicant has appeared for a vacancy, which may chance to have occurred in your household; the careless ‘ana, do’ (let him come) gives acquiescence to his approach, and with profound salaams, the stranger presents a chit or note of recommendation from the last master or mistress he may have served, or sometimes half a dozen chits: these may or may not be genuine, but I am inclined to think, that, in this case also, ‘griffs’ are the most imposed upon, as they are not at first aware how easily a counterfeit can be obtained, either by being purchased at the bazaars or by being borrowed, or hired from an accommodating friend. Sometimes you may chance to have the name and qualifications of a juvenile domestic designated and extolled, whereas the temporary possessor may be of middle age, and of the opposite sex. Once I met with a chit which purported to be written by a gentleman with whom I was acquainted, and whom I knew to be incapable of committing the egregious errors in orthography and style with which the chit abounded; his name, rank, and regiment were, however, correctly designated, and the date corresponded with the period of the officer’s departure for the Cape; but the bearer was unaware of his return to Calcutta, until I despatched him with the forgery into his presence. The only secure plan is, to keep the chits in your own possession, and not to return them until the servant quits your service. But let me here say a word against the cruel injustice of withholding a chit altogether, whatever be the misconduct which might tempt the master to inflict such a punishment; for if once fairly obtained, it is surely the property of the unfortunate being who may have served a good master well, but who, with feelings common to all mankind, may have been led to resent the unchristianlike conduct of a tyrannical and overbearing man. There is, I believe, a heavy fine for defacing or writing over a chit; but many a poor wretch has been sent adrift, without being able to prove the loss of one withheld or destroyed; and thus has lost the character which he had, perhaps, justly earned, and which was to him, as they feelingly express themselves, his ‘K,hana,’ or food.

“ In hiring servants, the preliminaries are few, should the chits be satis-

factory, and the appearance and demeanour of the person be sufficiently prepossessing. The amount of wages being agreed upon, and every thing arranged, the stranger, in accepting office, not unfrequently steps immediately into the performance of its duties ; and I have more than once seen a servant engaged and established during the temporary absence at dinner of his predecessor, who, on returning, is greeted with the unwelcome sight of his successor. This does not appear either a just or a considerate measure, but it is the 'dustoor,' or custom, and that word has magic in its sound throughout India ; besides, on the grounds of reciprocity, it may be palliated, as the natives are but too apt to cause the greatest possible inconvenience to their employers, by adopting an equally unlooked-for line of conduct,—occasionally walking off after the duties of the day are over, or to their mid-day siesta, with salaams and all the external demonstrations of obsequious attention, but perfectly determined to return no more : thus, when their arrival is anxiously looked for, a master or mistress may be completely at fault, an infant without its Ayah, or children without the servants appointed to attend to their various requirements."

A considerable space is given to the description of the gaieties which were caused by the fresh arrival of the 16th at Cawnpore, such as the accession of a regiment must at any time occasion at a military cantonment in the Eastern empire ; our author still keeping herself pretty closely to the "female department" or such matters as naturally attract a woman's notice. Having said this, we must cull some things from her visits upon invitations to the Nawab Nizam Ood'owlah, "the eldest son of Aga Meez, and the inheritor of much wealth." The following particulars belong to the first of these visits :—

"About thirty people dined, and when we arrived, nearly the whole party were seated. The Nawab ran out to receive us,—he was superbly dressed ; but unaccustomed to the society of European ladies, wanted the ease of manner which I have generally remarked in the Musslemauns. Unfortunately we had not sent Khitmatgars sufficiently early, and had neglected to go, 'camp fashion ;' for a distribution of plates, knives, forks, &c. had already taken place, and each servant who had not brought such things belonging to his own master had received them from the servants of the host, and was required to render an account of his own allotment. For such comforts, therefore, we were indebted to some friends near whom we sat ; otherwise, had we dined at all, we must have adopted the eastern custom, and plunged our fingers into the savoury pillau. Loads of great dishes were crowded upon the table, but wretchedly ill-served and very cold, as the tables had been spread at least an hour before the time for which the guests were bidden : for though we were nearly the last in arriving, we were not behind the appointed time, but others, more *au fait*, had taken care to be sufficiently early. Some splendid candelabras caught the eye, and a few massive silver dishes graced the festive board, but intermingled with a dozen or two brass candlesticks, such as would scarcely find entrance into an English servant's hall. Large and handsome mirrors were on the walls, but so

dirty, that one would as successfully look for the reflection of one's person on the carpet as in them. All was thoroughly inconsistent: crowds of servants were in attendance; and a number of foot-soldiers drest like the company's cavalry were posted on all sides."

On a subsequent occasion Mrs. A. dined at the Nawab's, when there were about a hundred guests present, and when the entertainment was given in honour of the birth of a son. At this time the guests were admitted to the presence of her Highness the Vizir Bahoo, whose accouchement had given rise to the rejoicings. We next are told,—

"Think not of Miss Pardoe's animated pictures of eastern luxury and elegance, in imagining the interior of the Nawab's haram. We were admitted into an apartment totally unadorned, and very hot. The elder lady conversed and conducted herself like a very respectable Ayah, and was clad in the simplest garb; whilst the young mother sat by, totally unable to say a word, but sumptuously clad. She was literally enveloped in gold, and laden with precious stones; her ponderous ear ornaments, bracelets, anklets, tiara; her veil of gold tissue, ropes, tassels, and an infinity of chains, &c. &c., must have seriously incommoded her had she attempted to move: as it was, she sat perfectly passive, but with a childish smile upon her countenance. Her complexion was neither fair nor black, but of a sickly yellow tinge; her eyelids were blackened with henna, and her gums touched with the same hue; whilst the tips of her sallow fingers presented the most disagreeable appearance, from having been dyed red. Her infant was handed round upon something which looked like a plateau, but which proved to be the portable resting-place in common use in India; and was embroidered and fringed with gold. On the diminutive head of the child was a small skull-cap, set with diamonds and rubies; and its little body bore as much of ornament as its strength would bear. We did not remain long in the Zenana, but long enough to make me rejoice when our departure was proposed. On making her adieu, each lady received from her Highness a *hâïrs*, which she placed round her neck; her handkerchief was sprinkled with *atta*, and, with many assurances that our presence had caused infinite satisfaction, we withdrew."

Mrs. A. frequently takes notice of the fanaticism, the gross superstitions, and the horrid rites of which she had some opportunities to make sketches by pencil as well as pen; and she even resorts to fiction to illustrate such subjects. But we shall not extract more from her *March*, but conclude with a few snatches from "*Hints*," &c. with which the volume closes; observing at the same time that the purport of some of the suggestions and counsels here volunteered, is by no means novel; while the tone of others is rather acrimonious. We must also remark that Mrs. A. has surely formed a disparaging idea of the common sense of English girls, of the "*griffs*," or new comers to the "*Indian market*."

She has an unfavourable opinion of life in our Eastern empire. The climate is enervating, and the temptations are so strong, that an empty-headed girl, who, fond of external decorations, marries her wealthiest suitor, without regard to his age or character, is likely to elope "with some young stripling as thoughtless and worthless as herself." There is another evil and annoyance to be guarded against, according to our author, which we think was hardly worthy of being seriously mentioned, but to which she has tacked an exceedingly grave accusation; we refer to what she calls the "inquisitiveness of old residents." "I have frequently heard a lady newly arrived from England questioned as to the price of her bonnet, the name and residence of her milliner, and her particular charges." Now, are not such inquiries made in Old England? and is it not more natural still for the Anglo-Indian to feel somewhat solicitous concerning the newest fashions, the style of which in London or Paris can only be learned after the lapse of the better part of a year? But it seems that these inquisitors have tolerably good reasons for their impertinence, viz., "the deceit and cunning which is practised by every native tradesman," and "the necessity of cheapening all articles before closing a bargain."

The "Advice to persons going out to India," is not much more to our taste than what we have now abridged. Young ladies who have no other person to take especial charge of them may or may not decline the assistance of the captain "who generally considers himself called upon to walk the quarter-deck," with such passengers; but in most cases it is better to accept his attentions, "as you cannot walk without the support of some one." But should the *skipper* have his wife on board, "do not take for granted that she is a gentlewoman," and therefore be careful and preserve your proper sphere. Such are specimens of Mrs. Ashmore's "Advice;" from which this may be deduced that young ladies may accept of the support of the *skipper*, and yet turn away from his better half. We presume such might be our author's counsel, since "in most cases you had better accept his attentions."

With regard to the "Contrast between Outward-bound and Homeward-bound ships," the sentiments expressed by our author are touching enough. And yet the differences in the age, the spirits, the health, and the experience of a majority of the passengers in these predicaments are quite natural, and such as every reflecting person, whether young or old, must have calculated upon. Our general opinion therefore with respect to Mrs. Ashmore's book is, that her sketches of what she witnessed in her March have the vividness and the lightness which are characteristic of a female writer, but that several of her deductions, or when she undertakes to lecture, are not so happy. The "Plates from Drawings made on the Spot" are clever and descriptive.

ART. VI.

1. *The Cherwell Water-Lily, and other Poems.* By the REV. F. W. FABER, M.A. London: Rivington.
2. *Fugitive Verses.* By JOANNA BAILLIE. London: Moxon.
3. *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, collected by Himself.* Vol. II. London: Longman.

IN some recent remarks on "Uneducated Poets," we spoke to this effect,—that the first revival of English poetry, the first bound of the tamed or enfeebled muse, the next school erected in this country, would probably be in a rustic soil,—would, we anticipated, spring from the bosom of the people. A true and faithful representative of the genius of the country, of the English heart, just as Burns was of the Scottish, may appear, in spite of the mechanical interests and spirit of the age, who, speaking from the inner man with powerful yet tender notes will reach the inner man of every other son of Adam. If, however, we be in error as to the sphere in which the never-dying, although for seasons and periods hidden, genius of poetry is again and next to burst the bonds and burdens with which she has for nigh a quarter of a century had to struggle, we think we must be right when we say that the revival will distinguish itself, in part at least, by scorning and flinging away the sort of tinselled and glittering beauties, the exaggerated and unsteady generalities, the feverish sentimentalities which have succeeded the last era in the muse's history, and which may be called that of the Magazine and Annual school. We never, surely, can look for the re-appearance of the poetical spirit in its breadth and strength, its geniality and simplicity, without that quietness and manly composure which indicates health and fresh humanity; the spirit with its native plastic kindliness the while accommodating itself to the phases of the period, according to the local accidents and characteristics of landscape, society and opinion. Confidence will give way to excitement, calmness to fitful storm, and homeliness to over-refinement.

It is with a hopeful greeting that we discover in the volume first in our present list, tokens of the healthful spirit which is so much longed after. Together with tenderness and delicacy of fancy, at times however running into conceits, the author possesses a soaring and strong-pinioned imagination, depth and earnestness of feeling, and subtlety of judgment as well as closeness of observation. Along with all this he has a great mastery over language, and a largely stored mind; qualities which in the case of a young man,—for such we take Mr. Faber to be, promise brilliant results. But what we wish particularly to notice and hail with most pleasure, is the intensity and truthfulness of nature that wells up in his verses, often

clear and pure, without muddiness and without froth. We have to regret, however, that he is also frequently obscure, and that he leans to the mystic school. Perhaps, too, his religious sentiments are somewhat morbid as well as transcendental. But yet these appear to be so little affected and forced as often to reach the reader's heart and crown the other attributes of his muse. Indeed we feel so convinced of Mr. Faber's fine knowledge of the art, and of his natural gifts, that it requires only that he allow to both the performance of their proper functions, in order to rid himself of the principal errors or failings which disfigure the pieces before us. We think that he runs the risk of becoming infected with the faults and mannerism of Coleridge rather than of Wordsworth. Now, he has no need to borrow from the wing, or to imitate the note, of either. Let him be careful and trustful, faithful to himself and to his training, and then the day, we predict, will arrive, when if he stand not side-by-side of these masters of song, he will at least be heard in concert with them, and be recognised as one who planted an unfading lily.

We need not describe the contents of the volume, further than to say that most of them are serious as to sentiment, and earnest and searching as to thought; that they are written with a purpose even when of a more playful cast; and that Mr. Faber seems to cherish the idea that he must render an account of his stewardship. A few specimens shall now be given. The first will show how he can subtilize and pursue nice ideas through a labyrinth of imagery. It is what must be expected, that obscurity and mysticism are sometimes to be encountered when the fancy and mind take the direction now exhibited; although in the sample now to be given he has steered with wonderful tact and skill clear of such dangers and temptations:—

“Thought hath a double stream, whose falls
 Keep murmuring in her sounding halls,
 Rising and sinking, faint and clear,
 As breezes bear their echoes near.
 One springs 'mid outward forms and shows,
 And winds as it is bidden;
 The other veils its wells, and flows
 In a woodland channel hidden;
 And at far times, reveals its floods
 In whitest gleamings through the woods,
 O'er roots of marble breaking,
 Or in a hollow green and cool
 Through many a modest lingering pool
 Its amber waters taking.
 We have no spells to turn its flow,
 Or bid its voices come and go;

For on its face are mirrored fair
 The lights and shapes that are elsewhere,
 And tranquil fear and shadowy love
 Brood o'er its basins from above,
 But oft, in sudden turns of thought,
 Both fountains are together brought,
 And mix their streams awhile ;
 And Fancy then herself is seating
 To catch the sounds and whispers fleeting,
 Where Heaven and Earth in streams are meeting,

And rippling waters smile,
 Again in hours of gentle daring.
 The soul hath traced the brook some way,
 Its darkly twisting channel wearing,
 And coloured pebbles downward bearing

From where its secret fountains play.
 Benighted in far woods she sees
 Forms shift about among the trees,
 And vanish here and there ;
 And uttered by them, in their fleetness,
 Soft voices of an earthly sweetness

Keep trembling on the air.
 Then, when Fancy's stars are waning,
 The soul her wonted home regaining,
 Yet still those mystic scenes retaining,
 The sounds and visions to impress
 Themselves upon her loneliness
 With such a dimly—living power,
 That she, in many an after-hour,
 Beholds, in strange and foreign places,
 Familiar forms and household faces ;
 As though ere while, in vision dread,
 That place or room were visited ;
 And strangers' voices echo round,
 Like rings and links of magic sound,
 She listens well to what is spoken,

As though the words were old ;
 And watches for some random token,
 The wonder to unfold.

These are the sounds and shadowy sight
 That came in waking dream,
 When she was wandering in the night
 Far up the heavenly stream.

Oft too, in slumber's pathless mountains,
 The heart breaks up her ancient fountains,
 Which had for years been sealed ;

And the whole spirit overflows
 With waters that chance-dreams disclose
 In some forgotten field.

Tree-top and rock and nodding wood
 Group wildly in that whirling flood ;
 While Earth and Heaven meet and part,
 In giddy ebb and flow of heart :—
 Giddy, yet held by some strong tie
 Fast in the beating springs,
 Which up above, in sympathy,
 Keep time by murmurings.
 For that bright stream's mysterious powers,
 And all its secret going,
 Burst on the surface most in hours
 When sleep is o'er us flowing ;
 Like gurgling wells and waterfalls
 Which, heard in stilly nights,
 Put music in the breezy calls
 That come from mountain heights.
 All these—quick turns of sparkling thought,
 Strange places known again,
 And dreams at hollow midnight brought,
 Are openings by these waters wrought,
 And Heaven awhile made plain.
 They, who will listen at their soul,
 May hear deep down that current roll,
 Its waters sweetly timing ;
 And patient ears that listen long
 May catch the fashion of its song
 And science of its chiming.
 Nay, sometimes, by its far faint airs
 Young hearts are taken unawares ;—
 As a stranger, sleeping on the mountains,
 Is waked by waters in their mirth,
 Causing, as they tinkle from their fountains,
 Audible music through the earth."

It is obvious that he who can cram thought and command imagery, as in the specimen now quoted, and infuse tenderness together with simple power as in what we next present, is in possession of some of the chief and indispensable qualifications of the sonneteer ; the most rare of all poets in our language, on account of the requisitions of thought, measure, and rhyme in this sort of verse. The piece we now select has for its theme "Childhood," and is addressed "To my only Sister."

"Dost thou remember how we lived at home—
 That it was like an oriental place,
 Where right and wrong, and praise and blame did come
 By ways we wondered at and durst not trace ;
 And gloom and sadness were but shadows thrown
 From griefs that were our sire's and not our own ?

It was a moat about our souls, an arm
 Of sea, that made the world a foreign shore ;
 And we were too enamoured of the charm
 To dream that barks might come and waft us o'er.
 Cold snow was on the hills ; and they did wear
 Too wild and wan a look to tempt us there.

We had traditions of our own, to weave
 A web of creed and rite and sacred thought ;
 And when a stranger who did not believe
 As they who where our types of God had taught,
 Came to our home, how harsh his words did seem,
 Like sounds that mar, but cannot break a dream.

And then in Scripture some high things there were,
 Of which, they said, we must not read or talk ;
 And we, through fear did never trespass there,
 But made our Bibles like our twilight walk
 In the deep woodlands, where we durst not roam
 To spots from whence we could not see our home.

Albeit we fondly hoped, when we were men,
 To learn the lore our parents loved so well,
 And read the rites and symbols which were then
 But letters of a word we could not spell—
 Church-bells, and Sundays when we did not play,
 And Sacraments at which we might not stay.

But we too soon from our safe place were driven ;
 The world broke in upon our orphaned life.
 Dawnings of good, young flowers that looked to Heaven,
 It left untilld for what seemed manlier strife ;
 Like a too-early summer, bringing fruit
 Where spring perchance had meant another shoot !

Some begin life too soon,—like sailors thrown
 Upon a shore where common things look strange ;
 Like them they roam about a foreign town,
 And grief awhile may own the force of change.
 Yet, although one hour new dress and tongue may please,
 Our second thoughts look homeward, ill at ease.

Come then unto our childhood's wreck again—
 The rocks hard-by our father's early grave ;
 And take the few chance treasures that remain,
 And live through manhood upon what we save.
 So shall we roam the same old shore at will !
 In the fond faith that we are children still.

Christian ! thy dream is now—it was not then :
 Oh ! it were strange if childhood were a dream.
 Strife and the world are dreams : to wakeful men
 Childhood and home as jealous angels seem :
 Like shapes and hues that play in clouds at even,
 They have but shifted from thee into heaven !”

And now for two of the sonnets. The first is called "The Glimpse."

"Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,—
 They go out from us thronging every hour;
 And in them all is folded up a power
 That on the earth doth move them to and fro:
 And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
 In hearts we know not, and may never know.
 Our actions travel and are veiled: and yet,
 We sometimes catch a fearful glimpse of one,
 When out of sight its march hath well-nigh gone,—
 An unveiled thing which we can ne'er forget!
 All sins it gathers up into its course.
 And they do grow with it, and are its force:
 One day, with dizzy speed that thing shall come,
 Recoiling on the heart that was its home."

The other is "To a Little Boy."

"Dear Little One! and can thy mother find,
 In those soft lineaments, that move so free
 To smiles or tears, as holiest infancy
 About thy heart its glorious web doth wind,
 A faithful likeness of my sterner mind?
 Ah! then there must be times unknown to me,
 When my lost boyhood, like a wandering air,
 Comes for a while to pass upon my face,
 Giving me back the dear familiar grace
 O'er which my mother poured her last fond prayer.
 But sin and age will rob me of this power;
 Though now my heart like an uneasy lake,
 Some broken images, at times, may take
 From forms which fade more sadly every hour!"

These examples must suffice to prove with what consciousness of ability, and felicity of execution the author can throw himself upon nature, and combine her finest or most exalted beauties, whatever be the theme, and whatever the idea he has fixed upon. No doubt, we shall hear more of him; and if his years be extended as the years of the author whose "Fugitive Verses," we have next to notice have been, it is not improbable that his fame will be as far spread, and his laurels as green as her's in his old age.

These "Fugitive Verses" consist, of course, of a number of miscellaneous pieces, many of them having been written more than half a century ago.

The volume contains nearly all the occasional lines, the poetess tells us, written under various circumstances and impressions of a long life. Some of them are taken from a small volume, published

by her anonymously many years ago, "but not noticed by the public, or circulated in any considerable degree. Indeed, in the course of after years, it became almost forgotten by myself, and the feelings of my mind in a great measure coincided with the neglect it had met with." Some were written for Thomson's edition of "National Melodies," which contained so many of Burns's matchless songs. Others were scattered through various publications, several of them having been attributed to other authors; and the latter part of the collection consists of devotional and sacred subjects, marked "For the Kirk," are hymns, and were composed—

..... "At the request of an eminent member of the Scotch Church, at a time when it was in contemplation to compile by authority a new collection of hymns, and sacred poetry for the general use of parochial congregations. It would have gratified me extremely to have been of the smallest service to the venerable church of my native land, which the conscientious zeal of the great majority of an intelligent and virtuous nation had founded; which their unconquerable courage, endurance of persecution, and unwearied perseverance, had reared into a church as effective for private virtue and ecclesiastical government as any Protestant establishment in Europe. I was proud to be so occupied; my heart and my duty went along with it: but the General Assembly, when afterwards applied to, refused their sanction to any new compilation; and what I had written, and many sacred verses from far better poets proved abortive. That clergymen, who had been accustomed from their youth to hear the noble Psalms of David sung by the mingled voices of a large congregation, swelling often to a sublime volume of sound, elevating the mind and quickening the feelings beyond all studied excitements of art, should regard any additions or changes as presumptuous, is a circumstance at which we ought not to be surprised."

We shall also quote from Miss Baillie's own statement, some observations which bear upon one of the ideas which we introduced in our preliminary remarks to the present article. An authority and an example so high and influential will surely have some wholesome results towards the revival anticipated by us; at the same time coming with admirable propriety through the hands of Mr. Moxon. Says the poetess.

"This book does not hold out the allurements of novelty. As among an assembly of strangers, however, we sometimes look with more good-will upon a few recognised faces that had been nearly lost or forgotten, though never much valued at any time, than upon those whom we have never before beheld; so I venture to hope, that upon the simple plea of old acquaintances they may be received with some degree of favour. Be this as it may, I am unwilling to quit the world and leave them behind me in their unconnected state, or to leave the trouble of collecting and correcting them to another; the songs written in the Scotch dialect making it somewhat more difficult. The occasional pieces for the first time offered to the

public have another disadvantage to contend with. Modern poetry, within these last thirty years, has become so imaginative, impassioned, and sentimental, that more homely subjects, in simple diction, are held in comparatively small estimation. This, however, is a natural progress of the art and the obstacles it may cast in the way of a less gifted, or less aspiring genius, must be submitted to with a good grace. Nay, they may even sometimes be read with more relish from their very want of the more elevated flights of fancy, from our natural love of relaxation after having had our minds kept on the stretch, by following, or endeavouring to follow, more sublime and obscure conceptions. He who has been coursing through the air in a balloon, or ploughing the boundless ocean in the bark of some dauntless discoverer, or careering over the field on a war-horse, may be very well pleased after all to seat himself on a bench by his neighbour's door, and look at the meadows around him, or country people passing along the common from their daily work. Let me then be encouraged to suppose that something of this nature may, with the courteous reader, operate in my behalf."

A fine and delightful characteristic, especially of the earlier pieces in the volume, so rare at the present day, consists of a full and faithful observation, a true and unaffected sympathy with humanity, a quiet simplicity, and a homeliness that is as far removed from tameness or vulgarity, as it is from conceits and meretricious ornament. The following has much of the beauty of Thomson, without his elaborate coldness. It is from the first poem in the collection, entitled "The Winter's Day," and which like others in the volume could only be written among the farm-houses and firesides of Scotland:—

"The night comes on apace—

Chill blows the blast and drives the snow in wreaths ;
Now every creature looks around for shelter,
And, whether man or beast, all move alone
Towards their homes, and happy they who have
A house to screen them from the piercing cold !
Lo, o'er the frost a reverend form advances !

The stranger whines not with a piteous tale
But only asks a little to relieve
A poor old soldier's wants.

The gentle matron brings the ready chair,
And bids him sit to rest his weary limbs,
And warm himself before her blazing fire.
The children, full of curiosity,
Flock round, and with their fingers in their mouths
Stand staring at him, while the stranger, pleased,
Takes up the youngest urchin on his knee.
Proud of its seat, it wags its little feet,
And prates, and laughs, and plays with his white locks.
But soon a change comes o'er the soldier's face :

His thoughtful mind is turned on other days,
 When his own boys were wont to play around him,
 Who now lie distant from their native land
 In honourable but untimely graves:
 He feels how helpless and forlorn he is,
 And big, round tears course down his withered cheeks.
 His toilsome daily labour at an end,
 In comes the wearied master of the house,
 And marks with satisfaction his old guest
 In the chief seat, with all the children round him.
 His honest heart is filled with manly kindness,
 He bids him stay and share their homely meal,
 And take with them his quarters for the night.
 The aged wanderer thankfully accepts,
 And by the simple hospitable board,
 Forgets the by-past hardships of the day.

When all are satisfied, about the fire
 They draw their seats, and form a cheerful ring.
 The thrifty housewife turns her spinning-wheel;
 The husband, useful even in his hour
 Of ease and rest, a stocking knits, belike,
 Or plaits stored rushes, which, with after-skill
 Into a basket formed, may do good service,
 With eggs or butter filled at fair or market."

Burn's and Thomson's muse may be felt in these accurate and healthy lines. How rural yet how pure the refinement they breathe and pourtray! Take now the winter's morning:—

"But let us leave the warm and cheerful house,
 To view the bleak and dreary scene without,
 And mark the dawning of a winter-day.
 The morning vapour rests upon the heights
 Lurid and red, while growing gradual shades
 Of pale and sickly light spread o'er the sky.
 Then slowly from behind the Southern hills
 Enlarged and ruddy comes the rising sun,
 Shooting askance the hoary waste his beams,
 That gild the brow of every ridgy bank,
 And deepen every valley with a shade,
 The crusted window of each scatter'd cot,
 The icicles that fringe the thatched roof,
 The new-swept slide upon the frozen pool,
 All keenly glance, new-kindled with his rays;
 And even the rugged-face of scowling winter
 Looks somewhat gay. But only for a time
 He shows his glory to the brightening carth,
 Then hides his face behind a sullen cloud.

The birds now quit their holes and lurking-sheds,

Most mute and melancholy, where through night,
 All nestling close to keep each other warm,
 In downy sleep they had forgot their hardships ;
 But not to chant and carol in the air,
 Or lightly swing upon some waving bough,
 And merrily return each other's notes.
 No ; silently they hop from bush to bush ;
 Can find no seeds to stop their craving want ;
 Then bend their flight to the low, smoking cot,
 Chirp on the roof, or at the window peck,
 To tell their wants to those who lodge within.
 The poor lank hare flies homeward to his den,
 But little burden'd with his mighty meal
 Of wither'd colworts from the farmer's garden ;
 A wretched, scanty portion, snatch'd in fear ;
 And fearful creatures, forced abroad by hunger,
 Are now to every enemy a prey.

We next give part of " Summer," and choose the morning :—

"For now the sun, slow moving in his glory,
 Above the eastern mountains lifts his head ;
 The webs of dew spread o'er the hoary lawn,
 The smooth, clear bosom of the settled pool,
 The polished ploughshare on the distant field,
 Catch fire from him, and dart their new got beams
 Upon the gazing rustic's dazzled sight.

The wakened birds upon the branches hop,
 Peck their soft down, and bristle out their feathers,
 Then stretch their throats, and trill their morning song,
 While dusky crows, high swinging over head,
 Upon the topmast boughs, in lordly pride,
 Mix their hoarse croaking with the linnet's note,
 Till, in a gathered band of close array,
 They take their flight to seek their daily food.
 The villager wakes with the early light,
 That through the window of his cot appears,
 And quits his easy bed ; then o'er the fields
 With lengthened active strides betakes his way,
 Bearing his spade or hoe across his shoulder,
 Seen glancing as he moves, and with good will
 His daily work begins.
 The sturdy sunburnt boy drives forth the cattle,
 And, pleased with power, bawls to the lagging kine
 With stern authority, who fain would stop
 To crop the tempting bushes as they pass.
 At every open door, in lawn or lane,
 Half-naked children, half-awake are seen
 Scratching their heads, and blinking to the light,

Till, rousing by degrees, they run about,
 Roll on the sward, and in some sandy nook
 Dig caves, and houses build, full oft defaced,
 And oft begun again, a daily pastime.
 The housewife, up by times, her morning cares
 Tends busily ; from tube of curdled milk,
 With skilful patience draws the clear green whey
 From the pressed bosom of the snowy curd,
 While her brown comely maid, with tucked-up sleeves
 And swelling arm, assists her. Work proceeds,
 Pots smoke, pails rattle, and the warm confusion
 Still more confused becomes, till in the mould
 With heavy hands the well-squeezed curd is placed."

Who in Old Scotia has not had his heart a thousand times
 refreshed and lessoned by the following lyric? It is true to nature
 every one feels ; it displays dramatically manners and character,
 and tells an interesting story :—

"SONG—WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

(Version taken from an old song of that name.)

The bride she is winsome and bonny,
 Her hair it is snooded sae sleek ;
 And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
 Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
 New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
 New pearlins and plenishing too :
 The bride that has a' to borrow,
 Has e'en right mickle ado.
 Woo'd and married and a' !
 Woo'd and married and a' !
 Is na' she very weel aff
 To be woo'd and married at a' ?

Her mither then hastily spak,
 ' The lassie is glakit wi' pride :
 In my pouch I had never a plack
 On the day when I was a bride.
 E'en tak'n to your wheel, and be clever,
 And draw out your thread in the sun ;
 The gear that is gifted it never
 Will last like the gear that is won.
 Woo'd and married and a' !
 Wi' havins and tocher sae sma' !
 I think ye are very weel aff,
 To be woo'd and married at a' !
 ' Toot, toot ! ' quo' her grey-headed faither,
 ' She's less o' a bride than a bairn,
 She' ta'en like a cout frae the heather,
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.

Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
 As humour inconstantly leans,
 The chiel maun be patient and steady
 That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
 A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
 O'er her locks that the winds used to blaw!
 I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
 When I think o' her married at a'!"

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,—
 Weel waied were his wordies, I ween,—
 'I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
 Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een.
 I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
 Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
 Than Kate o' the Croft were my bride,
 Wi' purples and pearlins enow.
 Dear, and dearest of ony!
 Ye're woo'd and buikit and a'!
 And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
 And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
 And she looket sae bashfully down;
 The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
 And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
 She twirled the tag o' her lace,
 And she nippet her boddice sae blue,
 Sine blinket sae sweet in his face,
 And aff like a maukin she flew.
 Woo'd and married and a'!
 Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
 She thinks hersel very weel aff,
 To be woo' and married at a'."

How neat and minutely correct is the handling of the following neat and familiar subject, which must be the last of our examples!—

"THE KITTEN.

"Wanton droll, whose harmless play
 Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
 When, drawn the evening fire about,
 Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
 And child upon his three-foot stool,
 Waiting till his supper cool,
 And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
 As bright the blazing fagot glows,
 Who, bending to the friendly light,
 Plies her task with busy slight;
 Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,

Thus circled round with merry faces,
 Backward coil'd and crouching low,
 With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
 The housewife's spindle whirling round,
 Or thread or straw that on the ground
 Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
 Held out to lure thy roving eye;
 Then stealing onward fiercely spring
 Upon the tempting faithless thing.
 Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
 Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
 As still beyond thy curving side
 Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
 Till from the centre starting far,
 Thou sidelong veer'st with rump in air
 Erected stiff and gait awry,
 Like madam in her tantrums high;
 Though ne'er a madam of them all,
 Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
 More varied trick and whim displays
 To catch the admiring stranger's gaze."

We do not pretend to measure nicely how much the refined conceits, delicate turns, and pretty phraseology of Moore have contributed to beget in these days the far-fetched glitter and the mawkish sentimentality of versifiers, who have not a tithe of his imagination, wit, terseness, and sympathy with nature. But that his polish has had many followers, who either have no meaning to give body to their productions, or attenuate their ideas to absolute feebleness in their efforts to be fine and smooth, will not be denied; and therefore it is not without some propriety of connexion we have placed the second volume of his collected and uniform edition of his poems in the present list.

This volume completes his "*Juvenile Poems*," and contains also the "*Poems relating to America*," which are selected and separated from the miscellaneous pieces which formerly went under the general title—"Odes and Epistles."

The *Juvenile Poems* do not deserve to rank high among Moore's works, and not even among the works of other young writers who afterwards rose to his eminence. Their musical versification and elegant language are their chief characteristics. The pieces relating to America, however, have much epigrammatic spirit and cleverness in them, and are otherwise interesting not merely for the keen censures and satires which they contain, but on account of the offence which these poems gave even unto the author's political party at home. But he was offered from a distant quarter and very unexpectedly that which some would have regarded as a recompense. He says,—

"As some consolation to me for the onsets of criticism, I received, shortly after the appearance of my volume, a letter from Stockholm, addressed to 'The Author of Epistles, Odes, and other Poems'; and informing me that 'the princes, nobles, and gentlemen, who composed the General Chapter of the most Illustrious, Equestrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim,' had elected me as a Knight of this Order. Notwithstanding the grave and official style of the letter, I regarded it, I own, at first as a mere ponderous piece of pleasantry, and even suspected that in the name of St. 'Joachim' I could detect the low and irreverent pun of St. Jokehim.

"On a little inquiry, however, I learned that there actually existed such an order of knighthood; that the title, insignia, &c. conferred by it, had, in the instances of Lord Nelson, the Duke of Bouillon, and Colonel Imhoff, who were all Knights of St. Joachim, been authorised by the British Court; but that since then, this sanction of the Order had been withdrawn. Of course, to the reduction thus caused in the value of the honour was owing its descent in the scale of distinction to 'such small deer' of Parnassus as myself. I wrote a letter, however, full of grateful acknowledgment to Monsieur Hansson, the Vice-Chancellor of the Order, saying that I was unconscious of having entitled myself by any public service to a reward due only to the benefactors of mankind; and therefore begged leave most respectfully to decline it."

Samples of the offensive and severe pieces just now referred to will be found in the lines which we quote:—

"Oh, Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Form'd to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords,
Strut forth, as patriots, from their Negro-marts,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their hearts.
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving Blacks and democratic Whites,
And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'r Columbia's plains?"

From "Scenes at Washington" take another specimen. Jefferson is understood to be the "patriot" whose "bondswoman" is mentioned:—

"'Tis evening now: beneath the Western star
Soft sighs the lover through his sweet segar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy.

The patriot, fresh from Freedom's councils come,
 Now pleased retires to lash his slaves at home ;
 Or woo, perhaps, some Black Aspasia's charms,
 And dream of freedom in his bondmaid's arms."

Here are some personal reminiscences of him, the inconsistency of whose creed and practice is so pithily rebuked in the last quoted lines :—

"At Washington, I passed some days with the English Minister, Mr. Merry ; and was by him presented at the levee of the President, Jefferson ; whom I found sitting with General Dearborn and one or two other officers, and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him—much to that formal Minister's horror—when waiting upon him, in full dress, to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration ; but to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence, was an event not to be forgotten."

This last extract is taken from the new matter to be found in the present edition ; the Prefaces furnishing us with charming autobiographical and anecdotal notices ; so charming and various indeed that one regrets he has not got much more. We must quote two or three paragraphs more from the prose, and which will show how spiritedly and descriptively the poet recounts the incidents and the feelings which marked his American travels. The Falls of Niagara should only be described by a poet. But before quoting Mr. Moore's manner of treating of that wonderful and sublime scene, let us accompany him in a journey which now is easy, and to a few huts where now flourishes a large city.

"Reaching, for the second time, New York, I set out from thence on the now familiar and easy enterprise of visiting the Falls of Niagara. It is but too true, of all grand objects, whether in nature or art, that facility of access to them much diminishes the feeling of reverence they ought to inspire. Of this fault, however, the route to Niagara, at that period—at least the portion of it which led through the Genesee country—could not justly be accused. The latter part of the journey, which lay chiefly through yet but half-cleared wood, we were obliged to perform on foot ; and a slight accident I met with in the course of our rugged walk laid me up for some days at Buffalo. To the rapid growth in that wonderful region of at least the materials of civilization—however ultimately they may be turned to account—this flourishing town, which stands on Lake Erie, bears most ample testimony. Though little better, at the time when I visited it, than a mere village, consisting chiefly of huts and wigwams, it is now, by all accounts, a populous and splendid city, with five or six churches, town-hall, theatre, and other such appurtenances of a capital.

"In adverting to the comparatively rude state of Buffalo at that period, I should be ungrateful were I to omit mentioning, that even then, on the shores of those far lakes, the title of 'poet'—however unworthy in that

instance bestowed—bespoke a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; and that the captain who commanded the packet in which I crossed Lake Ontario, in addition to other marks of courtesy, begged, on parting with me, to be allowed to decline payment for my passage."

Now for the Falls :—

"When we arrived at length at the inn in the neighbourhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of æra in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again. It was through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that, during the short interval that followed imagination had far outrun the reality; and, vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impossible, indeed, for anything real to come up to the vision I had in these few seconds formed of it; and those awful Scriptural words, 'The fountains of the great deep were broken up,' can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared.

"But in spite of the start thus got by imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene that opened upon me soon took possession of my whole mind; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakening sad as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream—for such do events so long past appear—which can in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and, however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum."

We shall look with pleasurable anxiety for every additional volume, were it but for the Prefaces.

ART. VII.—*Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria, in 1839.* By MRS. HAMILTON GRAY. With numerous Illustrations. London: Hatchard and Son.

IN 1837, Dr. Butler, the late Bishop of Lichfield, directed Mrs. Gray's attention to an exhibition of Etruscan tombs in Pall Mall, and so excited her interest not only by conversation upon the merits of these remains, as compared with the ancient wonders of Egypt, but by his own collection of antiquities, as appears to have set her mind upon a sphere of new studies. In fact, she not long after visited, along with a party of friends, the scene of so many buried marvels

of art and indices of far advanced civilization, thousands of years old, as the portion of Italy contains from which Campanarie's specimens exhibited in London were taken, and which together with Dr. Butler's influence, had awakened within her an extraordinary degree of curiosity. Even this curiosity, however, fell short, as we shall more fully hear, of what the reality is calculated to inspire and to satisfy.

Having repaired to Italy, and fixed their head-quarters in Rome, Mrs. Gray and her friends may be said to have gone through a course of preparatory study to enable them to appreciate the character and value of the antiquities which had drawn them thither; for before making tours, for the sake of research and examination into the sites of the ancient cities of Etruria, and for exploring the tombs, they availed themselves of the information, variously and plenteously afforded, to be met with in the papal capital. Not only were rich museums, and choice private collections diligently and earnestly frequented by them, as well as the shops of dealers, but the members and transactions of the Archæological Society lent them peculiar light; for it seems impossible to have exceeded the courtesy, the liberality, and frankness, which characterized the conduct and manners of the learned and illustrious of Rome towards the English tourists. But without actual visits to the great storehouses which have either been rifled already, or remain to be more fully explored, no satisfactory idea could be formed by a traveller, or conveyed in writing to others; therefore numerous and diversified were the scenes and spots which the tourists investigated throughout the land of the ancient Etruscans, or, according to modern designation, of Tuscany.

The results of Mrs. Gray's studies and tour are before us, thrown into a popular and exceedingly captivating shape, so as indeed to constitute a text and guide-book to any one who purposes to traverse and explore the same, although to the English, frequently unbeaten track. Whether the matter be entirely her own—the expression of her individual deductions and feelings, or the cream gathered from the descriptions and opinions of others, the whole is so imbued with judgment and sentiment,—the fresh utterances of a penetrating and an accomplished mind,—that the book comes upon us with an original power and effect.

Besides the antiquarian matter which occupies the main portion of Mrs. Gray's book, there are many sketches of scenery and character, as well as of incident and anecdote freely interspersed, which, had the writer been any one of the majority of English tourists, would have formed the staple and indeed the only material of twice as many pages. But although, as served up by our author, these things be good and generally racy, yet they are much more commonplace than her antiquities, whether the subject or the manner of

treatment be considered. Mrs. Gray's classical reading is no less apparent in these pages, than her taste and liveliness are charming.

Etruria, if at all, is hardly less stored with antiquities than is the land of Egypt; remains too which communicate facts and detail histories of surpassing interest, and which are extremely valuable to the student of human nature, or to him who would become acquainted with the extent and forms of civilization of a people three thousand years back. In a late paper, on ancient Italian art, some account was given of Etruscan architecture, statuary, and sculpture, &c.; works which whether taken in regard to style or execution, bespoke genius and high refinement. Their vases alone demonstrate that their mechanical skill was masterly. More than enough, too, can be read in their relicks to demonstrate that their institutions were systematic and their government formal and fixed, and well understood by themselves. Their luxuries must have been sumptuous and abundant also; and all this long before their conquerors, the Romans, who afterwards owed them much both in regard to usages and intitutions, had emerged from barbarism; for in the inscrutable ways of Providence, one great nation has arisen after another, to swallow up its neighbours, to obliterate the very names of races and empires, or at least to make these names only the subjects of remembrance and the themes of history. It is to be observed, however, that although the downfall of a highly polished and once powerful people must awaken a multitude of sorrowful reflections, that yet no such catastrophe has ever occurred when that people were true to themselves, or had not fallen into a degree of decay which a fresher and more vigorous growth in their vicinity was sure to overshadow. Besides, perhaps most of what was really sterling and remained uncorrupted, among any conquered nation, has only been transfused to be preserved from utterly perishing by the change; and therefore the world after all has been thereby a gainer. Certain it is that some of the excellencies and beauties of Etruscan art have been transmitted to us through the agency of the Romans; while the usages and splendour of the latter people, and which ever accompanied their armies, were far more lasting and productive than their hostile efforts.

The tombs of Veii, Vulci, Clusium, and Tarquinia, were among the number of those which Mrs. Gray examined or visited; for in nothing do the solemnities and pomp of the Etruscans seem to have been more extravagant than in their burial customs; all which labour, art, and wealth could supply having been lavished upon their sepulchres and their dead. Had it not been so, how very meagre must have been our knowledge of such a race, seeing that even in the time of Cicero the Romans were to a great extent ignorant of the ancient inhabitants of the land. But, as in Egypt, the Etruscan funeral monuments have transmitted an almost ineffaceable his-

tory ; and, considering the eagerness with which these antiquities are now sought after, and the practice of deciphering them which so many now pursue, there is a probability, if the triumph has not already been realized, that ere long we shall be made much more fully acquainted with the primeval people of Italy, than was the Roman orator or any of his contemporaries.

The following extract conveys a striking idea of the vast population of Etruria:—

“Signor Carlo Avolta informed us that the necropolis of Tarquinia was computed to extend over sixteen square miles ; and that, judging from the two thousand tombs which had of late years been opened, their number in all could not be less than two millions ! What an extraordinary idea this gives of the dense population of ancient Etruria ! for though the necropolis of Tarquinia may have been a favourite spot for family sepulchres, even beyond the pale of its own immediate citizenship, it is surrounded on all sides by cemeteries scarcely inferior in extent to itself—Tuscania and Vulci and Montalto, without naming Castel d’Asso, which we shall afterwards describe as having probably been the Westminster Abbey of central Etruria. Truly the voice from the dead which these princes and lucumones of the early world send forth, tells us great things of their potent sway over a numerous people, and leads us to contrast the desolation and barbarism of Imperial, and still more of Papal Italy, with the flourishing state of things which must have existed there when the world was young. We now often see a few squalid emaciated individuals, half scared away by pestilential air and half starved with insufficient food, straggling over the barren waste, whose only trace of real habitation is to be found in the records of its former inhabitants, dead three thousand years ago. This was dreadfully the case at Pæstum ; but in a measure it is true of every place where the malaria prevails. The ancient inhabitants must have been a populous, wealthy, and to judge from their paintings, a merry and somewhat Epicurean race, who knew how to make the most of the good things which the home of their fathers produced, before the Roman sword brought with it the malaria, and sent conscriptions and pestilence to depopulate the land. These were bright and sunny days in old Etruria, when every man sat under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, when Tages taught how to read fortunes from the swoop of an eagle’s wing, and when Tarchon presided on the magisterial bench.”

That the Etruscans were expert manufacturers, ingenious mechanics, and cunning artists, is abundantly proved. That they engaged in trade and commerce with foreign nations is also fairly presumed, were it only from the vestiges of them left in distant countries. Indeed the single circumstance of their tombs being so numerous and splendid, would satisfy us not merely that the country was densely populated, but that they must have carried on an extensive foreign traffic. Otherwise, how would the people be fed, employed, and supplied with superfluities ?

Although the monuments and remains of the Etruscans have

been clearly and extensively interpreted, their written records have either perished, or what has been discovered of them has hitherto baffled, or nearly so, the deciphering powers of the learned and inquisitive. A deeply interesting passage must here be quoted, which will throw not only some light upon the sort of contents which the tombs frequently contain, but on the subject of language. Our extract requires no introduction.

"It was about this time that we found Rome filled with amazement, and all her wise men occupied in speculations about the stupendous discovery of the Regolini Galassi tomb, which I have mentioned at Cervetri. We may call it stupendous, for we may use this word to a child's toy when upon it depends some mighty result. The Alciprete Regolini had discovered this extraordinary tomb; and General Galassi, one of the officers of the highest rank in the Papal army, had bought from him the articles therein found. The English used to call it 'Galassi's grave.' All these articles are now purchased by the Government, and to be seen, properly and separately indicated, in the Gregorian Museum; but in 1838 they were exhibited in the General's own house; and having obtained his permission to visit them, he was, like most of his countrymen, so polite and courteous as to explain them himself.

"If we had been surprised at Campanari's exhibition, we were petrified at the General's. Here we saw an immense breastplate of gold, which had been fastened on each shoulder by a most delicately wrought gold fibula, with chains like those now made at Trichinepoly. The breastplate was stamped with a variety of arabesques and small patterns, as usual in the Egyptian style. The head had been crowned with fillets and circular ornaments of pure gold; and a rich mantle had covered the body, flowered with the same material. In this grave also had been found a quantity of arms, round bronze shields with a boss in the centre, which was stamped, spears, lances, and arrows; a bier of bronze, as perfect as if made a year ago; a tripod, with a vessel containing some strange-looking lumps of a resinous substance, and which on being burnt proved to be perfumes so intensely strong that those who tried them were obliged to leave the room. There were many small images, perhaps of lares or of ancestors, in terra cotta, that had been ranged in double lines close to the bier; also some large common vessels for wine and oil, and some finely-painted vases and tazze, with black figures upon a red ground, which had been consecrated to the dead. There were wheels of a car upon which the bier had been brought into the sepulchre, and many other things which I do not remember. But the wonder of all these treasures was a sort of Inkstand of terra cotta, which had served as a schoolmaster's A. B. C. On it were the Etruscan letters, first in alphabet, and then in syllables; and both the letters and the syllables were the same as the oldest form of the Greek. It was deciphered by Dr. Lepsius, and is the key to all we at present know, and will be the basis of all we are ever likely to know of the Etruscan tongue."

We are told that the custom is for the curiosity-hunters to speculate in leases of the graves, without, however, having any right

to the surface. Of course, the tombs may either be few, or previously rifled, poor or rich in regard to antiquities.

Mention having been made of the Gregorian Museum, we must allow Mrs. Gray to be heard in some of her notices of his Holiness whose name this museum bears, viz. Gregory the Sixteenth th, the reigning Pope:—

“Too much praise cannot be given to the Pope for his taste and magnificence in conceiving the design of collecting into one vast museum all the remnants of Etruscan art and antiquity found in his dominions. He has prosecuted it, and is prosecuting it, with unremitting ardour; and when the name of Gregory the Sixteenth may be confounded in our memories with the many who have preceded him in the Papal chair, the name of Gregory, the munificent preserver of the scattered records of an ancient world, must ever be held in veneration by those who have taste or learning sufficient to appreciate the vast importance and inestimable value of his work. I wish he would only add his protection to those extraordinary and interesting tombs from which his many relics and curiosities are taken. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the curious and beautiful in ancient art, and well versed in the historic lore of past ages; and he is an excellent judge of what rare objects may or may not be worth his own expensive purchase. This truly wonderful museum is an effort of the Pope's taste struggling against a very low exchequer; and want of money, notwithstanding his very small personal expenses, has sometimes been the reason why he has abstained from acquisitions which he was otherwise most anxious to make. The formation and arrangement of his museums (for he has so much enlarged and improved the Egyptian, that he may almost be said to have made it as well as the Etruscan) are his solace during the intervals of business; and though he is certainly not remiss in presiding over the councils of the Church, I have heard those say who are attached to his person, that he tears himself away from his vases and bronzes with the utmost regret, and returns to them again with all the zest of a schoolboy when he has finished his task. As is to be expected in the pet of a sovereign, the Gregorian collection is arranged with the utmost taste and in beautiful order; the credit of which is greatly due to the Cavaliere Visconti, Director of the Papal Museum. This was one of our favourite haunts in Rome, although it was not until nearly the end of our residence there that we were capable of fully enjoying it; for at the beginning we were too ignorant to know what were the objects most rare, most curious, or most worthy of admiration or attention. Ignorance, however, is always pardonable and often unavoidable upon subjects that are new; but not so the pert contempt with which many of our well-educated countrymen treat everything they do not understand. We once met a minor political star, now high in office, on his return from a visit to this museum; and on asking him what he thought of its contents, he replied, ‘Oh pots and pans, just like any other pots and pans.’”

The English, we are told, are much respected in Italy on account of their probity and honour; although their uncourteous manners and *hauteur*, arising frequently from ignorance and national vanity, give offence.

We now subjoin a few passages without comment or remark, each of them being sufficiently complete in itself. Our first refers to relics which have led to important constructions, affording the reader not only an idea of the variety of antiquities discovered in the sepulchres, but of the pains and ingenuity of interpreters.

"Another most remarkable frieze consists of a procession of souls to judgment; and among these one group in particular attracted our attention. It represented the soul of a person who had in life been of doubtful character, much both of good and evil being attributed to him; and in this case the nicely-balanced scales of justice trembled. He is dragged in a car before the judge by two winged genii, the one good and the other evil, who are contending for the exclusive possession of him. In the eagerness of dispute, the car stops; they cannot draw it on, but remain stationary, to mark the uncertain reputation of the deceased. The evil genii are represented as black; and all the spirits wear a cothurnus, or buskin of that form which was sacred amongst the Etruscans to immaterial existences, especially the genii of Darkness, Death, and Sleep. It is not winged, but peaked like wings in a sheath, and reaches mid-way up the leg. The genii are all winged; and the souls, of which there are many, have no wings. Only two are represented in the plate, because only a small part of the subject is given; but in the tomb there was a long procession, each bearing some instrument as a symbol of his profession. Only a small part remains, travellers having thought proper to break off and carry away the stucco; and no doubt what we saw will soon follow. It was the idea of the Etruscans that the soul preserved after death the likeness of the body it had left: but that it was composed of thin elastic air, and clothed in airy white. The good genius wishes to proceed with the two souls represented to the gate of happiness; but the evil genii who claim them seem more in number, and the one who stops the car wishes to turn it into the gate of misery, by which an evil genius is already sitting and waiting for its return. The difference of representation between this and the "*Tifone*," to which we afterwards proceeded, is very remarkable; for here the evil genii were not frightful, though black, bore no serpents, and their hammers were of a different form from the usual hammers of Death."

Concerning sacrificial instruments:—

"Among the bronzes of the Jesuits' College are some singular looking hooks, with immense claws, and various odd adjuncts, which are the counterparts of what are still shown in the Christian Museum of the Vatican as instruments of torture by which the early Christians were martyred. The Jesuits now consider this as a mistake, and that they were really used by the Etruscan aruspices in sacrifice, probably as flesh-hooks, and, as we supposed, resembling those mentioned in the Bible as having been struck into the seething-pot by the sons of Eli. I have seen them in various museums besides, and I think in the British Museum in the room of ancient bronzes. One of the rarest sacrificial instruments that has been discovered was a spoon of ivory, shown to me by Monsignore Wiseman of the English College. The Etruscans used ivory in profusion, but very little of it has come down to us; and this spoon was of a very singular shape, with elabo-

rately carved ornaments, and from its unique appearance and fragile material, appeared to me one of the most remarkable relics of antiquity I had ever seen."

Etruscan jewellery in vogue :—

"I heard, in particular, much of the beauty of the gold and jewelled ornaments belonging to Lucien, (Bonaparte,) and that, a few winters ago, the Princess of Canino had appeared at some of the Ambassador's fêtes in Rome with a parure of Etruscan jewellery, which was the envy of the society, and excelled the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Paris or Vienna. Thus, after thousands of years, the sacred and ceremonial costumes of the illustrious of the early world were made to contribute to a scene of splendour in modern Europe. Ancient Rome, under her kings, had probably seen many such, and modern Rome now looked upon them again."

Something altogether modern :—

"At the inn we were complimented upon being the only English people who had ever known how to eat meat properly,—which means, being interpreted, how to eat it over-dressed without finding fault; and we were considered as very *comme il faut* and superior in wisdom upon that account. The smart maid of the inn, after being very attentive for some little time, at last made a sort of dart at my arm, begging pardon in the Italian way, 'Scusa, Signora,' as she lifted up the frill of my sleeve. I felt much obliged to her, and sat quite still, never doubting but that she was brushing delicately off or killing some stinging insect which she had observed. I could not, however, understand all her manœuvres with this frill, for she pulled the sleeve gently beneath, whilst she held it up, and I saw no insect whatever. She then thanked me, and said that she now knew how the sleeve was made, and how to fashion her next festa gown like it. She told me that it had attracted the admiration of the house the moment I entered; and that the women in it being unable to divine how so admirable a sleeve had been contrived, she had brought the head mantuamaker of the place two or three times through the room to look at it, in hopes of discovering the secret, in order that the Chiusi sleeves might be made henceforward in the same manner. I had indeed been annoyed with the woman, for she always loitered as she passed through, and stopped to ask me some commonplace question, such as 'how I liked Italy?' and 'if it was ever so hot in England?' and I had set her down for an idle housemaid. I was greatly praised for allowing this sleeve to be examined; whilst between laughter and anger I knew not what to say, for I was not only amazed at the impertinence, but really provoked that an Italian girl should give up her own picturesque and graceful costume to follow the silly, and, in a poor person, the vulgar-looking fashions of the French metropolis. I had little idea that I was personating *Le Courier des Dames* when I entered our apartments in the inn at Chiusi."

•Papal discipline :—

"Amongst other out-of-the-way things, Corneto contains the Bridewell

or House of Correction for the clergy of the Papal States. If ever it becomes in the way, i. e. a place of resort for strangers, I doubt not the Bridewell will be removed, as the remarks of foreigners might not always be either pleasant or discreet. There were thirty of these reverend gentlemen in confinement in May, 1839; some for murder, some for forgery, and some for other crimes. How these crimes are expiated I did not learn; whether by fine, or confinement for a term of years, or for life. A very zealous Italian, I should think, would deny the existence both of the crimes and the persons. It is only by accident and inadvertency that a stranger can ever hear the truth of these things. We English, however, who fancy that the Italian clergy never are punished, are very glad to ascertain the existence of such a place."

We are likely to have a history of Etruria from Mrs. Gray. In that work we may expect the fruits of further research among the Sepulchres, together with descriptions and discussions extending over a wider and more diversified field.

ART. VIII.—*The Secret History of Dissent, illustrated in the Life of the Rev. Josiah Thompson, a Secession Minister.* 2nd. Edition. By NATHAN OLIVER, Esq. London: Henderson. 1841.

BEFORE noticing particularly the amusing and clever little work named at the head of this article, we shall endeavour to make good our promise given in a late paper, viz., to present to our readers a general account of the existing condition of the church of Scotland, and also to mark with some degree of precision, the origin, progress, and position of the several parties in that ecclesiastical establishment. Every one who peruses the Monthly Review must be aware that there is rebellion or distraction at this moment within the gates of the Kirk; and therefore in proportion to the peculiar pretensions of that institution, its celebrity, and its singular relation to the civil power and political principles, must be the interest attaching to any impartial view of its present condition.

It will be as difficult, however, to mark minutely and distinctly the precise shades of difference between the various parties in the Kirk, as it would be to perform an analogous process towards the political classes and factions in the state. But the great division, in respect of religious doctrine and discipline, is accurately outlined by the terms Evangelicals, on the one side, and Moderates, on the other; while as regards ecclesiastical government, and the relation existing between the establishment and the state, or which ought to exist, there are Patronage-men, Vetoists, Non-Intrusionists, and Voluntaries. If we succeed in an endeavour to explain the meaning of these several terms, how they came into use, and what are the tenets of each of the parties named, we shall have accomplished what was intended by us, and what will enable

our readers to understand with tolerable exactness the notices and statements which are continually to be met with in the daily prints, and in innumerable publications respecting the war that has been waged for some time within the precincts of the Scottish church establishment, which is gradually verging to greater extremes, and which, may result in the destruction of the institution. But whether such a catastrophe is to ensue or not, there is no observing person, no one in the least acquainted with Scottish character and history, who can hesitate for a moment in predicting that a result of signal importance to the establishment itself, as a lesson to other ecclesiastical institutions, and as a symptom in the progression or reactions of the age will be worked out and proclaimed.

The evangelical party are the direct and faithful representatives of the founders of the Kirk; their doctrines are the spiritual doctrines of Knox; they are the descendants of the Covenanters; are, in short, the Puritans of Scotland. They are strict in regard to discipline; the ministers belonging to that class, must observe an austere morality; must be diligent and earnest in the performance of their clerical duties; must preach with unction, and must constantly urge the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel upon the belief of their hearers. The great majority of the common people, almost all the peasantry and farmers, especially in the western counties, which were so plenteously watered by the Covenanters in the times of the Jameses of England and the Charleses,—which were so saturated with the blood of martyrs, are evangelicals.

On the other hand, the moderate party is the offspring of the episcopalians who intruded into the Kirk during the reigns just now referred to. If their numbers be comparatively small, they yet could count the aristocracy, the refined, the philosophical, and the learned, down to a recent period, as firm adherents to their ranks. If the ministers in their sermons dwelt chiefly on moral duties, read cold essays, and troubled themselves little with the arduous offices of a more spiritual kind, they were, till lately, for the most part, more addicted to scholarship, were more elegant every way, more gentlemanly, more liberal construers of conduct, more addicted to amusements and social pleasures, and far more acceptable at the tables of the aristocracy and the higher classes, than the other party. In respect of doctrine the evangelicals are strict Calvinists; the moderates are Arminians. Whatever there is in the communion of genuine and fervent religion is to be ascribed chiefly to the agency and example of the former portion of the clergy; whereas most of the literature which has adorned the priesthood of the Kirk has been bequeathed by the latter.

Each of these great parties has had its periods of supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs; the puritans generally having been in power under the Whigs, the other class under the Tories. The Patrons

were layman, or the Ministers of the state itself; and therefore while the former were for the most part not only Tories but moderates, of course, when an incumbent was to be presented, the presentees were of a creed, religious and political, agreeable to their own; the Secretary of State, however, following generally the policy which the particular party at the time in power professed, in his selections.

Both the Revolution and the Reform Act won triumphs for the evangelicals. In 1690, the Whigs granted powers to the Presbyteries and the congregations which so controlled the presentations of patrons, empowered the church courts, and strengthened the hands of the people, that in effect almost all which the orthodox or puritan party is now seeking was then granted and possessed; and never at any time were the clergy so exemplary and efficient,—never were the people of that country so moral and pious, as during the period when the Kirk was thus situated.

But not to note particularly all along, from the period just now mentioned, what were the various positions or degrees of ascendancy of either of the great parties in the Kirk, we come to 1711, when the Patronage Act threw the power into the hands of the moderates; for it took, with a view to forward the schemes of the Jacobinical and Episcopal ministers of Anne, from the church courts, from the co-ordinate condition of Presbytery, and from the voice of the people, the very powers that had been granted to them, as already stated in 1690, substituting lay patronage, the authority of the civil courts, and a new reading of popular rights; not less in violation of the articles of the treaty of union between Scotland and England, than prejudicial to clerical efficiency and piety. Now presentees were inducted by troops of dragoons and at the sound of military music; now Edinburgh became "the mental metropolis of the Empire;" now your Robertsons and Humes flourished; and now scepticism and moderateism held sway in the high places of the land. But observe, now also, by driving the pious people into the societies of Voluntaries or Seceders, and by stirring up among those who still in spite of hateful lay patronage adhered to the establishment, a strong repugnance to that source of aristocratic dominancy and clerical inefficiency, the ground was taken which was to be the grand arena on which the people were at length to overturn the obnoxious power, and give an unquestionably democratic sway to the Scotch, in all that regarded their dearly beloved Kirk. Patronage is now to all intents and purposes, if not for ever laid prostrate or entirely swept from the land, at least in a state of powerlessness and never to be revived. Dr. Andrew Thomson, not many years ago, sounded its death knell; and he was responded to by multitudes and by powerful intellects. Orthodoxy through him, and still more through the splendid genius and matchless oratory of

Chalmers, rose into repute. Divinity students and young ministers no longer found that their literary and philosophical acquirements, or their claims to be ranked amongst the polished of the land, could be at all questioned because they preached the doctrines which had conferred on their country the best of its peculiar features of moral and political history. Monuments were raised to commemorate the fidelity to the death of Covenanters, in many places. The evangelical party was gradually and surely gaining ground, which has ever since the passing of the Reform, or perhaps still more remarkably since the Scotch Burgh Reform Act was carried, been on the advance; for the latter measure by sending a majority of Whig elders to the church courts made orthodoxy triumphant, being recently able in the General Assembly to count very large majorities. Nor must Whitefield be left unnamed, when noting the powerful influences which have operated in keeping alive, invigorating, and transmitting, a strong current of evangelical feeling throughout Scotland.

We must now come to some of the other significant terms, and to mark a few of the more remarkable steps which occur in the history of the Kirk. We have heard who were the abettors and friends of patronage. Let us next see who are meant by Vetoists, Non-intrusionists, and Voluntaries.

Between the advocates of Patronage and those of the Voluntary system, the Vetoists may be said to hold a middle place. To them it is that we are to ascribe the merit of dealing the first fatal blow to the obnoxious lay power; for in 1834, Dr. Chalmers and his friends, all along, however, afraid of, and hostile to the Voluntary principle, carried the Veto Act, which made it a law of the Kirk, that a majority of the male heads of families, being communicants, might by declaring their hostility to the ordination and induction of a presentee, totally prevent his intrusion into a parish; this famous Act proclaiming such an intrusion to be a violation of the constitution of the Kirk, and requiring it of every Presbytery that effect for the future should be given to the dissent referred to. Previous to the passing of this ecclesiastical statute, nothing could prevent the ordination and induction of a presentee, unless his moral character, his orthodoxy, or his learning could be impeached. Now, however, impediments may be interposed to his effectual rejection, although no charges of the kind be advanced and proved. He must even be *acceptable*, according to the Act.

We have now arrived at the heart, reached the very middle, of the heat of the Kirk controversy, which is convulsing Scotland, and which has not only set the adherents of the establishment, according as they divide into evangelicals and moderates, but as their political principles or feelings are engaged on the connexion of church and state, into such opposite ranks, that the church and civil courts are

at open war,—have actually been pronouncing perfectly contradictory decisions,—even the House of Lords threatening lustily to chastise the rebels, according as that supreme tribunal characterizes the non-intrusionists; while the evangelicals and the majority of the people in the communion of the Kirk are maintaining a stout and dauntless front, and are steadily pursuing their own course, which we firmly believe, would only be accelerated and more surely completed if state persecution should be let loose in the land, and the days of Claverhouse re-enacted.

We have not time nor space,—neither would the detail prove interesting,—to give an outline of the various arguments, founded on Acts civil and ecclesiastical, urged on each side of the grand controversy. We may, however, safely pronounce the statutes of the two constitutions to be inconsistent and sometimes contradictory. The spirit and the usages of the establishments appear to us also to be so at variance, their workings and pretensions to be so incongruous, that whenever any very nice adjustments are sought to be accomplished, there is room and occasion for fair and strong opposition of argument.

But we must say something concerning the several parties into which even the non-intrusionists are split, although the lines of demarcation are not here so plain or easily defined as when the two great classes, evangelicals and moderates, have to be characterized.

Many of the non-intrusionists desire to uphold patronage, provided the church courts have finally the power of deciding on the merits of any case of settlement. These are Vetoists, and are more anxious about securing clerical than popular power in church affairs. Another division, however, and consisting for the most part of the working classes, would have the popular election and rejection of all ecclesiastical office-bearers, not only as their right as citizens and for the well-being of the state, but as a Scriptural right. The Veto was good so far as it went and was making progress in the Voluntary cause; but it is not nearly enough; they will have positive instead of negative powers.

Among political parties, again, the Kirk controversialists have strangely planted themselves. In the ranks of non-intrusionists are persons who have supported Tory candidates. In fact Dr. Chalmers and the evangelicals generally have recently ranged on the conservative side. The bestowal of places by the Whigs on Catholics has had its effect upon them. Neither are they thorough liberals on the subject of education. But the Tory or Patronage Party in Parliament has once more roused their hostility, and if the Whigs dextrously conduct themselves they may recover much of the Scotch influence which they had lost.

Even the Vetoists do not now appear to feel equally towards their celebrated Act, for those of them who wished by it to throw power

into the hands of the church courts, that is, of the office-bearers of the establishment, find that it practically and by one remarkable clause, accomplishes a transfer more in behalf of the popular element than is consistent with their views of the clerical. The presentee by that law may not only be rejected, but the majority of the parishioners entitled to make their opinion be heard, must pronounce him *acceptable*, and according to some recent instances they have withheld their approval. This, we think, effects practically almost all that the Voluntaries desire; but they do not think so, and therefore the Vetoists and the Voluntaries are as much divided and incensed against each other, as are the Whigs and Radicals; for the pecuniary independency of the Kirk is demanded by the extreme party, and that all connexion with state provision be dissolved; while the more temperate and mid-way men would still maintain that union, would still allow the power of nomination to a patron, would still consign to the civil power the decision, generally speaking, of whatever concerns the temporalities of the establishment. The Voluntaries are jealous of clerical supremacy; the Vetoists think that the church courts are the best bulwarks of the popular voice in all that essentially concerns the people's spiritual interests.

Such are some of the principal features and parties which distinguish the controversies which are so keenly agitating the Kirk. We of course pronounce no opinion between the parties, or upon the merits of the opposite principles and doctrines. All we meant to do was to state facts and to indicate relative positions. That these facts and positions are full of intimations for the future, as regards civilization, democracy, as well as the nice limits of civil and spiritual power, will not be denied. There is far more likely to result from the issue of the controversy than the settlement between the Vetoists and the Voluntaries about taking money from the state, or whether the state and the lay patrons are to have any sway in religious matters. The integrity of the Kirk may be severely affected; dissent from its communion which has existed to a large extent in regard to numbers, but not in doctrine,—patronage and state connexion being the sole stumbling-blocks in the eyes of seceders,—may become general, without destroying vital religion. But other results are in store as regards the forms of society and the relative power of classes, we may conjecture from the signs in the atmosphere of Scottish ecclesiastical controversy; one of which is the steady and effectual manner in which the people are wringing power from the grasp of the aristocracy.

Thus far we have kept ourselves to the serious part of the ecclesiastical drama, as exhibited in the northern part of the island. We must now vary the matter and style of our paper, by opening the small volume named at the head of our article, and allow Mr. Nathan Oliver to have his laugh, and our readers to judge how he

acquits himself in endeavouring by ridicule and satire, to shew the evil effects of Voluntary Churches in general, and the Secession Church in the north of England in particular; and which is done by describing and recounting remarkable events in the life of the Rev. Josiah Thompson.

Josiah is represented as having been born somewhere on the banks of the Clyde, and as the favourite son of a Seceding mother. His course of education at school and at college was such as is usual for those who are destined to the ministry in Scotland; and his application to a presbytery in the dissenting connexion is in due time made. Mr. Oliver's design and sort of humour or satirical wit may in part be appreciated after reading what we now quote:—

“At length the day arrived, which is ever memorable in the life of a minister, when he was to be examined by the presbytery for licence. The number of ministers assembled upon the occasion was about a dozen. It happened this year that the moderator was a man of a rough cast of mind, and not unfrequently inclined to play off what he considered a little wit and waggery at another's expense. We shall not attempt to give here the whole account of the interesting examination, but only such parts of it as shall appear to be worthy of particular notice.

“Young Josiah, who thought himself armed at all points, presented himself with a considerable portion of confidence and self-complacency. The following dialogue then took place.

“MODERATOR. Do you wish, young man, to be a popular or a useful minister? for if you wish to be popular, then little Latin and Greek will serve you.

“JOSIAH. (Seemingly somewhat dashed at this question, hanging down his head muttered,) ‘I wish to be a popular minister, Mr. Moderator.’

“MODERATOR. Very good, Sir; then let me see your *Virgil*.

“JOSIAH here took out his *Virgil*, which readily opened at a place, the second book, he had often conned over before, and began to read—

“‘Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant :

Inde toro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto.’

“MODERATOR. That will do, Sir, very well indeed. Now, will you please to translate the passage?

“JOSIAH. ‘All were silent, and attentive held their mouths.’

“MODERATOR. Quite satisfactory. Will you have the goodness to hand your book to me? I shall now examine you a little in the fourth book.

“JOSIAH. (Reads the following lines)—

“‘At regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura

Volnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni.’

“MODERATOR. Why, Sir, you can scarcely read that at all. Let me hear you translate it.

“JOSIAH. (Looking very demure, ventures to give a translation, but breaks down in the attempt.)

“MODERATOR. I see, Sir, you cannot manage this; let me hear you give the parts of speech.

“JOSIAH. *At*, a conjunctive, *regina*, a noun, nominative case singular, first

declension, feminine gender; *gravi*, (stands and ponders a little), *gravi*, first person singular, perfect, indicative, active, of the verb *gro*, *gravi*, *gratus*, *grave*.

"MODERATOR. Hold, Sir, may I be permitted to ask if you have had many Latin boys under your care?

"JOSIAH. Not many, Sir.

"MODERATOR. God be praised. Let me see your Greek, Sir. The ninth chapter of St. John's Gospel, if you please.

"JOSIAH. (Reads the first verse, and gives a translation.)

"MODERATOR. Let us turn now to the Acts of the Apostles, fourth chapter and first verse.

"JOSIAH. Reads it, but stumbles in the translation.

"MODERATOR. That will suffice, Sir; and allow me to remark, that I am not under any serious apprehensions that your knowledge of the classical languages will prove any serious impediment in the way of your qualifications as a popular minister. Let us hear you read the first verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm.

"JOSIAH. Taking the book, reads the passage; after which the Moderator seemed to give a nod of assent to its propriety.

"MODERATOR. Have you studied philosophy, Sir?

"JOSIAH. I have, Sir.

"MODERATOR. What have you got to say about your senses, Sir?

"JOSIAH. My senses, Sir?

"MODERATOR. Yes, Sir, I mean your organs of sensation.

"JOSIAH. There are five of them; *seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling*.

"MODERATOR. What office do they perform in the intellectual economy, Sir?

"JOSIAH. By them our ideas are produced.

"MODERATOR. That is, I suppose, you pick up ideas with your tongue and your finger ends.

"JOSIAH. Precisely, Sir.

"MODERATOR. Pray, Sir, where did you study your metaphysics?

"JOSIAH. Both at Glasgow and at St. Andrew's.

"MODERATOR. This puts me in mind of the old story of the calf that once sucked two cows; and you know, Sir, what was the consequence of that?

"JOSIAH. I really cannot tell, Sir.

"MODERATOR. Why, Sir, it is said the consequence was, that it grew to be a very great calf. Let us return to church history. What were the five articles of Perth?

"JOSIAH. I do not know, Sir.

"A MEMBER. Pray, Mr. Moderator, may I be allowed to ask, do you yourself know what were the five articles of Perth?

"MODERATOR. I do, Sir. Kneeling at the sacrament, private baptism, confirmation, bowing at the name of Jesus, and private communion.

"The MODERATOR now asked the other ministers *seriatim*, what they thought of the examination.

"One MEMBER, who had never said anything during the examination, observed that it was long and poor, like a *Tranent* pudding.

"Another MEMBER who had hitherto sat with great impatience, hearing what he considered the silly and trifling questions which had been put to the student, rose up, and with a view of ridiculing the examination altogether, said to young Thompson, in a loud tone of voice, Stand up, Sir, and answer me one question. Do you know, Sir, why a dog, before he lies down, always goes round about, and round about, and round about ?

"JOSIAH. I should think, Sir, it is because he does not know the head of his bed from the foot.

"MEMBER. Well said, Sir, well said. You are every way qualified to be a Secession minister. You have my hearty vote.

"A plurality of voices then pronounced Mr. Thompson qualified for licence, which was accordingly given him, and he departed well pleased at his success."

To the aristocrats and high-church party in Scotland this will be nuts to crack at the expense of the voluntaries. We must observe, however, that the exaggeration is rather monstrous when the humourist makes an anti-burgher Moderator exclaim "God be praised." There is more verisimilitude in what we next quote:—

"After the Voluntary Secession Church had run over the length and breadth of Scotland, planting churches, and evangelizing the whole population, its more active and enterprising members turned their attention towards the south, and fixed on the bordering counties of England as the sphere of their future meritorious labours. A deputation from the synod was sent to this district to look out for preaching-stations, with full discretionary powers to plant churches in suitable situations, towards the building of each of which this religious body agreed to give the handsome donation of *fifty pounds*, payable at two instalments; one when the work of any such building should be commenced, and the other when the minister should be ordained in it. Two recommendations were given by the synod to the deputation, namely, to pay particular attention to those places where there might be any active or latent symptoms of dissatisfaction among a religious congregation of any denomination; and, secondly, to plant their new churches as near a Presbyterian chapel as possible. The reason for the latter injunction was, that here a people was already trained to their hand in all the doctrines and forms of worship which the seceders themselves maintained; and it was much easier to raise a congregation out of such materials, than when the good work depended upon the instruction of Episcopalians and Methodists, whose opinions and discipline were considerably different. It is almost needless to observe, that these two special synodical recommendations were most religiously attended to by the worthy deputation, who were sent upon this holy and important mission."

The first attempt is made upon a pretty large village in Northumberland, called Pinchmenear. We next read that one of the principal inducements to fix on this place, and the preliminary proceedings were the following:—

"There was a good Presbyterian Chapel in the same village; but its pas-

tor was now descending the vale of years, and consequently bringing with him those bodily and mental weaknesses which characterize this period of life. He had officiated here for the long space of forty years, and was beloved by his flock, with whom he had lived, during all this time, in the most perfect concord and happiness. The deputation hired a barn to preach in, and collected about eight or ten persons to attend their first sermon, which was from the text, 'Come over to Macedonia and help us;' and contained many references to the sacredness of their own mission; the remarkable purity and spirituality of their creed; with a few broad hints, that a young man, fraught with secession lore, and embellished with all the learning of the age, would be a more effective instrument of religious instruction than the one the people of Pinchmenear had at present. At the end of the sermon, an address was given, in which the speaker entered more into matters of detail; and ended with a most solemn protestation that their attempts to open a preaching-station here were not by any means to be considered as made in opposition to the aged pastor of the Presbyterian congregation, for whose character and abilities the deputation entertained the most sincere and profound veneration. But they had a public duty to discharge; a duty, in fact, of such an onerous and responsible kind, that they could not for a moment allow any private feelings or considerations to interfere with it. But to shew the purity of their motives, their singleness of purpose, their ardent love of peace, and Christian charity and fellowship, they promised to their hearers to pay their personal respects to their worthy pastor, before leaving the village that evening; and the deputation had no doubt but he would be glad to see them, and receive them with open arms, as useful and worthy auxiliaries and ambassadors in that glorious cause in which both parties were zealously engaged.

"When the services in the barn were concluded, one of the deputation suggested to three or four of the principal persons who had attended, that they had all better retire to the village ale-house, where matters could be more circumstantially and freely canvassed, and where a little cheering beverage could be obtained, which had often the happy effects of making people enter into and prosecute undertakings with additional vigour and earnestness. But, at the same time, they would beg to premise, that temperance was their watch-word; and nothing that had the most distant appearance to irregularity could be sanctioned by a deputation of ministers of the Secession Church. To this proposition no objection was raised; and the ministers led the way to the sign of the *Dun Cow*, where they entertained their company in as sumptuous a manner as their now diminished means would allow. After the glasses had gone round twice or thrice, one of the deputation took the pipe from his mouth, and, giving the last draw a beautiful and fantastic whirl in the air, broke silence on the principal matters in hand, by observing, that the practice in *his church* was to send a minister to every place where the presbytery or synod received a *call*. But as people in the country, though often full of piety and intelligence, did not understand the ecclesiastical form of these *calls*, and were not much in the habit of getting up written petitions, it had been found of late a good plan by the Secession Church to have calls ready made, so that they might be sent to any village or town, on the shortest notice, when they could be signed with little trouble or loss of time. In accordance with this plan, he, the

speaker, had a call with him, which he would read to the company; and if only a few names were attached to it, a weekly supply of excellent young preachers would be sent by the presbytery to Pinchmenear without delay; and there was no doubt but the impression which would be made by them would be of such a decided character as to lay the foundation of a new place of worship in the village, which would be a singular benefit to the whole country. The speaker then drew out of his pocket the document which he designated *a call*; and it was signed by five men and one woman immediately. Two little boys, about ten years of age, just came in when this act was finished, to inquire if their fathers were coming home, when one of the deputation called them to him, and requested them to write their names to the *call*. To this the fathers of the boys respectively objected; but another of the deputation rose from his seat, and, with a look the most meek and winning, laid his hands upon the heads of the youngsters, and, with a solemn gravity, repeated our Saviour's memorable words, 'Suffer little children to me,' &c. and pressed their parents to allow them to sign the important document. This being conceded, he guided their hands, till they got the requisite form of the characters engrossed on the paper, and concluded with the passing remark, that, though young in years, they were, he hoped, old in grace."

For several months the barn was supplied with young preachers sent by the Coldstream Secession Presbytery, polemical divinity being largely supplied by them. Next it was resolved that a chapel be built, the preachers having made it a point of policy to feel their way among those who had any means of assisting in the building; every attempt at the same time being used to injure the reputation and to divide the flock of Mr. Faithful, the aged Presbyterian pastor who had long been settled in the place. This exemplary clergyman therefore remonstrated and was answered, as follows:—

"REV. SIRS—I feel it a duty, both to my congregation and myself, to address you on the subject of the new place of worship you purpose building at Pinchmenear. I have officiated here for forty years, and I trust I have endeavoured to do my duty conscientiously, and to the best of my ability. I cannot, therefore, refrain from expressing my astonishment, that any measures should have been adopted, by Christian ministers, to lessen my influence as a pastor, and to diffuse disaffection among my flock. I am quite at a loss even to guess your reasons for fixing on this station, as the population is not more than sufficient to support one chapel as it ought to be. I hope, therefore, upon more calm deliberation, you will be constrained to withdraw your opposition to me, and not to persevere longer in measures that can only end in personal provocation and injury.—I remain your obedient servant,

" JOHN FAITHFUL.

" To the Secession Presbytery, Coldstream.

" The following letter was received from the Coldstream Presbytery in answer to that of Mr. Faithful's.

"REV. SIR,—We received your letter relative to the secession preaching-

station at Pinchmenear, We do not think that any presbyterian clergyman in England can have any right to find fault with any measures which our ecclesiastical body may take for the extension of the spiritual interests of our church, nor to demand from us any reasons for adopting such measures. We must be left to the dictates of our own judgment in all such matters. At the same time, we have no hesitation to make known to you the grounds why we have supported, and do in future intend to support, the deputation's suggestions as to the station at your village. It has long appeared to us, that the people in England have not hitherto been made acquainted with a pure and genuine specimen of presbyterian doctrine and discipline. It is true that clergymen bearing the presbyterian name have long had chapels in your part of the kingdom; but we are fully warranted in thinking, that in the majority of cases their principles have been doubtful, and their religious discipline loose and ineffective. We are anxious, on this account to become the humble instruments, through divine grace, of correcting this crying evil. Another general reason we have for our movements in the south is, that we conceive we are fully warranted, by the plain principles of civil and religious liberty as illustrated by all writers of authority, to promote our own interests as a body of professing Christians in any manner, or in any place, we think fit.

"We beg to add, that this is all that we are inclined at present to say in answer to your letter.—We remain your obedient servants,

"(Signed in behalf of the Presbytery) by

"TIMOTHY BARBONES, *Clerk, &c.*

"To Mr. Faithful, Pinchmenear."

Mr. Josiah Thompson is the person who receives a call to officiate in the new chapel; and the manner of the appointment, the various methods to make him comfortable, popular, and influential are sarcastically enough represented. He is also sufficiently alive to his own worldly interests; and when his popularity is on the wane, his income becoming uncertain and very small, the shifts he is put to, in order to keep up appearances, to extend his sphere of action, and to make inroads to the detriment of other sects and churches, many mean and selfish deeds are committed by him, while not a few curious and funny incidents occur. We give samples:—

"When he thought of his former overstocked larder, and now looked into the perpetual emptiness which reigned in this interesting part of his dwelling, his soul was frozen to death by its chilling influence; and many a time and oft has the potato-basket and bason of skimmed milk formed his sole security against actual famine.

"But philosophers often talk very prettily indeed about good springing out of evil; and in this case we must allow that there were some virtues called into exercise, which, under different circumstances, might have remained dormant for ever. These virtues were principally of a prudential kind. Mr. Thompson was now turned a first-rate economist. In matters of domestic cookery he was unrivalled. He knew how to make flour puddings out of cold potatoes, and the most varied and luxurious dishes out of

cods' heads and livers. He carried his economy into every department of life.

"Mr. Thompson was paying a ministerial visit to one of his farming friends, who annually made a great quantity of most excellent cheese. This was an article the minister was very fond of; and seeing a number of cheeses piled one upon another in the dairy, as he was accidentally passing by, after having put his horse into the stable, he gave the mistress of the house a pretty strong hint that one of them would be very acceptable. This was readily complied with; and she promised to send it to his house by one of the market-carts on the following Saturday. But in all congregational donations, Mr. Thompson seemed always to act upon the old maxim, that one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Accordingly, he set himself to devise means to carry the cheese home with him. After some little consideration among the members of the family on this point, a pair of old saddle-bags were provided, and the cheese safely deposited in one end of them, till the hour of departure arrived. When the Reverend Josiah got mounted upon his steed, he found that the single cheese hung rather awkwardly; but upon his friends again hinting that he had better leave it till an opportunity occurred of sending it with the corn-carts, he resolutely persisted in making a vigorous effort to bear away the prize *in propria persona*; so, clapping the spurs to his nag, he bade his host good evening, and scampered off. He had not, however, got above two or three hundred yards out of sight of the farm-house, till down comes the cheese and the saddle-bags among the mud. After bedaubing himself all over with filth, in endeavouring to replace them again upon his horse's back, but without effect, (for the cheese was nearly three stones,) he left it, and rode back to his friends to tell them of the disaster, and to obtain some assistance. After this was got, he was again reminded of the inconvenience of carrying this bulky and weighty article with him at present; but his pride was roused, and he was more determined than ever to accomplish the undertaking of being his own carrier on this occasion. While the matter was under arrangement, a thought struck him in a moment, that he saw the source of all the inconveniences he had experienced, and a sure method to remedy them. 'I see,' said the reverend gentleman, 'if I had another cheese in this empty end of the bag, there would then be an equal balance, and I would ride with ease between them.' This appeal could not be resisted; another cheese was procured, and he arrived in safety at his own dwelling.

"There was another standing joke against him, which arose out of the same anxious disposition. He was extremely fond of ducks, and always kept a large quantity of them in his yard. Some person, or persons, more, perhaps, to play the minister a trick, than from any thievish motive, took away his drake one night, on which he set a very high value, and at the loss of which he was inconsolable. Being out in the country seeing some of his hearers, he espied a fine drake belonging to one of them; and having, in a very sorrowful and plaintive mood, related his recent bereavement, the good mistress of the house kindly offered him as a present the drake which had caught his fancy. She said that she would send it to him the next market-day. But Mr. Thompson acted with the drake as with the cheese.

He was determined to carry the bird home with him that evening: and, after a little trouble, the drake was caught, and thrust into one of his huge coat-pockets.

"In wandering homeward with the drake in his pocket, whose head was every now and then out of the corner of its prison-house, as if to mark the progress of the journey, and to scan the country which was new to it, the minister thought he would turn a little out of his proposed route, to see one of his people who was very ill, and to administer to him some religious consolation and a word of prayer. As he was engaged in the latter solemn duty on his knees by the bedside of the sick man, the drake, feeling there was a firm footing for him from the position of the clergyman, and thinking probably that he was again on *terra firma*, ventured to put out his head at a very grave moment of time, and gave a loud *quack, quack, quack*. The family were confounded with astonishment, and the ailing man ascribed the sound to some supernatural agency. But Mr. Thompson took everything in a very cool and collected manner; and never stopping a moment in his prayer, but placing his hand behind his back, he gently but firmly grasped the drake by the throttle, and stopped his cry for a moment. The voice, however, of the imprisoned drake was only by this expedient rendered more discordant; for as the pastor relaxed his gripe, lest he might choke his favourite bird, the stifled *quack, quack, quack*, came out more hideous than before, when he was allowed perfect liberty of speech. The clergyman found it necessary to cut his prayer short, and to enter into an explanation how he happened to carry about with him on such occasions so singular and irreverent a companion.

"But in many of his economical speculations, he was not quite so successful in making a positive addition to his store, as in those we have just mentioned. One of a rather disastrous kind we shall relate, to shew how misplaced economy sometimes defeats its own end. It was the usual practice of Mr. Thompson to get a new coat and waistcoat once a-year, and to sport the same at the first meeting of presbytery. His lower garments were made to serve for a couple of years. In the year to which we allude, this body held its meeting at Coldstream, about fourteen miles distant from the place of his residence. In the preceding year the presbytery had held its meeting at Wooler; and the members had there for the first time come to the resolution of dining together at an inn, to take a cheerful but temperate glass after dinner, and to chat over their ecclesiastical affairs. This had cost Mr. Thompson a few shillings, which, upon more mature consideration, he thought might have been spared, and appropriated to better purposes. As the rule for an annual dinner was not made absolute by the presbytery, he thought he would avoid this unnecessary expense on a future occasion. When he set out on his Coldstream journey, he took some articles of refreshment with him; and, as he did not like to be encumbered with a bundle in his hand, he placed the same in his hat-crown, along with a sermon he had to preach to his brethren. Among these articles was a half-pound of butter. Thus equipped, he set out on his journey, and, as the day proved excessively hot, he thought he would literally melt under its influence. He fancied he had never perspired so copiously on a journey of equal extent. When he arrived at Coldstream among his brethren, he presented one of the

most ludicrous and pitiable spectacles which ever met their eye. His half-pound of butter having been placed for safety at the bottom of his hat, had been entirely melted away by the heat of the sun ; and, running down in streamlets, with the perspiration of his head and face, had so bespattered his new black coat and waistcoat, as to render them quite useless. He was a complete object of pity and ridicule. By this misfortune he was unable to attend the meeting of his brethren, besides losing a valuable black suit, and making himself a standing joke for his ill-timed parsimony."

The author closes the *Life of Josiah*, which is meant to illustrate the extent and methods of Secession hard-heartedness, aggression, and pretension, with the following passage :—

"What has been said, the public will, it is hoped, duly appreciate. We conceive it the duty of Episcopalians and dissenters of every kind to unite and put down the Burgher nuisance, which is spreading like a pestilence over the whole land—tearing asunder the bonds of social and religious union, however closely they may be knit together. No minister can now look upon the moment when he shall, by the hand of death or otherwise, be removed from his flock, without the most poignant feelings of regret, to see the wolves standing over his Christian fold, reedy to scatter and devour his people, who have been, perhaps through a long life, the constant objects of the most tender sympathy, and the most anxious solicitude. Talk of calumny and scurrility, indeed ! There is no language sufficiently strong, no epithets too coarse, no sarcasm too biting, no ridicule too unmeasured, which ought not to be employed against men 'who live, and move, and have their being,' only in cleaving down the rights and privileges of others, and exciting in the breasts of friends and neighbours the most reckless and fiendish passions. From the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, there is only one tale told of the Secession body. There is not a single clergyman in the north of England who has not received some vexation from this sect, or who cannot enumerate scores of mean and pitiful tricks played off by some of its ministers. The Secession are real theological Ishmaelites, having their hand against every one, and every one having their hand against them."

The little volume will keep up the reader's laughter from beginning to end, and will therefore be welcomed by the anti-voluntary party. Its caricature is frequently very happy ; for although the pictures are exaggerations, the author has fixed upon the foibles and practices of proselytizers with firmness and distinctness, and hit them smartly.

ART. IX.

1. *Money; a Comedy, in Five Acts.* By the Author of "The Lady of Lyons," &c. London: Saunders and Ottley. 1840.
2. *The Dramatic Works of James Sheridan Knowles.* 2 vols. London: Moxon. 1840.

To the question, are there any dramas by living authors which are likely to survive them—or are there any plays of recent production which bid fair to become stock-plays?—the answerer will most probably require some time to make up his mind. We shall in a sentence or two endeavour to cast our thoughts so about as may resemble the process that would be pursued by the person to whom such a question might be put.

It will not be denied that of our living dramatists Bulwer and Knowles are not merely most frequently before the public, but the most popular. Their names alone are sufficient to command crowded audiences on the first appearance of any piece, and to secure hearty applause; which at first may appear the same thing as to say that they have deservedly earned these tokens of general and unquestioned approval. But it is notorious that popularity is often ephemeral, that what obtains the shouts of a multitude to-day may be attended with execrations to-morrow. To come closer to the matter in hand, a play may please audiences, may, when acted, have passing attractions, which yet will not bear reading, or stand the tests of deliberate criticism; and we suspect such will be the judgment of a future generation regarding every one of the dramatic efforts of Bulwer that have yet appeared, and, with two or three exceptions, with those of Knowles.

Bulwer is at best only either a skilful melo-dramatist, or a smart and sparkling caricaturist of prevailing vices and foibles, of transient modes and fashions. He seems incapable of drawing from the deep wells of nature, or of entertaining a strong and genial sympathy with human kind. The heart does not swell with generous sentiments under the charm of his wand, nor are new and enlarged feelings generated at his bidding. Yet he is in many respects an originalist, there is a *sui generis* character about his productions, and in an after age the student of the literature of our times will be unable to estimate or appreciate the genius and complexion of the period, unless he repairs to the dramas of this popular author, and reads the age as reflected there. His present comedy particularly exemplifies the sort of temporary picture to which we allude; for though its embodiment of scenes and of character be limited to particular and far from elevated sections of life, it yet exhibits snatches of these sections with pith and point, so as to enable the

reader to apprehend an index to the manners of a class, and to trace for himself the bearings to other and even distant conclusions. It is to be regretted however that he teaches no lofty code or principles of morality; that he himself is everlastingly prominent in his best passages, as if he studied more to recommend his own name, and to earn admiration, than to achieve any great reforming triumph over the vices and the weaknesses of the period.

With regard to the character of his dramas in a mere literary sense, he is neither a first-rate artist in the matter of constructing plots, nor of sustaining a legitimate interest from scene to scene. Probability is largely violated by him, the laws of human nature frequently outraged, situations and stage effect are generally but at best produced; spirited paraphrases and telling epigrams however being profusely and dextrously pressed into the author's service.

Knowles moves in a higher sphere, cherishes a truer and more earnest zeal for the character of the drama, a nobler moral purpose; but especially commands admiration on account of his strong and healthy sympathy with human nature. It is this which not only commands admiration, but infects the heart, and sends its gushings abroad in genial and fructifying channels; making one love the author, desire his companionship, and feel bettered by his sterling qualities. If Bulwer reflects much of the age in which he lives, one feels that that age would have been greatly deficient had Knowles not existed, or had he never written for the stage.

Knowles is far more of a poet than Bulwer. He is also more of an imitator. He has read carefully the Elizabethan dramatists; drank deeply at that fountain-head for diction, imagery, and sentiment. But at the same time he has incongruously enough interwoven modern manners and feelings, as well as incidents and actors, with antique, even Roman, eras and heroism. His plays are badly constructed in regard to plot; but his dialogue is dramatic, and the progress of the story generally told in action. His versification is often objectionable, but his sentiment is never but fine; and often sublime. His *Virginian* is the noblest English tragedy which the nineteenth century can boast of, and it will long survive himself. His *William Tell*, perhaps, depends upon the life of Macready. The *Hunchback*, and one or two others, appear to us to be also in a questionable condition. But he never yet wrote a piece, he is incapable of producing a drama, that does not contain some scenes and many passages worthy of the best days of British dramatic literature, (if anything short of Shakspeare be the standard), and which ought not to preserve the whole from oblivion.

Sir Edward Bulwer's "*Money*," is an exaggerated picture of West End clubmen, with a copious sprinkling of hollow or fustian sentimentality, and many clever hits at prevailing moral taints and failings, but abundance of farcical incident. It is always an un-

grateful and unsatisfactory attempt, when one endeavours to sketch the story of a drama or a novel, and to disclose how the denouement is brought about. Suffice it to say that self-interest, and the reverse; that generous sentiment and the influence which money or a belief of its possession produces, are extremely opposed and their effects ramified in this play; without the same degree of regard to probability that there is to broad outlines which court the applause of the million. To scenery, to acting, and to clap-trap situations it must be much indebted in representation; but as these circumstances do not tell in the reading, we are of opinion that its success will be confined to the stage and only during a temporary space. Its sparkle will not overcome for any considerable length of time its faults of construction; its caricature is palpable and laughable, and does not make up for the want of sterling truth; and the sentiment too conventional and flimsy for the requisitions of a legitimate comedy. But we must present to our readers a specimen; and shall select a favourable one, not merely as respects animation of dialogue but of life. The scene is one at a club, say Crockford's, if you please:—

*The interior of * * * * 's Club house; night lights, &c. Small sofas-tables, with books, papers, tea, coffee, &c. Several members grouped by the fireplace; one member with his legs over the back of his chair: another with his legs over his table; a third with his legs on the chimney-piece. To the left, and in front of the Stage, an old member reading the newspaper, seated by a small round table; to the right a card-table, before which Captain Dudley Smooth is seated, and sipping lemonade; at the bottom of the stage another card-table.*

Glossmore, Stout.

Gloss. You don't come often to the club, Stout?

Stout. No; time is money. An hour spent at a club is an unproductive capital.

Old Member (reading the newspaper). Waiter! the snuff-box.

[Waiter brings it.]

Gloss. So, Evelyn has taken to play? I see Deadly Smooth, 'hushed in grim repose, awaits his evening prey.' Deep work to-night I suspect, for Smooth is drinking lemonade—keeps his head clear—monstrous clever dog!

Enter Evelyn; salutes and shakes hands with different members in passing up the stage.

Eve. How d'ye do, Glossmore? How are you, Stout?—you don't play, I think! Political economy never plays at cards, eh?—never has time for anything more frivolous than Rents and Profits, Wages and Labour, High Prices and Low—Corn-laws, Poor-laws, Tithes, Currency—Dot-and-go-one—Rates, Puzzles, Taxes, Riddles, and Botheration!—Smooth is the man. Aha! Smooth. Piquet, eh? You owe me my revenge!

[Members touch each other significantly; Stout walks away with the snuff-box; Old Member looks at him savagely.]

Smooth. My dear Alfred, anything to oblige.

[*They seat themselves.*]

Old Mem. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[*Waiter takes it from Stout, and brings it back to Old Member.*]

Enter Blount.

Blount. So, so! Evelyn at it again,—eh, Glossmore!

Gloss. Yes, Smooth sticks to him like a leech. Clever fellow that Smooth!

Blount. Will you make up a wubber?

Gloss. Have you got two others?

Blount. Yes; Flat and Green.

Gloss. Bad Players.

Blount. I make it a rule to play with bad players; it is five per cent. in one's favour. I hate gambling. But a quiet wubber, if one is the best player out of four can't do one any harm.

Gloss. Clever fellow, that Blount!

[*Blount takes up the snuff-box, and walks off with it; Old Member looks at him savagely.*]

[*Blount, Glossmore, Flat, and Green make up a table at the bottom of the stage.*]

Smooth. A thousand pardons my dear Alfred,—ninety repique—ten cards!—game!

Eve. (*passing a note to him*) Game! before we go on, one question. This is Thursday—how much do you calculate to win of me before Tuesday next!

Smooth. Ce cher Alfred. He is so droll!

Eve. (*writing in his pocket-book*) Forty game a-night—four nights, minus Sunday—our usual stakes—that would be right, I think!

Smooth. (*glancing over the account*). Quite—if I win all—which is next to impossible.

Eve. It shall be possible to win twice as much, on one condition. Can you keep a secret?

Smooth. My dear friend Alfred, I have kept myself! I never inherited a farthing—I never spent less than £4,000 a-year—and I never told a soul how I managed it.

Eve. Hark ye, then—a word with you—(*they whisper*).

Old Mem. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[*Waiter takes it from Blount.*]

Enter Sir John.

Eve. You understand?

Smooth. Perfectly; anything to oblige.

Eve. (*cutting*) It is for you to deal. [*They go on playing.*]

Sir John (*groaning*). There's my precious son-in-law, that is to be, spending my consequence, and making a fool of himself.

[*Takes up the snuff-box; Old member looks at him savagely.*]

Blount. I'm out. Flat, a pony on the odd twick. That's wight.—(*Coming up, counting his money*). Well, Sir John, you don't play?

Sir John. Play? no! Confound him—lost again!

Eve. Hang the cards!—Double the stakes!

Smooth. Just as you please—done!

Sir John. Done indeed!

Old Mem. Waiter!—the snuff-box. [*Waiter takes it from Sir John.*]

Blount. I've won eight points and the bets—I never lose—I never play in the Deadly Smooth set!

[*Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member as before.*]

Sir John (looking over *Smooth's* hand, and fidgetting backwards and forwards). Lord have mercy on us! *Smooth* has seven for his point! What's the stakes?

Eve. Don't disturb us—I only throw out four. Stakes *Sir John*?—immense; Was ever such luck?—not a card for my point. Do stand back, *Sir John*—I'm getting irritable.

Old Mem. Waiter! snuff-box.

[*Waiter brings it back.*]

Blount. One hundred pounds on the next game, *Evelyn*?

Sir John. Nonsense—nonsense—don't disturb him! All the fishes come to the bait! Sharks and minnows all nibbling away at my son-in-law!

Eve. One hundred pounds, *Blount*? Ah! the finest gentleman is never too fine a gentleman to pick up a guinea. Done! Treble the stakes *Smooth*!

Sir John. I'm on the rack! (*seizing the snuff-box.*) Be cool *Evelyn*! take care, my dear boy!—now don't ye—now don't.

Eve. What—what? You have four queens!—five to the king. Confound the cards!—a fresh pack. (*Throws the cards behind him over Sir John.*)

Old Mem. Waiter the snuff-box. [*Different members gather round.*]

First Mem. I never before saw *Evelyn* out of temper. He must be losing immensely!

Second Mem. Yes, this is interesting!

Sir John. Interesting! there's a wretch!

First Mem. Poor fellow; he'll be ruined in a month!

Sir John. I'm in a cold sweat.

Second Mem. *Smooth* is the very devil.

Sir John. The devil's a joke to him!

Gloss (*slapping Sir John on the back*). A clever fellow, that *Smooth*, *Sir John*, eh? (*Takes up the snuff-box; Old Member as before*). £100 on this game, *Evelyn*?

Eve (*half turning round*). You! well done, the Constitution! yes, £100!

Old Mem. Waiter! the snuff-box.

Stout. (*I think I'll venture!*)—£200 on this game, *Evelyn*?

Eve. (*quite turning round*) Ha! ha! ha!—Enlightenment and the Constitution on the same side of the question at last! O, *Stout*, *Stout*! great happiness of the greatest number—number one! Done, *Stout*!—£200!—ha! ha! ha!—I deal, *Stout*. Well done, Political Economy—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Quite hysterical—drivelling! Arn't you ashamed of yourselves? His own cousins!—all in a conspiracy—a perfect gang of them.

[*Members indignant.*]

Stout (*to Members*). Hush! he's to marry *Sir John's* daughter.

First Mem. What, Stingy Jack's? oh!

Chorus of Members. Oh! Oh!

Old Mem. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

Eve. (*rising in great agitation*) No more, no more—I've done!—quite enough. Glossmore, Stout, Blount,—I'll pay you to-morrow. I—I—. Death!—this is ruinous!

[*Seizes the snuff-box; Old Member as before.*]

Sir John. Ruinous? I dare say it is! What has he lost? what has he lost, Smooth? Not much? eh? eh?

[*Omnes gather round Smooth.*]

Smooth. Oh, a trifle, dear John!—excuse me!—We never tell our winnings—(*To Blount*) How d'ye do, Fred?—(*To Glossmore*) By the bye, Charles, don't you want to sell your house in Grosvenor-square?—£12,000, eh?

Gloss. Yes, and the furniture at a valuation. About £3,000 more.

Smooth (*looking over his pocket-book*). Um!—Well, we'll talk of it.

Sir John. 12 and 3—£15,000. What a cold-blooded rascal it is!—£15,000 Smooth?

Smooth. Oh, the house itself is a trifle, but the establishment—I'm considering whether I have enough to keep it up, my dear John.

Old Mem. Waiter the snuff-box! (*Scraping it round and with a wry face*)—And it's all gone! (*Gives it to the waiter to fill.*)

Sir John. (*turning round*). And it's all gone!

Eve. (*starting up and laughing hysterically*). Ha! ha! all gone? not a bit of it. Smooth, this club is so noisy. Sir John you are always in the way. Come to my house! come! Champagne and a broiled bone. Nothing venture, nothing have! The luck must turn, and by Jupiter we'll make a night of it!

Sir John. A night of it!!! For Heaven's sake, Evelyn! Evelyn!—think what you are about!—think of Georgiana's feelings!—think of your poor lost mother!—think of the babes unborn!—think of—

Eve. I'll think of nothing! Zounds!—you don't know what I have lost, man; it's all your fault, distracting my attention! Pshaw—psaw! Out of the way, do! Come, Smooth. Ha! ha! a night of it, my boy—a night of it!

Exeunt Smooth and Evelyn.

Sir John (*following*). You must not, you shall not!

Evelyn, my dear Evelyn—he's drunk—he's mad! Will no one send for the police?

Members. Ha! ha! ha! Poor old stingy Jack!

Old Mem. (*rising for the first time, in a great rage*). Waiter. the snuff-box!

We could not mention a circumstance more confirmatory of the favourable opinion we have in the course of Knowles's dramatic career expressed over and over again, and on the appearance of every new piece which he has produced, than that this portion of a collected edition of his plays,—the first volume containing *Virginus, Caius Gracchus, William Tell, Alfred the Great*, and

The Hunchback,—the second, *The Wife*, *The Beggar of Bethnal Green*, *The Daughter*, *The Love Chase*, and *Woman's Wit*,—stands the test of republication. These pieces are not only all readable, but after long familiarity with some of them, and an acquaintance with the plot of each, they still arrest and charm us on deliberate perusal, obliging us to feel that we are benefited by the reading as well as legitimately delighted. And yet the pieces are very unequal, those in the first volume both as regards variety and embodiment of character and the strain of poetry, considerably outweighing the contents of the second. The author's labours on the stage in the personation of his own productions appear to have encroached on his business as an author.

Caius Gracchus is one of the plays with which the public is least acquainted, having been a stranger to the stage. But it is one also of the most powerful of Knowles's creations. *Cornelia* possesses a truly Roman grandeur, which is sustained with a completeness of strength and confidence on the part of the author, and charged with bursts of poetry which Shakspeare might have been proud of. And then the domestic affections are so happily portrayed in combination with patriotic sentiments, as to find the most touching and pathetic access to the sympathies. Our attention has been called to one short scene in this piece which we shall extract, in order that attention may be drawn to a noble play which has been hitherto undeservedly overlooked. It is that in which *Cornelia* learns that her remaining son *Caius* has proposed himself as tribune. Knowles, even in *Virginus*, perhaps never acquitted himself with happier power, or more of the fine assurance of genius, than in the passage now to be quoted :—

Cor. In a word, what has he done ?

Lic. Defeated the patricians, and proposed
Himself for tribune.

Cor. It would come to this !

I knew that it would come to this, *Licinius*
And I could tell what further it will come to,
If I would. No matter. Two such sons as mine
Were never made for mothers that have eyes
Which are afraid of tears, that come to me
As old acquaintance. I did rear my boys
Companions for the gods. Why wonder I
If they will go to them ere other men ?
Many a time, when they stood before me,
Such things as mothers seldom look upon,
And I have seem'd to feed on them with mine eyes,
My thoughts have ponder'd o'er their bier, where they
Lay stiff and cold ! I would not see them so
If I could help it ; but I would not help it

To see them otherwise, and other men.
My Caius must be tribune!

[*Shouts several times, approaching nearer*

Lic. And he is so;
Those shouts proclaim it. [*Looking off.*] See, Cornelia,
He comes! Behold! look how they hem him round!
Why do you turn away?

Cor. I turn away
To see that flush of triumph on his cheek
Which lights it up as he did feel a god;
And think how I may after see that cheek,
And think upon the flush. Licinia's well
Away; it had o'ercome her quite. Come, Marcus.

[*Cornelia and Licinius retire.*

Enter Caius Gracchus, Drusus, Pomponius, Titus, Marcus, and Citizens,
shouting.

Caius. No more, my friends! no more of this, I pray you!
Disperse to your several homes. Why do you give
These honours to your servant?

Tit. Suffer us
To see you to your house.

Mar. Yes, Caius, yes.
We'll hail your honour'd mother and your wife.

Pom. Indulge the people, Gracchus.

Caius. Well, my friends,
If you will go with me—[*seeing Cornelia.*] My honoured mother!

Cor. May the great gods, who crown'd thee with this triumph,
Instruct thee so to use it, as to bless
Thy country! With a firm and mighty hand,
Mayst thou uphold the laws, and keep them ever
Above the proud man's violence, and within
The poor man's reach; so shall thy mother—ROMANS—
Acknowledge thee her son, and teach thy name
To the applauding tongues of after ages!
Who is your brother tribune?

Caius. Worthy Drusus.

Cor. [*To Drusus.*] My son is happy in his colleague, sir,
And, let me trust, will not dishonour him.

Drus. My honour is to second him, Cornelia.

Caius. Come, mother.

[*Retires up with Drusus.*

Re-enter Licinia.

Lic. Ha! Licinia!

Cor. [*Going up to her.*] My Licinia!
For Caius' honour, act like Caius' wife:
He's tribune.

Lici. Tribune!

Cor. Think what eyes are on you!
You are the mother of a Roman, too;

Summon your spirits ! That's my daughter ! Come
Up to him now at once, and wish him joy.

Lici. [*Crossing to Caius.*] Caius, I give you——

Caius. My Licinia !

Lici. I give you——

Caius. Come ! her heart doth overtake
Her tongue !

Lici. Joy, Caius ! I do give you joy !

[*She faints on his arm, and the curtain drops.*]

We do not know to what number of volumes Knowles's plays may extend ; but they will all be welcomed by a large class of the public. Mr. Moxon who has done extraordinary things to popularize the dramatic literature of England, having on this occasion once more advanced strong claims to general gratitude.

ART. X.—*The Great Civil War of Charles the First and the Parliament.*

By the REV. RICHARD CATTERMOLÉ, B.D. With fifteen highly finished Engravings, from Drawings by GEORGE CATTERMOLÉ, Esq. London : Longman. 1841.

A HAPPY thought was seized by the projectors of this new Annual, and the execution is worthy of its design. It has novelty to recommend it, and both the matter and manner of the volume are of that sterling as well as attractive character which at once places it at the head of this order of publications, which eminence it is likely to maintain when the year in which it appears has passed away.

This publication has a useful and also a distinct and easily defined purpose to serve. That purpose and the manner in which it is carried into effect are thus explained by the author of the letter-press contents. He says, "In endeavouring to set before the reader History in action—in avoiding, as much as possible, all formal or dry detail, and giving prominence and amplitude to those heroic deeds, those eloquent discussions, and those noble traits of personal character which distinguish all great events and eras in the world,—he has sought to avoid those extreme differences of opinion, and partisan views, that have unhappily entered so largely into most works respecting the Great Civil War of the Seventeenth Century. He cannot acknowledge indifference to any cause, which has inspired high achievements among mankind. He looks upon the great drama of human events as, in all its provinces, the work of ONE who assigns no prominent part whatever to minds undeserving of earnest regard. Great qualities still find a sanctuary in the heart, even though the ends to which they were devoted may be disapproved by the principles and the judgment ; and history, in common with all true knowledge, promotes the noblest charities of

of our nature." The idea here apprehended and clearly expressed at once commands attention, and promises that in working it out by illustrations the writer will be eminently successful.

The selection of the period is particularly felicitous. Indeed it is the most picturesque as well as remarkable and important in British, perhaps in European, history. How rich it is of characters and of events that are striking and possessed of never-dying interest! Who ever tires of reading of, or of having his imagination awakened by, the Great Rebellion? It was a period when the grandest principles were developed and taught, when the highest human attributes, physical and intellectual, were displayed; an age of gigantic men; and in whatever shape and to whatever degree it is vividly, with its actors and issues, pressed upon the contemplation and study of mankind, whether of those who lounge in a drawing-room, or who betake themselves to a sphere of less luxurious reading, the service done is neither ephemeral nor paltry, for the mind must be thereby tutored as well as informed. If the patrons of our Annual literature only look for romance and effective tales, where can they find fiction that is half so stirring as in the realities of the Great Civil War of Charles and the Parliament? If historical pencil sketches be desired, are there any subjects so imposing or arresting as in the numerous passages, personages, or actual scenes, in this unexampled drama? In following up the plan of the work by a series of historical volumes, large strides will have sometimes to be taken, before it is possible to alight upon one figure, incident, or anecdote that will match any one of a multitude presented by the era immediately in question. Still, numerous are the points which our annals hold out for pictorial history; and should the whole of these annals be traversed, and their prominent features seized and grouped with the judgment and skill exhibited in the volume before us, we shall then have a series of *tableaux* that will direct the mind by the finger-posts of the past, that will embody its spirit, and that will furnish valuable indications for the future.

With regard to the execution of the volume we have to speak in very favourable terms. We could not have looked for greater success either by writer or artist; and their efforts have been most happily combined. The union is truly fraternal and congruous.

While the period of our national history selected is strikingly happy, the choice of the subjects for illustration is perhaps as good as any that could be named. And although the sympathies of penciller as well as penman are obviously in favour of the Royalist and more romantic party in the struggle, there is an evident desire to be impartial and to bestow both praise and censure, in as far as the narrative goes, with an equal hand. It is more to what is left untold than what is said that the tendencies referred to are shown.

In the styles of both there is graphic power. Their fancies have been keenly affected by the scenes of the civil strife ; so that with a free, easy, and rapid vigour those of the drama selected are vividly presented. To be sure, and no doubt owing to the restraints imposed upon the engraver by the scale and the nature of the embellishments the touches for which Mr. George Cattermole's pencil is so celebrated, on account of united force and facility, are sometimes either indistinct, feeble, or tame. But the poetry of the artist is visible, were it but in the skies and the distances ; while in the other accessories and tokens, such as costume and grouping, there are many proofs of a mind imbued with the genius of the period and the character of the actors, dramatically given. Take, for example, the "Raising of the Standard," where the sky's gloom and trouble significantly forebode a storm, disaster, and tragedy. Also "The Arrest of Stratford," "The Defence of Wardour Castle," "Selling Church Plunder," and "Republican Preaching," in the two last the interiors of Gothic churches, and shrines, revels, and weapons of war strangely commingling and working into pictorial effect. Then there are portraits of individuals, and sketches of particular groups on certain memorable occasions ; all which however we need not more minutely characterise than by saying that some of them deserve to be called historical pictures, while others breathe the soul of genuine romance. We now take a few extracts from the letter-press.

Mr. Cattermole begins with an introduction, in which he sketches the state of affairs and the progress of events previous to the arrest and fate of Stafford, when the war in reality commenced. In this preliminary chapter we meet with notices of that prominent character and of his friend Laud, which we quote in order to show the tendencies of the author's sympathies :—

"Beyond the esteem of the sovereign, to whom he was ardently attached, Wentworth—with one exception—cared little to supply the vacancies in his former friendships from the party which he had now joined. Sincere, laborious, proud, he had no sympathy with the heartlessness and indolence of the courtiers. The exception refers to Laud ; whose translation to the see of London and paramount authority in the administration nearly coincided with the period of Wentworth's elevation, as both did with the fall of Buckingham. With a mind of less majestic dimensions, though more learnedly cultivated ; with directness and integrity equal to Wentworth's steady and unquenchable ardour ; below him in pride, as became a churchman, but as keenly capable of rigour, for conscience sake ; as great in courage, as inflexible in constancy ; above all, animated by like devotedness to the master whom both served 'not wisely,' but, in their view of duty, 'well ;'—Laud, whatever may be thought by those who strangely discover the bond of these men's union in that most dissociative of principles, a common despotic will, was not unworthy of that intimacy with the larger-minded Wentworth which remained firm till violently and most affectingly terminated by death.

Such as they were, these eminent persons continued to be the main agents of King Charles's government in Church and State, through many difficult, and, finally, disastrous years. They did not originate all his plans, but they were ever ready, in the fearlessness of duty, to carry forward even the worst of them. If they erred in an honest view of their duty, mistook the times, wounded the immature constitution, overrated even *their* abilities, or indulged private passion at the cost of the public weal, they received in their persons, and will ever be paying in their fame, the penalty of those whom Providence places, as doomed yet not useless barriers to the violent current of changeful times; augmenting, while they brave, the fury of the waters, but preparing fertility for other generations by forcing them to sweep away injurious impediments, and then to waste their rage in diffusion."

Mr. Cattermole describes with remarkable spirit and clearness battle-field scenes. Take his account of the first contest of the kind—that of Edgehill:—

"The shadows of night descended on the motionless hosts, where they stood, gazing on each other, as if struck with silent remorse, neither side daring to believe that they had gained the first fratricidal victory of war. Charles now commanded the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who had hitherto been by his side, to retire from the field; but refused to yield to the entreaties of his officers to abandon it himself. He had shown himself equal, in gallantry and firmness, to the great and unexampled circumstances in which he that day stood: he determined to risk nothing now; 'well knowing,' observes Clarendon, 'that as that army was raised by his person and presence only, so it could by no other means be kept together; and he thought it unprincely to forsake them who had forsaken all they had to serve him.' Doubtful of his actual position, and of what might follow, the sovereign merely dismounted from his horse, and seated himself by such a fire as could be kindled with the furze and scanty brushwood which grew on the barren heath. It was a keen autumn night; and a freezing wind sighed along the unsheltered slopes of Edge hill. Essex's camp was well furnished with provisions; but the king's troops, who had nothing to eat for many hours, were in danger of perishing with cold and hunger: for the peasantry of the surrounding country, zealously devoted to the interests of the parliament, refused to supply provisions for the 'papistical cavaliers and malignants' who fought. During the night, a report arose that the rebels had retreated; but when day appeared, they were seen standing in the same spot. Morning advanced, yet neither army moved from its position."

The fact that the victory was claimed by both parties in this first battle seemed to indicate that the struggle would be protracted, and that a vibrating fortune would for a time attend each of them. Here is another picture of the battle-field at a later period:—

"As soon as the armies had quitted the ground, other parties took possession of it. The fugitive soldiers who had skulked in the neighbouring villages, returned with the rude rustics to rifle the dying and the dead.

The clergy of the vicinity assembled their more charitable parishioners to register and give sepulture to those earliest sacrifices to the Molock of internal strife. Brother sought out brother, and sons their fathers, to snatch the remains of those they loved from an undistinguished grave; or, it might be, to cherish and rekindle the yet lingering spark of life. The name of more than one son of knightly race, is preserved, who after a search of days, found his parent, naked, covered with wounds, and well nigh frozen in his blood; and had his pious cares repaid by the sufferer's recovery."

Our next extract describes the soldiers of the Civil War,—

"England—the loud beating of whose warlike pulse had, since the great dispute arose, wholly drowned the faint, decaying traditions of those miseries that attended her ancient domestic feuds—had likewise happily forgotten military tactics, and their very nomenclature had become an unknown language. To drill their zealous recruits, withdrawn suddenly from the plough, the anvil, or the loom, the Parliament employed officers who had served in the wars of Germany: the fortifications and management of the artillery were chiefly confided to foreign soldiers of fortune, German or French. The proper equipment of the men was, for the same reason, a difficulty which it required time to surmount. The rude but picturesque matchlocks or muskets of the period, and, when these could not be had, pikes and pole-axes, supplied the arms of the infantry; the long heavy sword, the carbine and pistols, the back and breast plates, with the steelcap, common to both horse and foot, presented the superior accoutrement of the cavalry or troopers. Both armies, but especially the King's, were at first but imperfectly furnished with arms of any kind; Cromwell's 'Iron-sides' obtained that well-known title as well on account of the more 'complete steel' in which they were belted as for their invincible daring; and every one has heard of Haslerigg's regiment, nicknamed by the Cavaliers 'lobsters,' 'because of the bright iron shells with which they were covered, being perfect cuirassiers.' The colours of the regiments were various, according to the fancy, or, more frequently, agreeing with the household livery of the respective leaders. This mark of distinction was the more important, because, at the outbreak of the war, it was sometimes the only means of recognition by which, in battle, friend could be discerned from foe, no distinctive field-word having been adopted. 'Hollis's,' Lord Nugent, in his *Life of Hampden*, informs us, 'were the London red coats; Lord Brookes's, the purple; Hampden's, the green coats; Lord Say's and Lord Mandeville's, the blue; the orange, which had long been the colour of Lord Essex's household, and now that of his body-guard, was worn in a scarf over the armour of all the officers of the Parliament army, as the distinguishing symbol of their cause.' The King's famous regiment likewise adopted red; the Earl of Newcastle's regiment of Northumbrians were termed, from the white colour of their coats, (or, as some say, with reference to their fierce courage,) 'Newcastle's lambs.' It was only by degrees, however, that anything like uniformity was attained: the choice of clothing and arms was, in the first instance, often decided by the taste or circumstances of the individual wearer. Each regiment or each troop had its standard or cornet, bearing on one side

the watch-word of the Parliament, 'God with us;' and on the other, the device of its commander, with his motto. The inscription on the Earl of Essex's was 'Cave, adsum;' the better-chosen and more characteristic words which waved in battle over the head of Hampden were 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum;' later in the war, Algernon Sidney, one of the steadiest adherents to the cause, thus expressed, in the motto of the regiment which he commanded, the source of his devotedness to the service 'Sanctus amor patriæ dat animum.' "

One of the most stirring chapters of the volume and vivid of the literary sketches is under the title "Partisan Warfare." It is thus outlined :—

" While, after the battle of Edge hill, the operations of the two great armies were suspended, or conducted with languor, the warfare of partisans, in the more remote provinces, grew every day sharper and more general. There the movements of the leaders were unembarrassed by public responsibility or political views; and the private feuds of families and individuals stimulated their zeal, or even determined their choice of a party. The means of commencing and carrying on those little insulated wars, into which every man, even in the remotest corners of the country, if he failed to be drawn by his inclinations, was nevertheless cruelly forced by the circumstances of the time, were obtained in two ways. In the one case, the predominant disposition of a district, of a county, or even of several adjoining counties, influenced and directed probably by one or more distinguished proprietors, embodied itself in an application to the parliament or the king, respectively, for authority to raise troops, and enforce contributions for their maintenance. Such authority was readily given; a chief or chiefs appointed, or sanctioned, on the recommendation of the applicants, free from all control, except the duty of now and then communicating to the great belligerent parties at Westminster or at Oxford a statement of their operations; or, if need arose, of asking advice or assistance. Of these associations, the earliest were those of the northern counties under the Earl of Newcastle; of the eastern counties, under the Earl of Manchester and Cromwell; of the midland counties, under the Lord Brooke. In the other case, a single bold and zealous individual raised, equipped, and supported, at his own expense, his little band of guerilla warriors, drawn from among his tenantry and neighbours; and carried on the war, as occasioned offered, either single-handed, or in conjunction with other adventurers like himself, until his forces became absorbed in some more considerable armament. Of such bodies, the strength, the position, the objects, were continually changing from day to day. One thing alone was permanent, and common to all—to imitate on a smaller scale, but with greater freedom from constraint, the deeds and vices of more numerous armies. Yet the generous nature of the objects of contention,—loyalty, liberty, religion,—in which selfishness had no part, rendered the explosion of the coarser passions in acts of heartless or wanton violence comparatively rare. The English have proved that revolution and civil war, while they rouse honour from the embrace of luxury, and awaken slumbering genius in high and low, are not necessarily the worst of

public evils. Englishmen, in the deadliest conflicts of the Civil War, seldom forgot that they were such ; nor was there any one circumstance which contributed more to injure Charles's reputation with this partially misled, but, upon the whole, sound-hearted people, than the powers and indulgences lavished on an individual of a different temper. The unfeeling insolence and predatory fierceness of Rupert were qualities of the foreign soldier of fortune, which darkly distinguished the royal trooper from every other general in the service ; and they reflected on the cause for which he fought a portion of that prejudice wherewith he was himself regarded, partly as a foreigner by birth, but more as foreign in character and manners to the manly and humane temper with which the English mingled in that awful contest."

We have intimated that Mr. Cattermole's sympathies are mainly in favour of the Royalist cause ; for he puts the best face on the character and the doings of the cavalier party, but hardly seems to lend the same liberal construction to their antagonists, or to appreciate so fully their motives, aspirations, and great-hearted hopes. He seems not to have allowed to Hampden at the close of his mighty career the sustaining principles which had guided and distinguished his life. What we now quote is picturesque enough, but deficient in regard to the lesson to be taught by the martyr-hero's history,—

" The first accounts of this eventful day, published by the parliamentarians, spoke with confidence of their great champion's recovery: ' his wound was more likely to be a badge of honour than any danger of life.' But these hopes were quickly dissipated. On moving from the scene of conflict, Hampden was first observed to make for the house of a relation in the neighbourhood. But Rupert's cavalry were covering the plain between. Turning his horse, therefore, he rode back in the way to Thame. When he came to a brook which divides the plain, he paused a while ; but it being impossible for him, in his wounded state, to remount, if he had alighted to turn his horse over, he suddenly summoned his strength, clapped spurs, and cleared the leap. Through such particulars the recent biographer of this eminent person naturally delights to carry his reader. But what must have been Hampden's thoughts, as he crossed that field of his youthful remembrances, staining the green blades that glittered in the sun of a bright morn in May with no ignoble blood ? There he had first practised his confiding neighbours, and his admiring tenants and serving-men, in the use of those pikes which they were to level at the crown and the mitres of England ; and there the avenging ball of the royalist had shivered his vigorous right arm ! The cause was, to all appearance, declining :—the army weakened, and commanded by a cold and vacillating partisan ; the enemy victorious, and every day gathering new strength ; the parliament rapidly losing the confidence of the people ; Pym, his great fellow-champion, lying on his death-bed—the most sentient nerve of Freedom, the toughest sinew in the whole body of Rebellion, shrivelling like a parched scroll ! Yet, could he have looked further, and with prophet eyes beheld Naseby—Carisbrook—White-

hall, defiled by the blood of a king and the residence of an usurper, more appalling would have been that contemplation of its triumph. Where would he have discovered the laws, which he had vindicated,—the Liberty, at whose shrine he had sacrificed so much, besides what was own,—or, even a free field for that sly but strong ambition, which, more, it may be, than he was himself aware, directed the movements of his life? In great pain and nearly exhausted, Hampden reached Thame. The surgeons who dressed his wounds encouraged his grieving fellow-patriots and brothers-in-arms with hopes of his recovery; but his own impression from the fact was, that his hurt was mortal. It was too true an one. After six days of intense suffering, Hampden breathed his last."

We have heard a great deal lately concerning the fortification of the capital of France. See what were the enthusiastic exertions towards the erection and establishment of the Lines of London during the Great Rebellion,—

"The fortifications around London were also now completed. Great part of the labour required to construct these defences was supplied by the voluntary enthusiasm of the people. An *esprit de corps*, merged, in our days, in sentiments either narrower or more diffused, animated in those times the separate guilds of citizens. Those bodies rivalled each other in the alacrity with which they engaged in this novel employment. The trades marched out to the work in separate parties, bearing mattocks, shovels, and other tools, with drums beating, colours flying, and swords girded. Mixed with most of these companions were to be seen women and girls, some of these ladies of rank and education, two and two, carrying baskets filled with earth; many of whom wrought in the trenches, till they fell ill from the effect of unusual exertion. Of the works thus patriotically raised, an interesting description remains; and though long ago every vestige of their existence has been swept away by the hand of time or the march of improvement, they appear to have been, for that age, of respectable efficiency. The stranger, on approaching the capital by water, before he found himself enclosed between those dense ranks of merchantmen which even then covered both banks of the Thames, was frowned upon from either shore by a stern multi-angular fort, with its deep trench and bristling palisades, surmounted by cannon and guarded by many a steel-capped musketeer, sworn foes to Cavaliers and Malignants. From Limehouse, where they commenced, the lines stretched on to Whitechapel, to Shoreditch, to Hoxton, then along by Holborn to St. Giles's and Marylebone, to Tyburn and Hyde Park; whence bending round by Tethill Fields, the river was again commanded by two forts, the one erected at that station and the other at Nine Elms, on the opposite side; from which point they stretched across the angle of Surry, through Newington to Redriff, where they again terminated upon the stream. At each of these, and of many intervening angles, a fort commanded the adjoining approaches. There were, in all, twenty-four forts, besides redoubts, counter-scarps, and half-moons along the trenches between; the whole planted with 212 pieces of ordnance; a circuit of twelve miles, enclosing great wealth, and swarming with a various and eager population.

At each chief centralpoint within this wide circumference was placed a *corps-de-garde*—in the City, in Southwark, by the Houses of Parliament, at Whitehall. The writer from whose curious details we copy the present sketch, though a Scotchman, a Presbyterian, and a devoted admirer of the Parliament, unconsciously throws in a natural touch of loyal feeling, which finishes the grand but melancholy picture of a mighty capital in rebellion against its sovereign: 'I found,' says he, 'the grass growing deep in the royal courts of the King's house; which, indeed, was a lamentable sight.'

We must now dismiss this valuable as well as superb volume, which closes with Marston Moor. Another volume will conduct us to the utter downfall of royalty.

ART. XI.—*The Idler in Italy.* By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Vol. III. London: Colburn.

THE pressure of the season and the month in which we write forces us to be brief with the works which still have a claim upon our attention, before the birth of a new year. At the same time the volumes which thus crowd our table do not require any very particular criticism, and may properly be dismissed after general notices, or at most with a few appended specimens.

The concluding volume of Lady Blessington's Italian journals stands especially in little need of close analysis and minute review, not merely because the character of its predecessors has been fully appreciated by the readers of light and sketchy literature, but because the nature of the subjects which arrest her mind, and the tone of her sentimentality may be described in a sentence or two, and exemplified by almost any one of her pages.

Her Ladyship's subjects are such as float on the surface, or that may be seized by any tourist who has read the lighter portions of literature; who has mingled rather extensively in the society of men of letters, of artists, and people of fashion; who has had considerable experience of foreign life; and who is more or less acquainted with some continental languages. She has read at least the translations of classical authors too, and has a competent knowledge of history. Thus furnished her taste runs a good deal upon traditions, collecting anecdotes, detailing recollections, painting scenes and sketching family pictures. Natural intelligence and feeling, together with feminine gracefulness may throughout her writings be discovered, marred however very frequently by an artificial or affected sentimentality, or enfeebled by attenuation and verbosity. There is much that is genuine about her; but there is also impressed sometimes upon the mind a feeling of coldness when the author professes extraordinary warmth of sympathy. But after all there are not many idlers who would have strung together so much that is interesting in the course of an Italian tour, or who

could have produced such an agreeable and informing book of sketches of what is old as well as of what is new,—such striking accounts of the imaginary as well as of the real.

Lady Blessington conducts us not only to a great number of towns and localities most familiar to the tourist in Italy, but sometimes to less frequently beaten paths. Accordingly we are taken to Rome, Ravenna, Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Milan, Bologna, Venice, and many other sites and cities of northern Italy,—a prevailing feature in her *Ladyship's* notices being anecdotes or reminiscences of celebrated literary characters, in connexion with the spots touched at.

We like the way in which the Countess vindicates the character or enters into an explanation and defence of her own sex, and of some of its most celebrated individuals. Thus she speaks while at Venice, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu :—“ Here, am I, after the lapse of a century, entering into a piece of gossip and forgotten scandal with all the indignation which a recent injury inflicted on some female friend would excite. But I never can help regarding those whose writings have charmed me as friends.” Nor are her sympathies confined to woman; for Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Byron, Shelley, Gell, &c. all receive touches that are generous and pleasing. But we must not part with her vindication of Lady Mary thus abruptly. Says the Countess :—

“ The house in which the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague resided at Venice was pointed out to me to-day. Her celebrity was neither defined nor understood here, until more recent years waisted her fame from England. The Venetians could not comprehend that her friendship with Algarotti was merely platonic, and tortured two or three letters of hers addressed to him into proofs that it was of a more tender and culpable nature. Not having seen these epistles, I cannot judge how far they justify the Venetian scandal, which, like that of all other places, may have been built on very slight or erroneous grounds. My conviction is, that Lady Mary Wortley Montague's preference for Algarotti was a very innocent and natural one; springing out of the sympathy with which persons of superior minds and acquirements are drawn towards each other, and more especially at a time, and in a country, where such endowments as they possessed were not often to be met with in the classes in which both these remarkable individuals moved. To illustrate the assertion, of on what slight or erroneous grounds scandalous reports may be based, I know an Italian gentleman, who, having received a note of invitation from an English lady of irreproachable morals, concluding in the usual way, ‘ Truly yours,’ took it to a friend, to whom he expressed his regret and embarrassment at having unwillingly and unintentionally achieved the conquest of Lady ——'s heart. ‘ Impossible,’ said the friend; ‘ why, Lady —— is one of the most reserved and correct women in England.’ ‘ Here is, however, the proof of my assertion,’ replied the Italian, drawing forth a merely civil invitation to dinner, and exhibiting it with an air of triumph, ‘ What say you now? you can-

not, surely, doubt her hand ?' The friend could not resist laughing as he essayed to convince him that the letter was couched in the ordinary style of invitations. 'But look at this,' answered the Italian, pointing to the words 'truly yours;' 'What can be more tender, or less dubious ? does she not assure me that she is truly mine ?' and, though not more vain than the generality of mankind, his friend had much difficulty in convincing him that the prudent and reserved Lady — had not, in thus concluding her letter, made him an avowal."

A morning walk at Ancona suggested the following reflections and contrasts, in a similar department of description and speculation :—

"During our walk on the mole we encountered several pretty women, and were struck with a peculiarity generally observable in Italians, namely, the total absence of that coquetry, so visible in women with pretensions to beauty in France, and even in England. Italian women look as if deep passions would find them ready to obey their dictates, but that to the minor ones, such as vanity and coquetry, they were not disposed to yield. This peculiarity equally pervades women of all classes in Italy ; for I have observed it in those of the highest rank as well as in the lowest. It is this concentration of passion which in the middle ages led the softer sex into the commission of crimes from which the heart of woman naturally recoils, originating incidents that fill the old chronicles with tales of horror. In our more civilised days, a similar disposition exhibits itself in attachments which, if not always blameless, are generally of long duration, and exclude the flirtations commenced through vanity, and continued through folly, so frequently witnessed in other countries. I have seen Italian women known to have attachments, the publicity of which in France or England would have called forth the severest censure, if not exclusion from society, absolutely shocked at beholding the flirtations of ladies of both these nations, though free from actual guilt, or even the thought of it. When the innocence of such flirtations has been explained to the Italians, they were not less shocked, and they have said,—'What, then, can be the motive that induces these ladies to permit such marked attentions in public, and to receive with such complacency, if not real attachment exists ?' The motive assigned, namely, vanity, prompting the desire of exciting admiration, and the wish for its continuance leading to an apparent preference for the adulator, they could not understand, because vanity has so little influence over them."

A specimen of Lady Blessington's style of sentimentalizing as well as of touching recollections might be quoted from her *Idling* at Rome ; or rather of the sort of serious play, if the phrase can be permitted, when she wishes to turn to account a common occurrence. We refer to the several views that may be taken of the pain and emotions of parting as contrasted with those of the meeting of friends, when long separation is either anticipated, or has been experienced. But we shall go to Venice again for illustration :—

"The silence of Venice constitutes in my opinion, one of its greatest charms. This absence of noise is peculiarly soothing to the mind, and disposes it to contemplation. I looked out from my balcony last night, when the grand canal reflected a thousand brilliant stars on its water, turbid though it be; and the lights streaming from the windows on each side, shewed like golden columns on its bosom. Gondola, after gondola glided along, from some of which soft music stole on the ear, and sometimes their open windows revealed some youthful couple with their guitars, or some more matured ones partaking their light repast of fruit and cakes; while not unfrequently a solitary male figure was seen reclined on the seat, absorbed in the perusal of some book. The scene realised some of the descriptions of Venice read years ago; and except that the gondolas were small in number, and the lights from the houses few and far between, I could have fancied that no change had occurred since the descriptions I referred to were written. The morning light reveals the melancholy alteration; and as I stood on the same balcony to-day, and saw the muddy canal with a few straggling gondolas gliding over it, the defaced and mutilated palaces, and the reduced population, all brought into distinctness by the bright beams of the sun, I could hardly believe it was the same scene that looked so well last night. Moonlight is a great beautifier, and especially of all that has been touched by the finger of decay, from a palace to—a woman. It softens what is harsh, renders fairer what is fair, and disposes the mind to a tender melancholy in harmony with all around."

But when morning comes,—when the sun rises and admits of no indefinite or softening interpretations, Venice presents a melancholy picture, a theme of sad contrasts,—grandeur decaying, and the foot-prints of ruin appearing every where:—

"The sea seems to encroach, by slow but sure degrees, on Venice. I remarked this to-day to our gondolier, who answered, 'No, signora; on the contrary, it is Venice that will at last sink into its arms, for the bride and bridegroom have both lost by their unnatural divorce. Ah, signora! time was when the Adriatic was wedded by our doge, and the nuptials were celebrated with all due pomp; but now, the wife, like many other wives, has forsaken her lord because he is in poverty. 'Tis the way of the world, signora;' and the man smiled at his own wit, though in a sort that indicated little real gaiety. I observe that the Venetian *cicerone* and gondoliers often refer to the past prosperity of Venice, and always in a tone that shews a knowledge of its history, and a pride of its ancient splendour not to be expected from persons of that class. There is something very touching in this sensibility, and it harmonises well with the character of the place, where so many objects remind one of past glory and present decay."

At Parma Napoleon's widow and her mimic form of regal splendour, but shorn of all its dignity, together with various other particulars, convey a most unflattering idea of her who was once the empress of the gayest and most brilliant capital in the world. The ducal palace, its apartments and furniture, are mean and common

place. And then the paltry methods adopted to raise a paltry fee are not less unbecoming the rank of Maria Louisa and the feelings of a mother, than the circumstances now to be noticed contrast strangely with the pompous and solemn ceremonies that have so recently engrossed the Parisians over the ashes of the fallen emperor :—

“ In a lumber-room was shewn us the toilette presented to the Empress of France, and the cradle given to the King of Rome, by the city of Paris! As ill did this mean and vulgar apartment seem fitted to enshrine these costly gifts, the wrecks of an empire unparalleled in history, as did the palace itself to be the residence of her who has been mistress of France! There was the subject of a whole epic poem, and more touching than most of such productions are, in the contemplation of these trophies of the state of Maria Louisa. There was the toilette meant to adorn the person of whom all France delighted to honour. Once lodged in a gilded chamber of the *Thuileries*, which proud and titled dames surrounding it to deck their royal mistress, now, neglected and covered with dust, it was put aside in a lumber-room, and exhibited by a *custode*, who was little conscious that, by this venal display of it, he elicited observations far from favourable to its owner. And there stood the cradle given by the capital of France to him whose birth was hailed with such universal rejoicings ;—the child whose coming into the world was looked upon as the security of that dynasty doomed so soon afterwards to be overthrown. That rich and gorgeous cradle in which slumbered, unconscious of the fate which awaited him, that fair boy over whose pillow Napoleon has bent in rapture, forgetting the fierceness of the warrior in the all-absorbing tenderness of the father,—there it stood tarnished and dimmed, to be scrutinised by strangers for the payment of a few francs! If the fallen empress, to gratify curiosity, or to enrich her menial, could allow the gift made to her in her palmy days to be thus exhibited, surely the heart of the mother ought to have protected from desecration the infant couch of her son ; over which the great, the wondrous, and the since fallen father of that ill-starred child had often stooped to impress the kiss of melting affection on the fair cheek of his sleeping cherub !”

Ravenna is not often visited by our fashionable tourists. The following particulars will therefore be read with the deeper interest, although circumstances have considerably changed in regard to the government of the place. On reaching the only inn in the town, and thence starting to view the lions, the streets were found to be completely deserted :—

“ On turning the corner of a larger street or place than we had hitherto passed, the mystery was solved, in a manner that shocked our feelings not a little ; for we suddenly came almost in personal contact with the bodies of three men hanging from bars erected for the purpose of suspending them. Never did I behold so fearful a sight! The ghastly faces were rendered still more appalling by the floating matted locks, and long beards ; which, as the bodies were agitated into movement by the wind, moved backward

and forward. The eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and the tongues protruded from the distended lips, as in horrid mockery. I felt transfixed by the terrible sight, from which I could not avert my gaze; and each movement of the bodies seemed to invest them with some new features of horror. A party of soldiers of the Pope guarded the place of execution, and paced up and down with gloomy looks, in which fear was more evident than disgust."

This tragedy was one of the results of arbitrary power and papal government in Romagna, about the year 1819, exciting discontent, madness, and revenge in every class of the citizens. We quote an account of these results, some of them ridiculous others sad and grievous :—

"The papal government, alarmed at the increasing acts of violence daily committed, recalled the cardinals of that place and Forli, whose weakness rendered them neither respected nor feared, and substituted in their stead the Cardinal Rivarola, a Genoese of noble family. The choice could not have been more unfortunate. Of an impetuous character and an irascible temper, the natural goodness of his heart, and intelligence of his mind lost their influence over him when exercising the difficult functions he was called to fulfil. Some instances of heat and impatience on his part soon spread general alarm in Romagna, and too speedily did his conduct justify it. The severity of the punishments inflicted for trivial offences furnished the best excuse for the antipathy entertained against the papal government by the inhabitants of Ravenna. If many tragedies were enacted by order of the Cardinal, broad comedies also were not wanting to vary his reign. Among these latter, it is only necessary to cite one as an example. Nocturnal meetings and disturbances having taken place, and the walls of the town being frequently found in the mornings covered with written menaces posted up during the night, against the government and the Cardinal, his Eminence found no better remedy to check this disorder than by publishing an edict commanding that the most severe punishment should be inflicted on any of the inhabitants of Ravenna, without respect to rank, sex, or age, who should be discovered to pass through the streets from the setting of the sun, however early the hour, until the rising, without bearing a lantern. Nor was this command dispensed with even when the moon, which in Italy sheds a light that in less favoured countries might well be mistaken for that of the luminary whence it borrows its splendour, was brilliantly illuminating the town; and most ludicrous was the scene represented to be, of a number of persons passing and repassing, holding lanterns in their hands, when the silvery rays of the moon rendered the place as light as day. The population of Ravenna consists of twenty thousand people, and owing to the want of commerce, scarcely twenty lanterns could be purchased to enable the inhabitants to comply with the Cardinal's edict. But as the order was inflexible, and the irascible temper of him who issued it was well known, it became necessary to exercise every possible contrivance to make, of every sort of material suitable to such an object, the lanterns which the shops could not supply. The ingenuity of the Ravennese soon effected that which would

have puzzled a less imaginative people. They laughed at each other as, like the inhabitants of China, they hurried along with painted paper, oiled silk, and chintz lanterns in their hands. But there were tears and bitterness beneath this momentary mirth, for while this buffoonery was enacting, sentences of dismissal from employments, of dishonour, and of perpetual banishment, inflicted without actual proof of guilt, were daily occurring; the Cardinal yielding to the wishes and suggestions of the bigots who professed a boundless devotion to the papal government, evinced only by the relentless persecution of those of their townsmen who differed from them in politics, or against whom they had any personal pique, which instigated them to vengeance,

With a general and much more favourable picture of domestic life in Italy than is entertained of it by the majority in England, we must close our extracts from the Idler's pleasant volume:—

“Notwithstanding the faultiness of the feeling system, a system so calculated to corrupt the probity of servants, nowhere have I ever found more honest ones than in Italy. Trinkets and ornaments of value, are continually left exposed in apartments open to a large establishment; and I never experienced, or heard of a single instance of theft in a servant, during my residence abroad. The temper, too, of Italian servants contrary to our English preconceived notions of the reverse, are remarkably good, and their manners towards their employers not only profoundly respectful, but peculiarly obliging; as they evince an anxious desire to anticipate the wishes of those they serve. Their gratitude for good treatment, or trivial favours conferred on them, is always lively, and not only expressed by words, but is shown in their actions. Altogether, I consider Italian servants to be more zealous in the discharge of their duties, and more disposed to attach themselves to their employers, than those of any other country. The want of attachment to the families they serve is considered to be such a reproach to Italian servants, that those sometimes affect an undue degree of it, who feel it only slightly. An amusing instance of this once occurred in our establishment. An additional servant being engaged at Pisa, on leaving that place some seven or eight months after for Florence, poor Ranieri (which was the name of the Pisan) expressed such sorrow at being left behind, and shed tears so plentifully in testimony of his grief, that we were induced to take him with us. After two or three months sojourn at Florence, when the time approached for our proceeding to Rome for the winter, Ranieri one day, his voice inaudible from his sobs and sighs, informed the *maitre-d'hôtel* that he must leave the service, and return to Pisa, as his wife was in a dying state. Ranieri was so good and attentive a servant, that every one in the establishment expressed their sympathy in his affliction, and I sent for him, and told him that he might immediately depart, as we could not think of detaining him a single hour from his poor wife, whose danger he represented as being so imminent. His tears and sobs redoubled when I spoke to him, and he exclaimed, ‘Ah, Signora Contessa! think of my sorrow at being compelled to leave a family in which I have experienced nothing but kindness. It is too much—my heart will break!’ ‘But it cannot be

helped, Ranieri, your poor wife's state demands your immediate presence, and though they lose you, we cannot think of detaining you from her.' At this moment Mr. Walter Savage Landor entered to pay me a visit, and the kindness of heart for which he is so peculiarly distinguished, having led him to betray a sympathy in the apparent grief of Ranieri, I repeated to him its cause, and he addressed a few words of comfort to the mourner. 'Here, Signor Landor, is the letter which acquaints me with the dreadful state of my poor wife, read it, and judge of my regret, torn as my heart is by contending feelings, between my duty as a husband, and a servant.' Mr. Landor took the letter, his eyes, as well as mine, moistened by compassion for poor Ranieri. Before, however, he had perused many lines, I observed, to my great surprise, smiles playing round his lips, notwithstanding every effort to subdue them. The contents of the epistle were nearly as follows. 'You say you cannot leave your kind masters, without a good excuse for so doing. I suspect that you prefer remaining with them than fulfilling your duties at home. If you only want an excuse, why not say that your wife is dying? They cannot then blame you for coming to me. You say the weekly bill, of your laundress amounts to four pauls. Who, in the name of all the saints, ever heard of such a piece of extravagance? It is not to be borne, and therefore I desire you to return forthwith, to one who can wash your linen better, I am persuaded than any laundress at Florence, and for less than one quarter of that sum. Ever since your departure, I have sat with my hands crossed, sad, not only on account of your absence, but from want of occupation; and all this while you have been paying four pauls for that which I could well do for one. It vexes me to think of it. I send you a letter at the same time as this, to show *Il Maestro di Casa*, or the English lord and lady, if you think fit, in order to furnish you with a satisfactory motive for leaving their service. Come as soon as you can. Four pauls, indeed! It is shocking to think of.' Poor Ranieri! who could neither read nor write, had, through mistake, shown the wrong letter, but neither the kind-hearted reader of his letter nor I let him know his mistake: and he set out for Pisa shedding many tears, caused in truth by being compelled to abandon a good place and indulgent masters, but which he now affected to be partly occasioned by the alleged danger of his wife."

ART. XII.—*The Christian Ministry as a Vocation in reference to the wants of the Present Times.* pp. 52. London: 1840.

A MINISTER'S thoughts and concern are officially and necessarily for others. He has his congregation before his mind in his solitary study. He judges of the fitness of a consolation or reproof by the condition and feelings of some of his flock; he determines even what to think upon, or what to write, by his knowledge of the moral state of others. In the pulpit, he thinks, he feels, he speaks, for others; he tries to help the devotion of others in his prayers. He recollects what he has said in public with reference to its probable effect on others, and goes amongst his flock to repeat his instructions and exhortations. If a minister's heart were impassible like

wax, and each character he comes in contact with, could stamp it, it would present a strange appearance. Every week he has to be imprinted afresh. New cases of interest continually occur to make a deeper impression than the former. He must go through the houses of his people, if from no better motive, to forestall the half affectionate and half murmuring complaint at his long absence.

It is evident, that no man can give himself up to such cares and influences without losing all originality and freshness of character and feeling, unless, by a determined and systematic effort, he makes the cultivation of his own mind a prominent object of his life. He cannot for a long time profit others without it. But this is not the motive which we would at present urge. He owes it to himself; he must not neglect himself in caring for others; he is of as much importance as any other individual, considered as an intelligent being; his own character and influence cannot be formed or sustained, without watchfulness against the effect of almost incessant and desultory effort.

He, however, who should withdraw from the world and give himself to solitary study, would soon be unfit for the Christian ministry, and lose perhaps the best of his opportunities for moral improvement. A minister must live and move amongst his people, if he would be successful even as a preacher. Subjects suggested by the experience of a parishioner, and coming crystallized and sparkling with accretions gained by passing through the well-stored mind of the preacher, will be likely to affect many minds.

All discourses, however, are not, they cannot be, drawn from incidents in a parish. There are themes which are not for the will of man. But even these depend, for their effect upon a congregation, on that power of presenting truth which is learned only by knowing the channels in which the thoughts of men are apt to flow, and on that ability to make a subject practical which is gained by acquaintance with the wants and errors of the human mind.

To this we may add the necessity of constant improvement, from the advancement of the community in general knowledge. Popular lectures make men familiar not only with the various subjects of literature and science, but with the best forms of thought and expression. They bring their instructed minds to the ministrations of the sanctuary; and, while the preacher has the advantage over all who address them, in his opportunities of reaching their minds and hearts, he must not, in his reliance on this superiority, fail to make his "profiting appear to all." He should seek for the best gifts in thinking and writing and speaking, that his instructions may not be held in disadvantageous comparison with those of literary teachers. If, instead of suggesting new trains of thought, or presenting sacred truth in varied and interesting lights, he occupies his discourses chiefly with exhortations, or moralizes effemi-

nately, or abounds excessively in that tropical luxuriance to which an imaginative mind is prone, he will excite the disrespect, if not the contempt, of his hearers. On the principle of self-defence, as a means of continuing in his place, to say nothing of his usefulness, it is essential that the minister take heed to these things. But we now recur to our original motive for self-cultivation, from which we have thus digressed to magnify its importance.

As the camomile gives out its fragrance and multiplies itself by being trodden underfoot, so the minister, who sacredly attends to the improvement of his own mind, is helped in his intellectual efforts by those incessant and urgent demands upon him, which oppress and overcome one who does not study. The studious minister is a student everywhere; the secretive powers of his mind are always at work; he is getting intellectual and moral nourishment from men and things, from cursory reading, from passing events and scenes. When called to public intellectual effort, if his health and spirits are in a proper tone, he will have an alacrity of thought and feeling from the influence of active duties upon his cultivated mind. In his private ministerial labours, the consciousness of doing his duty to himself as an intellectual being will give him the same alacrity, and a sustaining energy in his business, and amongst men. He verifies Cicero's eulogium upon letters; "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris;—nobiscum peregrinantur.*" There is an electricity about the mind of such a man, which accumulates thoughts and illustrations wherever he may be. His mind is fertilized, and the seeds of things, which drop into it from books or observation, yield, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold. The habit of original study gives a man an invigoration, a muscularity of mind, which impresses others with a sense of his strength. He makes a path of his own through every subject.

So long as the studies which a clergyman pursues are not unprofitable (and it is hard to say of almost anything, as a subject of investigation, that it is useless), and provided he does not become absorbed in it, as eccentric minds are apt to be in their odd selections, we had almost said it is no matter what a man chooses by which to exercise the investigating powers of his mind. A knowledge of the things which lie immediately within the scope of his profession, and those concentric studies which belong to his calling, every one who would write sermons is obliged in some manner to regard. But there is something to be done for the mind, beyond its ordinary occupation with mere professional studies. These will soon fatigue and disgust, if not interchanged with studies which have no immediate relation to the profession. It is of great use to keep up a course of reading, or the study of some language, or the investigation of some science, which has not, perceptibly, even a remote connexion with one's calling. It gives a vigour to the intel-

lectual powers upon returning to the specific duties of the profession. It imparts a self-respect amongst men ; it opens unexpected sources of illustration.

There will be one effect from a determined adherence to the principle we are considering, which many preachers, we cannot doubt, would find favourable to their increased usefulness. It would lead them to write fewer but more valuable sermons. A conscientious minister is apt to employ his time in intellectual efforts for the pulpit, which on account of their number are necessarily inferior, except that occasionally, in a moment of inspiration, he will produce a discourse which he will dare to rank among his happy efforts. When he looks over his manuscripts, his heart sometimes sinks at the sight of what he cannot regard otherwise than as useless matter ;—though, when he wrote and preached these discourses, they had to his mind the interest of novelty and of a present excitement. Few discourses will have the same interest to the writer's mind at all times ; they should not, therefore, be hastily condemned ; but we believe that the younger clergy, to say the least, generally feel, that they have a collection of manuscripts, prepared amidst the multiplicity of parochial cares, which are unfit to be repeated, or to be read by another.

We believe that this evil can be in a measure remedied, though juvenile efforts will generally appear in an unfavourable light to the mature judgment of the writer. The evil, we believe, can be remedied in part by a solemn determination to make the preparation for the pulpit the first and great labour of the ministerial life, by devoting much time to the selection and arrangement of each subject, and, by right habits of self-improvement, bringing a well-stored mind to its discussion. If a minister sustains himself and makes visible improvement in his pulpit, he is established in the confidence and respect of his people ; but, if he fails here, however laborious and affectionate and faithful he may be elsewhere, the people will soon tire of his services. Now, if, instead of preparing two sermons a week, each hastily written, the time and strength should be devoted to one, the influence of the pulpit would be greater, the people would be more permanently edified, the preparation of discourses would become easier and more pleasant, and, what is desirable, a great number of them would bear to be repeated. Some plan in connexion with this, with respect to the other service on the Sabbath, such as preaching extempore, or a system of exchanges, will enable the young preacher to advance in his ministerial labour with pleasure and profit.

These remarks have an important bearing upon a topic of peculiar interest to parishes and the clergy at the present day. We refer to the frequent dismissal of ministers. We have no doubt, that one cause of this evil is the want of studious habits in many of the

clergy, owing in part to the increased benevolent efforts of the times. If a minister considered it a principal object of his life to study, not only would the people be better satisfied with his labours, but he would think less of the inconvenience and trials of his place.

It is but of little consequence, to a good and faithful minister, where he is settled, as it regards his own profit, or his influence on the world. A man may be almost buried in a hamlet amongst the mountains. The world may never read or hear his name. He faithfully uses the trust committed to him, and dies almost unknown. Such an one may not only be acknowledged hereafter as a better servant than another, whose name and fame were great amongst men, but it may also happen, that the tradition, if not the contemporaneous record, of his hidden life, is published to the world; and then his simple faith, his unambitious spirit, his devoted love for his Master and his charge, have a greater effect upon the world, than he could have produced, if he had preached to thousands, and had spent his life in the scenes of a great city. There are places, small and inconsiderable, in our own and in other lands, which will probably be known, for many generations, by their association with the name and memory of the minister who spent his life in their quiet and almost unknown retirements. We are deceived, if we think that our characters or usefulness depend, mainly, upon our places of labour. Young ministers, especially, need to learn, that their usefulness is not to be computed by their immediate and obvious success. Opposite the window, at which we are writing, there is a tall, young elm. Its trunk, black with the rain which is now falling, shows, in strong contrast, the few tufted leaves which it has yet been able to produce, while, not far from it, a young fruit-tree is already full of leaves and blossoms. The latter will not long retain its present beauty, it cannot yield much fruit, and, fifty-years hence, it will probably be a suitable emblem of a man of God, beneath whose quiet influence the generations of a people, their flowers and their taller grass, have fallen asleep. This is an age of sudden and violent impulse to do good, to reform mankind, to hasten the cycles of the divine decrees. Young ministers partake, to some extent, of the spirit of the times, and are unlike the nation which the Prophet said, had not, from its youth, been emptied from vessel to vessel. We are persuaded that one great means of curing the evil is, (not to be less benevolent, not to have a jealousy and fear of all reforms, but) to recognise and practise this truth, that a prominent object of a minister's life should be self-cultivation.

We have spoken chiefly of intellectual culture. The Christian ministry affords the best possible opportunities for moral self-cultivation. In observing examples of excellent goodness, and also of the unsuspected deceitfulness of the human heart, in commending

and reproving others, a minister will be reminded of his own deficiencies ; and while he seeks to make others better, how can he, without hypocrisy, neglect his own teachings ? Secluded from the world in a degree favourable to reflection, and yet continually called into the world, at least by his official intercourse with his people, he may fully realize all that is good in the idea of the monastic life. He is not taken "out of the world," but is in a great measure kept "from the evil." He has advantages for learning all that is of general value in other callings, without the undesirable liabilities and necessities of those callings. His studies, for instance, may lead him into some of the paths of the profession which is concerned with the principles of law ; for a knowledge of these principles is of use in the statement and illustration of Christian truth ; but how different with him is the object and use of such knowledge, from its employment in the perplexing and wearisome contests of man with his neighbour. So with respect to the facts and principles of almost every other calling ; the Christian minister has an advantage from them, in which, compared with those who are employed in their practical application to the arts and purposes of life, he is like the earth, which drinks in the showers which the sun, and sea, and clouds have wrought. He seems to be set apart in every respect, by the arrangements of Providence, for the highest advantage to his moral improvement, and, at the same time, he is deprived of no privilege, nor excluded from anything which is necessary to his consciousness of being a member, in full communion, of the great human family.

The improvement of these opportunities for moral culture will show itself in the character of his appeals from the pulpit. A man, who has done nothing but inform himself, by study, with regard to facts and theories, will address himself only to the understanding, and that with but little success. He will be, perhaps, an instructive, but certainly a hard, dry, uninteresting preacher. We remember Burke's opinion of "the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician." The subjects, with which a preacher is conversant, and the motives which are supposed to influence him, will, of course, sever his heart from the cold and inhuman influences which gather round the soul of one whose chief employment is to practise metaphysical alchemy upon the nature of man. But, next to him, in doing injustice to the nature which God has given us, is the man who sets forth moral and religious truth, as though we had only the power of cold and barren intellection. What a mysterious and dread power is the human conscience ! To approach it, and deal with it successfully, requires more art and care than in approaching a Pythoness ; —to secure its well-instructed aid, to prevent its encouragement of evil doing, is oftentimes a harder work than was the bringing back of Eurydice from hell. The man, who would do it successfully,

must be able to say, in sympathy with Apostolic goodness,—“ We trust we have a good conscience.” He must know its ocean-like depths and changes, its troubled billows, its halcyon peace. He must have experienced the bitterness of sorrow at its silence with regard to his errors and sins, when it was spell-bound by evil desire ; he must have felt its power, when it afterward shouted, like a giant by reason of wine. Of the human conscience, it may be said, “ Its roaring is the roaring of a lion, but its favour is as dew upon the grass.” Surely none but he who has made himself a study, can speak of such thing successfully to his fellow-men ; and we say, that there are no opportunities for such study more favorable than those which he enjoys, who has the “ cure of souls,” and is thereby led, if he is a sincere and honest man, to a self-application of the errors, and the self-deceit, and the good moral examples of others.

Emotion is indispensable to the highest usefulness in preaching ; and there are no circumstances which call into exercise the various emotions of the human soul, to be compared with those which occur in the experience of a parish clergyman. The necessity of sympathizing with the joys and sorrows of his flock, gives one, who is sincerely engaged in doing good to his fellow-creatures, that moral sensibility which is essential to completeness of character. He is forbidden to be a Stoic, by the irresistible appeals which the circumstances of his people make to his heart. He cannot be diligent without having continual occasion for the exercise, and so for the cultivation, of feelings, which, to some, strangely seem unmanly, but without which man is not complete. Pride makes us strive to conceal a softness and delicacy, which nature and the providence of God conspire to produce by things and events around us. We cannot yield ourselves up to the influence of natural objects without being softened ; and the natural influence of many of the events of life is to make us tender and gentle. We need not be ashamed of this, for true genius always has a touch of the feminine. Even in those cases, in which the reign of horrid passions has made the heart desolate of every good thing, no sooner does trouble come, then we discover this same attendant of greatness ; as when the frost falls on an evergreen, the vine, which had hid itself in the changeless tree, turns red, and shows itself, in striking contrast to the unyielding green.

But there is danger, to some extent at the present day, of an undue predominance of sentiment in the character and feelings. The pulpit determines the moral sentiments of men, more than any other instrumentality, when the clergy are men of proper intellectual and moral influence. The philosophy which they teach, in connexion with religion, pervades the community. They may inculcate a cold, unfeeling system of moral sentiments, and perhaps this is generally the greatest danger. But there is another and opposite

error. By appealing to the religious principle in man, which is intimately associated with the love of the mysterious, it is easy to affect meditative minds with such a passion for spiritualizing, that they will dwell continually in an ideal world. There is a luxury to some in spiritual dreams; a witchery in an imagination, to whose eye new and strange forms of beauty and of supposed truth come forth from common or heretofore unheeded things, investing characters and places with sentimental charms, and making mystery hang around us.

It is true enough, that we live in a world where sensitive minds are exposed to painful contact with vulgar people. It is also true, that it is rare to meet with those who are natural and simple in their feelings, who have instinctive and just perceptions of natural beauty, who are artless, and humble, and modest, and free from selfishness. In weariness of the world around them, in the desire for something better than the senses furnish, there is a temptation, with many, to indulge in reveries, and roam in the solitudes of a fanciful creation, and, when they return to every-day life, to feel and think about every thing with a spiritualized habit of mind. The danger from this is a prevailing effeminacy of thought and feeling, and a more exquisite state of the moral sensibilities than is consistent with the absolute duties of life.

We have no sympathy with those who allow no refined sentiments, which are incapable of demonstration by an anatomical knife, or by figures. But when a system of morals, or of natural or revealed religion is built upon them, and, chiefly, with them, there is cause for alarm. We deplore that austere and unfeeling method of representing religious truth, as though men had no fancy or imagination. He who overlooks these powers, in addressing men, must be strangely ignorant of the history of literature, and the universal sympathy of the human mind with those productions which are characterized by imaginative genius. He must even be ignorant of the Bible, of the chosen method in which the Most High, to a great degree, has seen fit to instruct men. With some, every thing which is brought in as a means accessory to a bare declaration of truth, is undervalued and decried. Strange as the ancient match of Vulcan and Venus may appear to us, we could wish that it were more frequently seen spiritualized, in many pulpits. We have sometimes heard men, in conversation, find fault, almost contemptuously, with the refinements of thought and speech in preaching, of which they manifestly needed an infusion, to correct their overgrown propensities of another kind. It is a great attainment to have such a knowledge of the human mind, as to be able to address truth to it in accordance with its various susceptibilities to impression. But, while it is unphilosophical to set forth truth in such a form that it can affect only the understanding, it is a worse error

to consider the fancy or imagination as the governing power of the mind. The characteristic influence of the former method will be, not to do much good, but of the latter to do much hurt. For he who practises upon the latter principle, will lead men to disregard the old foundations of truth, and rely upon unsubstantial and visionary sentiments. The young are in danger of this tendency, whether they teach or learn. Many are so fascinated with the charms of beautiful and poetic thought, that they seem like one, who, having for the first time looked through a prism, is so delighted with the rich, gorgeous colours, that the common light is afterwards unsatisfying.

The leading and commanding power of a preacher should, no doubt, be investigation and argument. But let him add to his faith, virtue ;—let moral sentiments, and feelings coming from the original depths of the soul, blend with his intellectual conceptions. He is only half a man and half a preacher, if he fails of this. His example and authority for it are the teachings of him, who spake as never man spake. Some, who are in earnest in preaching against error, preach truth in such forms, and with such absence of emotion, that their truth is practical error. The studies, the meditations, the devotions, the various scenes, which are incident to the Christian ministry, it would seem, are sufficient to make any one ardent in this calling, and to excite and cultivate those emotions, which are the beauty and excellency of an intelligent mind.

But the reason why so many educated minds have so little individuality, no doubt is, an extreme haste to enter upon professional life. Youth and inexperience catch at the nearest examples and helps. In after life, it is difficult to begin the work of original self-cultivation. There is need, that teachers should, to a greater extent be teachers of the individual, rather than of classes ; and that the pupil, who is past the season of youth, should have a sense of his separateness of character from other minds.

ART. XIII.

1. *The History of Banbury.* By ALFRED BEESLEY. Part 1. Nichols and Son.
2. *The History and Antiquities of Leath Ward in the County of Cumberland.* By SAMUEL JEFFERSON. Nichols and Son.
3. *The History and Antiquities of Syon Monastery, the Parish of Isleworth, and the Chapelry of Hounslow.* By G. J. AUNGIER. Nichols and Son.

THESE works supply a variety of interesting information not merely the inhabitants of the localities embraced by them, but to the student of national history and antiquities,—of family genealogies and ancient manners. The first and second strikingly testify and

illustrate how rich is the soil of England, with the remains of the British, the Roman, the Danish, the Saxon, and the Norman periods, and how strange have been the vicissitudes in the civil and the religious government of the country. Take Banbury, for an example, which is situated near the northern extremity of Oxfordshire, at a part where the river Cherwell divides that county from Northamptonshire, together with the adjoining townships and hamlets; and what a copious field, as the First Part of the History now before us demonstrates, does there exist in that neighbourhood for antiquarian research and historical illustration! First of all, the Druidical remains are remarkable, as witness the circle at Rollrich, the diameter of which is more than a hundred feet. This locality and its vicinity were inhabited before the Roman Invasion by the tribe whom Ptolemy calls Dobuni; and from the number and character of the vestiges left, although not mentioned in history, it is clear that at that very remote period the district must have been one of importance. "Four Camps, at Nadbury, Madmarston, Tadmarston and Ilbury, undoubtedly of the earliest antiquity among the earthworks of this island, are all situated within the part of the Dobunian territory about Banbury." There are similar vestiges in the neighbourhood; which, considering their relative as well as separate and individual position, and the face of the tract so distinguished, warrants the following remarks:—

"The face of this whole tract, and of the district to the east and west of it, is peculiarly adapted for communication by signals from height to height across the intersecting vallies; and accordingly each camp is formed on a lofty elevation, from which (even now that the enclosures have done so much to limit the bounds of sight) there is a very extensive prospect, especially in the direction of the other camps. Thus, from Nadbury camp the view is open, southward and eastward, even as far as to the most distant camp at Ilbury and to that at Rainsborough in Northamptonshire; and, in the opposite directions, across the Carnabian Vale. From the Tadmarton entrenchment, on a clear day, the eye reaches over the Tew hills and beyond the intervening valley of Oxford to some of the Chalk hills of the Chiltern range. Yet it is observable, with reference to the art with which these great Earthworks were formed, that few of them occupy the most conspicuous parts of hills; those elevated spots having been generally chosen which were less likely to attract the notice of an enemy, especially if, as seems the case, they were usually surrounded with woods. The construction of the British fortresses on a plan so calculated to combine facility of communication with security is a strong ground, in addition to many others, for believing that the ancient Britons were not such a race of mere barbarians as many writers have been accustomed to represent them."

There are also Tumuli or Barrows around Banbury which appear to be of British origin, besides other indications of the ancient inhabitants of the land. But when we come to the Roman period the

coins which have been frequently dug up speak a more precise language concerning the antiquity of the place. But the most important Roman remain is said to be a Castrensian Amphitheatre, which is thus noticed by Mr. Beesley :—

“ The Roman people were early debased by the gladiatorial and other shows in the Amphitheatres ; and on the site of almost every Roman colony there are indications of the existence of such places, either constructed or excavated. In many parts, the Roman garrisons contented themselves with Castrensian or Camp-like Amphitheatres ; in the construction of which they usually chose natural vallies surrounded with hills, in the declivities of which they cut benches or terraces from which a view was afforded over the arena. In this island very few such records of the barbarous pleasures of Roman antiquity now remain, The Amphitheatre at Banbury is in a field called Berrymoor, adjoining the town, on the right of the turn to Bloxham. It is a semicircular work, open to the north ; and is cut in the concave face of a steep hill the summit of which overlooks the town. The Arena measures 134 feet in breadth ; and rising above it, on the face of the hill, are three broad terraces made for the spectators of the combats, which terraces are respectively 25, 39, and 59 feet (measured on the slope) above the Arena. These are calculated to afford a view of the sports to more than two thousand persons.”

Mr. B. has been at pains to become acquainted with the probable derivation of many local names, an important feature in a topographical and an antiquarian work, but which with this observation we pass over. But we shall let him be heard relative to the introduction of Christianity as well as to the signs of civilization among the Dobuni which must have accompanied their intercourse and alliance with the invaders.

“ Before the Romans retreated from these parts of their empire, the country of the Dobuni (the earliest allies of the Romans in Britain) had been for nearly four centuries the seat of arts and peace, of civilisation and luxury. The remains already recorded of towns, villas, baths, and temples, bear out the remark of one of our best Historians that the people had indeed ‘ become Romans.’

“ It is probable that Christianity was introduced here at a very early period. We find from Tacitus, that Pomponia Græcina, a British lady, the wife of Aulus Plautius who first led the Roman armies hither, was accused of being devoted to a strange and gloomy superstition, by which it has been thought that Christianity was implied : and certainly some accounts appear to shew that British Christianity dates as early as the apostolic age. Referring to a later period, just after the departure of the Romans, one of our historians, says Kennet, ‘ founds a long story on a Christian church and patron of it within the county of Oxford, above one hundred and fifty years before the coming of Austin the monk [which was A.D. 596]. And by better authority we after find, that one of the most fatal mischiefs occasioned by the incursion of the Angles, was the persecution of the British converts in these

parts. For when the Angli took possession of Mercia, wherever they prevailed, the British Christians were martyred or expelled. That our religion flourished early in these parts does appear from the saints who were here buried, and whose shrines did long invite the ignorant and superstitious : of whom there was St. Brenwold at Bampton, St. Hyerith a virgin at Cheselhampton, and St. Donanverdh at Beckley.' "

The Saxons who gave the name Oxenfordscyre to the county particularly under consideration, and the devastation wrought amongst them by the Danes, occupy the attention of our author ; their period like the others receiving a variety of engraved illustrations. The next part, which is to appear on the 1st of February, is to contain the first portion of an Architectural description of the Churches of the neighbourhood of Banbury, which must be fertile in that department of research and testimony, and which Mr. Beesley appears to have the knowledge and the antiquarian enthusiasm fully to cultivate.

The work to which we now come is completed, and together with more general matter, or strictly historical and antiquarian notices, gives Biographical Memoirs ; the Ward, or hundred of Leath, which comprises the South-eastern part of Cumberland, extending to about thirty-five miles in length, and of irregular width, being the district which forms the subject of the book, and of numerous illustrative plates. Here too are Druidical remains, as well as many which must have had their origin in the several periods already named of the country's annals ; and although the more northern province was considerably removed from one of the most celebrated seats of learning, and was inhabited by a more barbarous people than that which the first British allies with the Romans could have long continued to be, yet neither in respect of warlike deeds nor of princely families and valiant men will the Border county yield to any within the island. With commendable industry and respectable talent has Mr. Jefferson applied himself to his task, which, if equally well performed with reference to every corner and section of England would be most acceptable to a large class of readers. We present one short extract relative to the last of a once numerous local family. The specimen will show how the author can enlist without apparent labour, tradition, general reading, and imagination, to bring home to the feelings the weight of a few facts.

" The great north road through Carlisle to Edinburgh and Glasgow traverses the parish and passes over Wragmire Moss, of which part of the road we have the following notice in Bishop Nicolson's MSS. : ' In 1354, a grant was made of forty days' indulgence to any that should contribute to the repairs of the high-way through Wragmire ; and to the support of John de Corbrig, a poor hermit living in that part.' On Wragmire Moss, until the year 1823, there was a well-known oak, known as the last tree of Inglewood Forest, which had survived the blasts of 700 or 800 winters. This

'time-honoured' oak was remarkable, not only for the beauty of the wood, which was marked in a similar manner to satin-wood, but as being a boundary mark between the manors of the Duke of Devonshire and the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, as also between the parishes of Hesket and St. Cuthbert's Carlisle; and was noticed as such for upwards of 600 years. This 'gnarled and knotted oak,' which had weathered so many hundred stormy winters, was become considerably decayed in its trunk. It fell not, however, by the tempest or the axe, but from sheer old age: this happened on the 13th of June, 1823. If not of late years, as beautiful in its foliage, nor presenting such a goodly assemblage of wide-spreading and umbrageous branches, as some other celebrated oaks, yet it was an object of great interest, being the veritable last tree of Inglewood Forest. Xerxes, who cared not for the sacrifice of human life, would not suffer his army to destroy trees, and halted his mighty host for three days that he might repose beneath the Phrygian plane; and yet, probably, that tree had not numbered half the years of this relic of Inglewood, under whose spreading branches may have reposed the victorious Edward I., who is said to have killed 200 bucks in this ancient forest; and perhaps, at a later period, 'John de Corbrig, the poor hermit' of Wragmire, has counted his beads beneath its shade."

The History and Antiquities of Syon Monastery, &c. occupy a more limited field and refer chiefly to a more clearly defined subject than either of the two publications above noticed; for Mr. Aungier's design has been "to rescue from oblivion some remembrance of one of the most interesting of our monastic structures." While doing this with zeal and ability he has also exhibited a full and speaking picture of monastic life and of the "Rules" established for the government of a particular establishment; together with presenting a history of vicissitudes as well as of virtue which persons clinging to the Protestant faith will find to run counter to their pre-conceived notions, but which ought not on that account to be the less heartily welcomed. We must give a brief sketch of the foundation and the fortunes of this religious house, with some unabridged passages from Mr. Aungier's pages.

St. Bridget, a princess of the Blood Royal of Sweden, was born at the beginning of the fourteenth century. At an early age she married, and had a family of eight children: but after the death of her husband, a Swedish prince, she renounced the world, partitioned her fortune among her offspring, built a monastery in her native country for monks as well as nuns, and was canonized after her decease on account of her remarkable sanctity and services.

Henry the Fifth of England, who adopted various methods to appease his conscience on account of his cruel and unjustifiable wars in France, and that he might secure the forgiveness of heaven, founded the Monastery of Syon, near Isleworth, which we are told,—

"Was the only religious house in England which professed the modified order of St. Augustine, as reformed by St. Bridget, and consisted of eighty-five persons, answering to our Saviour's thirteen apostles (St. Paul included), and seventy-two disciples; viz. of sixty nuns or sisters, whereof one was to be lady abbess, thirteen priests, one of whom was to preside over the men as professor general, four deacons representing the four doctors of the church, Ambrose, Augustine, Gregory, and Jerome, and eight lay brethren, in all twenty-five men, which number was not to be extended. It was dedicated to our Saviour, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and St. Bridget, of the Order of St. Augustine, whose rules were observed by this class of religion, with certain particular constitutions, said to have been dictated to St. Bridget by our Saviour in a vision. The chief objects of the particular devotions prescribed by them were the Passion of Christ, and the honour of his holy mother."

The original site of Syon Monastery was in the parish of Twickenham, the first monastic engagement, or that of persons coming under the professional vows of the order, taking place in 1420, in presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury,—Henry the Sixth in 1431 granting permission to the abbess and convent to remove to a more spacious edifice which they had built upon their demesne within the parish of Isleworth. St. Bridget ordered a complete separation to be made between the sisterhood and brotherhood, which was established and observed in this monastery, and the following regulations convey an idea of the general stringency and self-denying severity of the institution:—

"The clothing of the sisters consisted of two chemises of white flannel, one for daily use, the other for washing. One gown of grey cloth, and one hood, the sleeves of which did not extend further than to the middle finger; the folds hanging round the hand, when they performed their manual services, were bound to the arms with a clasp. Also one mantle of grey cloth, like the gown and hood, not plaited or finely made, but tight and plain, the whole being for use, not vanity; single in summer, but in winter lined, not with delicate skins, but with those of lambs or sheep. Also a pilch,* made of the same skins, for the winter, which was not to reach the earth by a palm's breadth, and to be fastened at the breast by a wooden clasp. For the covering of the feet in summer, they had shoes reaching to their ankles, and stockings reaching to their knees; but in winter, boots as high as their knees, lined with cloth, and stockings equally high. A fillet was the ornament of their head, by which the forehead and chin were surrounded, and the face partly opened, the extremities being fastened by a pin at the back of the head. Upon this was placed a black linen veil, which, that it might

* "A tippet of skins, *pellicium*, whence also the modern *pellisse*. The word *pilch* occurs in Chaucer. From the *super-pellicium* is derived the modern *surplice*."

not fall down, was also fastened by three pins, one at the forehead, and two for the ears. Upon the veil was placed a cap of white linen, to which were sewn five pieces of red cloth, like five drops, allusive to the five wounds of our Saviour; the first piece on the forehead, the second on the back of the head, the third and fourth about the ears, and the fifth in the middle of the head, in the form of a cross. One pin in the middle fastened this cap, and adapted it to the head. Widows as well as virgins might wear this cap as a sign of continence and chastity."

Their bedding was of straw, with two blankets of grey cloth or linen and mattresses. With regard to some other restraints and limitations we read thus :—

"The duty of silence was very generally enjoined in monastic institutions. In the fifth chapter of the Rule of this order, strict silence was to be kept by the sisters and brethren (except those who were deputed to such offices as could not be fitly executed without speaking) during certain specified portions of the day; but as their wants could not be supplied without some means of communication, a table of signs was compiled for their use. Conversation with seculars was permitted only in company, and with the license of the abbess, from noon to vespers, and this only on Sundays, and the great feasts of the Saints, not however by going out of the house, but by sitting at the appointed windows; for to none was it permitted after their entrance to leave the cloisters of the monastery. If any sister desired to be seen by her parents or honest and dear friends, she might with the permission of the abbess open the window occasionally during the year; but if she did not open it, a more abundant reward was assured to her hereafter. No sister was admitted into the monastery before the age of eighteen, nor any of the brethren before twenty-five years of age."

Down to Henry the Eighth's times and his arbitrary spoliating measures, Syon Monastery appears to have enjoyed the repose contemplated by the founders of such houses, and to have affected many of its professed purposes; nevertheless that gross tyrant caused a visitation to take place in 1534, which disturbed their peacefulness or brought to light their inefficiency and mal-practices; but which does not appear to have discovered any evil in the ways at least of the sisterhood of Syon Monastery; although offence had been taken at the conduct or language of some of the monks. A dissolution, however, of the establishment was inevitable, when its community withdrew to Flanders where they remained till recalled by Mary. On the accession of her sister it was necessary again to seek an asylum in a foreign country; and Flanders was once more selected; but from that time down to a recent period the privations, sufferings, and vicissitudes of the community have been singular and romantic. Some of the Kings of Spain befriended them with pensions, and frequent have been the aids sent them by the Catholics of England and Holland, as well as the supplies of new members.

At one time they are driven from Brabant to which they had removed from Dermot in the Low Countries. At another from Mecklin, so again from Antwerp and also from Rouen, sometimes after a short residence in the selected places, and in utter dread of violence and murder. Hear, for example, how they were treated and upon what charges at the last named place :—

“On the Sunday before St. Martin’s day, A.D. 1587, forty-four of the common conduits being broken, and dried up, as frequently happened, a multitude of people with pails, pots, pitchers, &c. came into their court before the church-door, and demanded water, in the presence of all the people who were there to hear mass, saying they had made a secret conduit in their cave, and dried up all the common conduits in the city; crying, ‘They are strangers, they are English, our old enemies; why should they be amongst us?’ with other like speeches. This tumult was spread and maintained by the French, who had placed their confederates at every conduit, to incense the people who came for water, telling them that the Bridgetines were the cause of this, and sending them to the convent for water. Thus the community was made odious to the people, which was a most dangerous thing, for strangers, as they experienced in other countries; for, at Mechlin, on a like report, the common people, despite of the magistrates, who could not stop them, broke into the sisters’ inclosure, entered their cells, refectory, and choir, searching and ransacking all places for armour and weapons, which was contrived against them, that they might be plundered, and banished the city. And though they found nothing of what they pretended to seek, yet every one took what they liked, and departed, leaving the poor sisters in great misery and confusion. The Lady Catharine Palmer was so frightened, that it was the occasion of her death, to the unspeakable discouragement and loss of the convent. In the present difficulty, the Father had no remedy left but to go to the pastors and preachers, it being Sunday, and desire them to publish and certify the contrary to the people. This method he adopted; and he also sent some of the brethren to stand by the conduits to notice and contradict the seditious inciters of the people; through which, this enterprise was divested of further bad consequences.”

They continued, however, at Rouen until Henry of Navarre became its master, upon which they removed to Lishon where they remained until 1809. when the presence of the French rendered the place unsafe for them. They thence returned to England where they were hospitably received by wealthy and influential friends. Yet even here they have encountered troubles, although their condition is now comparatively enviable. We must quote a brief account of some of these troubles:—

“In 1811 they inhabited a small house at Walworth, in Surrey; but subsequently a larger house was purchased, and properly fitted up for them at Peckham, called after the name of their convent, Syon House, where they received novices, professed three choir nuns, with one or two lay-sisters,

and where also, with the assistance of their friends, they established a boarding-school for young ladies of the Roman Catholic religion, at first with success; but, their circumstances becoming afterwards embarrassed, they determined to break up the establishment, and sell most of their effects by public auction, to satisfy their creditors. Dr. Poynter placed the youngest of the ten, and also the surviving choir nuns who had been professed at Peckham, in different convents—In the interim, three or four of the old nuns, and one of the new professed had died. A house was procured near the Roman Catholic chapel, Clarendon-square, Somers-town, for the remaining nuns, where they lived for some time; but were subsequently placed in a house at Cobridge, near Newcastle, in Staffordshire, by the late Dr. Milner, Catholic Vicar Apostolic of the Midland district. By the munificence of the present Earl of Shrewsbury, the poor nuns were relieved from their distress, and the debt which they had unavoidably contracted; and not only did his lordship kindly purchase their vestments, church plate, and books which had been left for the liquidation of their debts, but by granting a pension to the surviving nuns and lay-sisters in Staffordshire, his lordship relieved them from future anxiety."

It appears that this is the only community of religious women which has never been separated since the reign of Queen Mary; for that the other convents were revived much later. Our concluding notice of their manners and characters, is given by Baretti, who visited the English Nunnery at Lisbon, in 1760.

"Whoever can speak English, no matter whether Catholic or Protestant, has a kind of right to visit them at any time of the day; and all their visitors are used by them with such endearing kindness, that their parlatory is in a manner never empty from morning till night. The poor things are liberal to everybody of chocolate, cakes and sweetmeats; and will take much pains, with their needles or otherwise, to enlarge the number of those visitors, and allure them to frequent calls. Nuns in all countries are soft and obliging speakers: but these are certainly the softest and most obliging that ever fell in my way. Never was I told in a year so many pretty and tender words as this morning in half an hour. On my apprising them of my country, they expatiated on the immense goodness of Cardinal Acciaioli and the gentlemen of his court, who did them the honour of seeing them often. No nation, in their opinion, is so good as the Italian, none so witty, and none so wise. In short, not a syllable issued out at their lips but what was dictated by modesty and meekness, humility and benevolence; and I will positively see them as often as I can while I stay here, because it is impossible not to be pleased with their converse, though one is perfectly conscious that they make it a study to treat everybody with this gentleness of language and blandishment of manners. They certainly give you no reason for harbouring the least suspicion to their disadvantage, and their virtue is to all appearance without the least alloy; but were they in reality quite different from what they appear (which I am thoroughly persuaded is not the case,) still the strong appearance of their innocence and goodness is irresistibly attracting, and the holy simplicity of their behaviour can never fail of making a friend of every man who is once introduced to their acquaintance, though ever so much aware of their flattery."

ART. XIV.—*Satan in Love. A Dramatic Poem.* By MRS. HARRIET DOWNING, Author of "Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse, &c." London: Bell.

SOME people endeavour to achieve distinction and earn the character of originality by merely going out of a legitimate tract of thought and conduct rather than by outstripping all predecessors and contemporaries in the race that is noble and praiseworthy. This appears to have been the case with the author of this strange and daring piece, the best excuse for which perhaps is this, that Mrs. Downing announces herself as the writer of "*Touched in the Head*," among other uncommon titles of books. But to us the strangest and most unwelcome circumstance connected with the present ridiculous and absurd composition is, that it is said to be dedicated "by permission" to Prince Albert, who, if he has read it previously to lending his patronage, cannot be the judicious and accomplished critic that has been so loudly proclaimed; or, if he has from a facility of disposition accorded the thing his countenance without any knowledge of its nature, he must not expect to escape the whole of the ridicule and the blame which will attach to the publication. At any rate he ought to be more guarded for the future, otherwise not only trash but blasphemy will have his sanction, until that sanction be utterly contemned. The very Dedication itself should have in a measure opened his eyes. We quote it. "Most fulsome and unsavoury things in general are Dedications: this one at least shall not offend or disgust the young Prince, who thus honours me with his patronage, by *attempting a praise which must necessarily fall short of his merits*. It is enough to say, that I dedicate to the man, and not to the consort of our Queen, the following poem, feeling assured that he will fully comprehend the spirit with which it was written." Most fulsome indeed: but what is this spirit or the writer's design? It is thus explained,—"*The object of this drama is to carry out the principle, that nothing which God has made can be deemed reprobate, or be finally and eternally lost: consequently, that the Devil himself (supposing the Author of Evil to be a real personage) must have still remaining in him a germ of good, being the creation of the benevolent Father of the Universe. Love is here made to be the divine agent to effect his regeneration.*" Accordingly he is neither painted in colours half so black as the vulgar represent him, nor is he an exceedingly unloveable gentleman at all in the eyes of Mrs. Harriet Downing. In fact he has some sympathy for good, is capable of feeling gratitude, of reciprocating pure affection, and at last is brought back to the fold of Heaven, all through love! And how is this brought about or shown in the Poem? We must tell the story in plain prose as rapidly as possible, and then allow the author to give passages of it in her own style.

The scene is properly enough laid in Germany, if not in compliment to the "Young Prince," at least as the land of wild dreams and Mephistophelism; and twelve thousand years from the creation of the world. There is then upon the face of the earth an orphan girl, Agnes, whom a German noble attempts in vain to seduce, and failing he honestly resolves to offer his hand. Lucifer also at length appears and assails her with no better success. The consequence is that through admiration of her wonderful qualities he falls in love with her, and she reciprocates the feeling in spite of his labouring under an exceedingly bad name, and of some questionable traits and practices. However, the germ of good in him expands at the influence of the matchless maiden, till at last he renounces evil, repents, and is taken into the favour of the Father of the Universe. He makes towards the close of the drama his appearance at the Day of Judgment; Agnes dies in his arms, after which the discovery is made that she was his sister before his rebellion against the Most High; but that she became an inhabitant of the earth, without a knowledge of her heavenly origin and pre-existence, in order to be the means of regenerating the Author of Evil.

Now the manner in which humanity and devilry, supernatural and earthly scenes, are jumbled together and made to operate upon each other in furtherance of the author's unwarranted attempt, is in keeping with the nature of the design, and with what might be expected from who could ever think of selecting such a theme. Just see what a silly fop Old Nick appears when he would "a-wooing go." He thus reasons and casts about:—

"I must be drest :

I have a wardrobe ever at command :
 What shall it be ? A suit of comely brown ?
 No, that looks *old* and *snuffy*—*Lincoln-green* ?
 That is gone out of date—It shall be *black* :
 There is no lie in black ; 'tis my own hue !
 My linen shall be of most snowy whiteness,
 And fine as cobwebs ; 'twill attract her eye,
 For women like a hand and linen fair.
 As for my features, they will serve my turn ;
 The outline perfect, dark and rather sad,
 With somewhat of *The Devil* in the eyes !
 Teeth white with *charcoal* (my sole dentifrice) ;
 And hair—'tis rather crisp'd, I own,
 With the brain-fever—I'll moisten it with oil ;
 Here's some, I see, at hand."

He regards himself in the mirror of Agnes and then soliloquizes further in these self-congratulating but common-place lines :—

"Methinks I have rather a taking air !
 Something that women like—a Werter look ;

As if pale Melancholy gave me birth
 After a surfeit.—Prone to suicide !
 Causing compassion, but too proud to ask it !
 So Rugantino look'd, who won all hearts,
 The dark, mysterious bravo of fair Venice !—
 Yes, I shall do—
 Now I'll be visible : flash on her sight
 As doth the meteor from the sullen cloud !”

Lucifer continues to have a good deal of sulphur about him and to be unpleasantly hot ; and Agnes imagines that a freshly plucked rose may temper his condition. She says,—

“ Here take this rose ;—’tis very fresh and sweet.
 I would not pluck it from its parent tree
 For mine own breast, but ’twill refresh thy sense.—
 Alas ! ’tis faded only by thy touch !—

Lucifer, mournfully. All things that come in contact with me perish ;
 That is my curse. I must not tarry here,
 Or thou, the sweetest rose in Nature’s garden,
 Wilt hang thy head and die. I will away !
 I will not breathe a pestilence upon thee ;
 Adieu !

[*He rises.*]

Agnes, fervently. Die, saidst thou ! Perish like this rose !—
 Not if this outward form of mine were torn
 By savage hands into ten thousand parts,
 And trampled into dust !—Not if the booming winds
 Scatter’d each atom through each clime of earth,
 Or mix’d them with the sands beneath the ocean !—
 I am a deathless spirit like to thee,
 And each are clothed in elements not ours,
 More than this silkenworm robe, that insects wove,
 And I have borrowed !

Lucifer, tenderly regarding her. But death will take away those lovely eyes !
 That lip of rose ! those fair and rounded arms !
 That pure and pearl-like bosom, where now breathes life !
 All change to Agnes must to her be wrong,
 Since she must lose by aught that alters her !
Agnes, composedly. Now mark how well I’ll answer this fair speech ;
 So stay awhile. Suppose this spirit fled,—
 (The real Agnes shrined within this clay),
 And sitting here beside thee, like to now,
 Was left this compound of the elements,
 The late encompass’d my immortal part,
 The empty casket thou so late hast praised ;
 Say, wouldst thou love as now to hold this hand,
 And gaze upon the beauty of these eyes,
 That fix’d their inexpressive, changeless glance,
 Upon thine own ? No ! thou wouldst leave this form

Inanimate—a statue—still to sit,
 As do the carved ones by sculptor's hand,
 Then waste not words, like man, in empty praise,
 Of what is but my clothing for a day ?
 Such are the phrases, palling to my sense,
 The courtly Lindorf uses, but in vain,
 To win me to his love.

Lucifer, starting up vehemently. Presumptuous, daring man ! Bid him
 aspire

To wed with Lyra, fairest star of heaven,
 He may succeed ;—but, Agnes, not with thee !

Agnes, calmly. Thou sayest well ;—but wherefore with such heat ?
 Lord Lindorf might as well address the winds,
 Or praise the lustre of the parting sun ;
 They heed him not."

The passage which we have just now quoted is the best in the piece. But what will our readers say to the monstrous absurdity of the thoughts, the imagery, the circumstances of the next of our extracts ? The time is the Last Day. Mr. Müller is a priest ; and the Infant has had for its sponsors Agnes and Lucifer,—the latter "the man with the splay foot,"—the former, she who calls a coach to foil the decrees of heaven :—

"*Agnes.* How the earth trembles ! Yes ; there mounts on high,
 A pyramid of fire, wreathed in smoke ;
 The scroll speaks truth—this world will quickly end !

[*Enter Paulo and Margaret, followed by Ursula,
 who carries the Infant.*

Paulo, alarmed. There is a frightful earthquake all around ;
 And a wide rent, just by our cottage door,
 Which swallowed up the cow, and both the goats !

Margaret, trembling. And through each crevice fire is rushing out !
 Already it has caught the old elm-tree,
 Which crackles as it burns.

Ursula. I've brought the child, and both the precious Bibles—
 The old one, and the new. Paulo, take this ;
 If we must die, have it within your hands.

Mr. Müller, solemnly. It is ordain'd that all must yield their breath ;—
 Then why not now ? Have fortitude ;
 I will come back, but now must take my leave :
 Remember, nought can hurt the eternal soul !

[*Mr. Müller goes out.*

Agnes. It is our duty to protect our lives
 All in our power. Paulo, go bring the coach ;
 The crazy vehicle my father used
 When first he married ; seek a pair of horses,
 And you shall drive us all towards the sea ;
 It will be safer there, at least awhile.

Margaret, weeping. Oh, what a smell of sulphur ! What blue flame
Is rising now ! O lady, save us all !
Run, Paulo, fetch the coach, and let's be gone !

[*Paulo goes out.*]

Margaret. Another hill's on fire ! what can it mean !

Ursula, solemnly. The end of all is come ! Thy pretty boy
Must close his beauteous orbs, blue as the skies,
And now in sleep ! I've known it many years,
That the great change was nigh ; signs have appear'd
To me—tenant full fourscore seasons, (nay 'tis more,)
Of this old world, that long it could not last.

Margaret. Oft have you said so ; but I deem'd it then
Nought but the dream of age, for ever mournful.
Have you, dear lady, seen portentous signs
As well as our good grandame ?

Agnes, abstractedly. Signs, said'st thou ? Yes, I have had a sign,
Certain and sure ; and yet I could not see
What it portended. Margaret, thy child
Has had a sponsor, one thou couldst not dream
Would take that office, save in bitterest scorn :
Satan has been his godfather, and is
Again an angel, near the throne of God ?

Ursula. That man with the splay foot ? I told you so !

Margaret. You told us not
That Satan was restored to paradise.
Oh, what a blast of sulphur passes by,
It takes away my breadth !

Agnes. Alas ! I saw thy infant gasp and die,
Inhaling that foul air ! Yes, he is gone !

Margaret, with anguish. O* God ! my child, my beauteous babe, has
perish'd !

Enter Paulo.

The horses are all restive with affright :
What see I there ? Dead is my first-born boy ?
Then wherefore fly ? Let us all perish here !

Agnes. We have no right to throw our lives away
Before the appointed time. Away then to the heights,
Above the sea ?

Paulo, weeping. Say, did the lightning strike our darling dead ?
O grandame ! these are fearful times, indeed !

Agnes, encouragingly. We shall but close our eyes like this sweet babe,
And open them in heaven. He now is there
A winged cherub ! Shall we inter him here,
Before we go ?

Margaret, weeping. No, darest lady, no ! here, at my breast,
Still let him lie—one grave will serve us all !

Agnes, looking out. Well, be it so ; I hear the lumbering coach ;
Quick, let us enter it, and haste away ;
Well may the horses rear ;—the wood's a-blaze !

And see your cottage, Paulo, has caught fire,
And all your garden trees. Quick, to the heights!

[*They all depart, Margaret carrying the dead
body of the infant.*"]

Neither flight on foot or in crazy lumbering coach avail; the people die one after another; and Agnes's time having come Lucifer her lover appears:—

"Agnes. Lend me thine hand!

Fain would I die upon thy friendly breast,
Supported by thine arms. There—that will do! •
Draw up my blister'd feet! I cannot breathe
This hot, sulphureous vapour! Yet I'm blest
That thou art saved! Dear Lucifer, farewell!

[*Agnes dies in the arms of Lucifer, and he rises with her upon a golden cloud,
supported by angels, who sing the following:—*

Earth is 'vanished like a scroll;'

Soon another will arise;

But the everlasting soul

Liveth, though the body dies!

The mission is ended; the victory won:

The love-task is finish'd; the errand is done;

Triumphant we rise to the place of our birth;

Whilst crash sinks the last burning fragment of earth!

[*They ascend; and the Earth, blazing, is opposed by the boiling waters of
the deep. Dreadful is the antagonism—the hissing, bellowing sound: at
length the Ocean is dried up, and the fire is quenched; nothing but a speck
remains—the nucleus of another world.*"]

But the incongruity and profanity of none of the passages yet quoted are so offensive and blasphemous as what occurs nearer the conclusion and in "Scene the last." How could Mrs. Dowling venture to indite the following speeches? how think of deliberately re-perusing them in proof-sheet and completed work? Let Prince Albert signify his opinion by burning the presentation copy:—

Lucifer arrives in heaven, and lays the glorified, but inanimate, body of Agnes at the feet of the everlasting Redeemer, the manifestation of the Father, who is ineffable and unapproachable but through the Son. The glory of the Holy Spirit shines around the person of the Son, far more brilliant than can be conceived by mortal, and darts its rays through all the universe. Myriads of angels; the suns and planets staying their course to witness the scene.

"Lucifer, kneeling. My Saviour and my God,
Behold my sister! messenger from thee:
I knew her not on earth, and she had lost,
Whilst clothed in frail humanity below,
All memory of her pure primeval state;

Nor is it yet awaken'd. Son of God!
 Him I have tempted, mock'd, and sore blasphemed,—
 Receive my humble homage—grateful thanks.
 O wondrous love! that for a wretch like me,
 Could leave the bosom of thy holy Father,
 To be the sacrifice.

The Son of God. Love has no bounds!
 It is eternal, infinite, unchanging,
 Witness this bright-eyed seraph at my feet!
 After thy fall, unwearied did she plead
 For God's permission to attend thy steps,
 E'en down to lowest hell to win thee back
 To that Redemption purchased by me
 Thou hast accepted—free, full, and for eternity,

This darling child of heaven,
 Thy better half, since love made all her being,
 And self she sacrificed for good of one
 Treading my footsteps, who gave up my life,
 Whilst in the flesh, for all who e'er had sinned—

This yet unconscious daughter of the skies,
 Bear her within thine arms to that bright bower
 Where she and thee, the first born stars of heaven,
 First open'd your refulgent eyes to bliss;
 There let her wake to happiness renew'd.

[*Lucifer accompanied by a shining host of angels, conveys Agnes to the bower where she first unfurled her pinions in his company. She is laid down upon the sunny slope, within the rainbow arch. Soft music. The angels enter not the bower, but crowd around it.*

The Voice of the son of God, he himself invisible.
 Receive again, dear pardon'd Lucifer,
 Thy brilliant wings; now hover o'er this seraph,
 And I will give again the immortal spark
 To her fair form.

I've breathed the breath of life
 Into her nostrils. Now, Lucifer, address her.

Lucifer. Why sleeps my glorious sister such long while?
 I miss her presence, and would soar aloft!

[*Agnes opening her eyes, and receiving at the same time her white silvery plumes again.*"]

In spite of the sort of sensuality as well as the sacrilegious tone of this passage, there is such an obviously honest faith about the piece as proves to us that the author's Head rather than Heart or religious feelings are "touched."

NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*Poems.* By the LADY FLORA HASTINGS. Edinburgh
Blackwood. 1840.

THESE poems are edited by Lady Sophia Hastings, who informs us in a preface, that her sister, the lamented author, had more than once meditated the publication of them, to which step she was urged by friends, but that she postponed it, her modesty and timidity naturally interfering. But at last, and we doubt not with the due confidence of genius as well as a sense of the short span of life on earth to be accorded to her, she made up her mind to give to the world the fruits of her meditations, her studies, and above all, of those pure and holy visions and aspirings, which, as recorded in this most interesting volume, fulfil all that the sympathizing world could wish for from the sainted poetess. But death transferred the office to other hands.

Lady Flora began to write at a juvenile age, even at the commencement of her teens; and she continued to write, drawing largely from nature and study, proofs of which occur in every part of this beautiful volume. If the reader desires to test her mental accomplishments as well as her native attributes, let him not merely observe that she has translated, and excellently too, from the German of Schiller, from the French and the Italian, but from the Latin; and that she reflects nature in its most beautiful and captivating forms,—crowned as both displays are with a fervent and simple piety.

We might enter at length upon the subject of the great and the haughty by rank seeking now-a-days distinction in the walks of literature, and striving to keep pace with the sons and daughters of genius born under humble roofs. But we must confine ourselves, for the present, to the facts and evidences before us; and are glad that in the progression of this volume we have the history of a rare creature, who, had she been spared to the world, would, we have no doubt, taken her place amongst the foremost rank of Eve's daughters.

Her juvenile pieces have juvenile faults, such as those of redundancy and attenuation. But the variety of subjects and metre chosen, show a noble ambition; while the prevailing sentiments are always sweet and pious,—either in accordance with the outpourings of genuine nature, and a participation in the tones of its language, or of a sense of a higher destiny than the external world palpably proclaims. Take her religious feeling in the "Thank-offering," written when but a girl, as a specimen of this loftier range of purpose of sentiment:—

"In every place, in every hour,
Whate'er my wayward lot may be;
In joy or grief, in sun or shower,
Father and Lord! I turn to Thee.
Thee, when the incense-breathing flowers
Pour forth the worship of the spring,
With the glad tenants of the bowers

My trembling accents strive to sing.
Thee, when upon the frozen strand
Winter, begirt with storms, descends ;
Thee, Lord ! I hail, whose gracious hand
O'er all a guardian care extends.

Thee, when the golden harvests yield
Their treasures to increase our store :
Thee, when through ether's gloomy field
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar.

Thee, when athwart the azure sky
Thy starry hosts their mazes lead,
And when Thou sheddest from on high
Thy dewdrops on the flowery mead.

Thee, when my cup of bliss o'erflows—
Thee, when my heart's best joys are fled ;
Thee, when my breast exulting glows—
Thee, while I bend beside the dead.

Alike in joy and in distress,
Oh ! let me trace thy hand Divine ;
Righteous in chast'ning, prompt to bless,
Still, Father ! may Thy will be mine."

Lady Flora in very early life attempted Tragedy. She also essayed the Spenserian stanza, as well as heroic verse, in both of which she did very creditable things. A specimen of the latter may be found in "A Vision of the Sun." Her lyrics too are spirited and fitted to be married to music. But take two specimens of her poetic skill and inspiration, and then we must close the volume. The first is to "the rainbow;" the last were her last verses, written in May 1839. Let the reader think of nature sanctified by religion in both instances.—

"Soft glowing in uncertain birth
'Twixt Nature's smiles and tears,
The Bow, O Lord ! which thou hast bent,
Bright in the cloud appears.
The portal of thy dwelling-place
That pure arch seems to be,
And, as I bless its mystic light,
My spirit turns to Thee.

Thus, gleaming o'er a guilty world,
We hail the ray of love ;—
Thus dawns upon the contrite soul
Thy Mercy from above ;
And as Thy faithful promise speaks
Repentant sin forgiven,
In humble hope we bless the beam
That points the way to Heaven."

The last recorded song.—

“ Break not by heedless word the spell
 With which that strain hath bound me ;
 For the bright thoughts of former years
 Are thronging fast around me.
 Voices long hush'd are heard again,
 Smiles that have pass'd away
 Beam on my memory, as once
 They bless'd mine early day.
 Hopes that have melted into air,
 And sorrows that have slept—
 And bending from the spirits land,
 The loved—the lost—the wept.
 My very heart is young again,
 As in the days of yore ;
 I feel that I could trust—alas !
 As I may trust no more !”

The profits of the volume are to be devoted to the erection of a school or chapel in the parish of Loudoun, to be a memorial of the martyred Lady Flora.

ART. XVI.—*An Historical and Descriptive Account of Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands ; with Illustrations of their Natural History.* Edinburgh : Oliver and Boyd.

A CAREFULLY condensed and perspicuous account of all that is most worthy of recital concerning the singularly interesting islands and shores indicated by the title of the book. Nor is the author a mere compiler ; for instead of clumsily or loosely and incongruously making a patchwork of the publication, it contains the well digested matter of extensive reading, patient research and matured reflection ; while his sympathies bestow a warmth and a charm upon the narrative and the speculation judiciously offered which imbues the reader's mind with kindred sentiments. Indeed, cold, barren, and desolate as the regions are which he has to describe, the present as well as the past history of their inhabitants has particular claims upon our attention and admiration ; while, as regards Natural History, hardly anywhere else can objects more curious be found on account of the habits imposed upon them by the severity of climate and the exigencies of their situation.

The literary eminence and achievements of the Icelanders many centuries ago, and when countries infinitely more favoured, in a multitude of ways, were grossly barbarous and ignorant, have often and must ever be the theme of marvel. But even down to recent times, and at this day there are learned men amongst them, while the people at large may be said to be well educated. Take a sketch of their decent and regulated habits, and how mental occupation is coupled with the necessary efforts to preserve life and to resist the inclemency of the region :—

“ The inhospitable climate influences everything connected with the moral and physical life of the natives. The changes of the seasons alone bring variety to the Iclander, and nowhere is this change more sudden or com-

plete. Summer and winter, for spring and autumn are unknown, have each their appropriate occupations as diverse as the periods of the year. In winter they generally rise about six or seven in the morning, when the employments of the day begin, the family and servants equally engaging in the preparation of food and clothing. Some of the men look after the cattle, feeding those which are kept in the house, others spin ropes of wool or horse-hair, or are employed in the smithy, making horse-shoes and other articles, whilst the boys remove the snow from the pastures for the sheep, which are turned out during the day to shift for themselves. The females make ready the several meals, ply the spindle and distaff, knit stockings and mittens, and occasionally, embroider bedcovers and cushions. When evening comes on, the whole family are collected into one room; which is at once bedchamber and parlour, and the lamp being lighted, they take their seats with their work in their hands. Men and women are now similarly engaged in knitting or weaving, or in preparing hides for shoes or fishing-dresses. While they are thus occupied, one of their number, selected for the evening, places himself near the lamp, and reads aloud, generally in a singing monotonous voice, some old saga or history. As the reading proceeds, the master of the house or some of the more intelligent of the circle pass remarks on the more striking incidents of the story or try the ingenuity of the children by questions. Printed books being scarce, there are many itinerating historians who gain a livelihood by wandering, like the bards of old, from house to house, and reciting their traditionary lore. For the same reason, the custom of lending books is very prevalent; the exchanges being usually made at church, where, even in the most inclement season, a few always contrive to be present. The most interesting works thus obtained are not unfrequently copied by those into whose hands they fall, most of the Icelanders writing in a correct and beautiful manner. It is much to be regretted, that a people so devoted to learning, and to whose ancestors the history of the north is under so many obligations, should be so ill supplied with the means of attaining useful information."

Inhospitable as are the climate of Iceland and terrible the hardships of the people, to the imaginations of more tenderly reared races, yet the natives cherish a wonderful love for their land, and will return to it after long absence to die, as if with assured comfort among its wastes. And how dreadful these wastes often are, even where there had been before, to an Icelanders' eye, smiling valleys, will appear from the passage now to be cited:—

"Instances frequently occur when the Icelanders, returning after years of absence in a foreign land to spend the evening of his life in the home of his childhood, finds its green valleys a desolate wilderness of ice. Often, where the declivities are more abrupt, the snow suddenly loses its equilibrium, and rolls down with immense fury and a loud noise, which heard in the still night resembles distant thunder. The internal fires that still glow in the bosom of many of these jökuls frequently hasten this catastrophe by destroying the slight hold the ice has on the mountain, and, converting the understratum into water, float all down into the valleys. It seems to have been in this way that the Bredamark Jökul, now twenty miles long by fifteen broad and 400 feet high, was formed. It fills a wide plain surrounded by high hills, and which, to the eleventh century, or even later, was a beautiful

vale adorned with grass fields, woods, and farms. In the thirteenth, and especially the fourteenth century, all the volcanoes in this quarter of the island were in motion, and the adjoining country was completely desolated by floods of water mingled with ice. Of this plain, first inhabited by Hrol-laung, a nephew of the far-famed Rollo of Normandy, only a narrow strip of sand remains, and even this relic the glacier and the ocean seem about to destroy."

The natives of the Faroe Islands, who in many respects are not less worthy of study than the people we have been hearing of, entertain also an enthusiastic fondness for their birth-place. But we must leave it to our readers to seek in the excellent volume before us, the full and engaging accounts there to be found concerning them and the other tribes and lands which the earnest and indefatigable author has here set himself to describe.

ART. XVII.—*Sonnets*. By SIR JOHN HANMER: London: Moxon. SEVERAL of these sonnets are such as might be expected from the author of "Fra Cipolla," not merely for richness of versification but a condensed fullness of thought. Take a specimen:—

BACCHANTE DOLOROSA.

Under a poplar, in what mournful clime
Whose shadows change not ever, but the stars
Shine out, the cold and melancholy Lars
Of the abode of Gods of the elder time,
Pale sat Agave; weeping for the crime
That stained with her own blood the Bromian cars:
A sistrum at her feet, whose golden bars
Bore long unreckoned tears, like frosty rime.
E'en as some moonlit marble, seemed she there;
That Phidias might have wrought, on the same day
When his unresting thought with Jove's could share;
Still was the place, save when, as in the spray
Of the Pine forest moves the fitful air,
Stole up a low sad voice and sighed away."

ART. XVIII.—*Joseph. A Poem*. By SIR J. D. PAUL, BART. London: Nisbet.

SCRIPTURE subjects engage the Baronet; but these seldom read half so well as in their original and idiomatic simplicity.

ART. XIX.—*Literary Leaves; or, Prose and Verse, chiefly written in India*. By D. L. RICHARDSON. Second Edition. London: Allen.

ONE of the most pleasing collections of original pieces that have appeared for a long time. The author's mind is sound, elegant, and composed; his knowledge precise, his observation accurate, and his feelings rightly directed. His style is like his mind, clear, calm, and full.

ART. XX.—*The Saga of Frithiof: a Legend.* Translated from the Swedish of Esaias Tegner, Bishop of Wexio, by OSCAR BAKER.

ANOTHER translation of Tegner's Frithiof, and the most vigorous as well as apparently least laboured of any we have yet seen of this favourite Saga.

ART. XXI.—*The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. Vol. III.* London: Longman.

CORRUPTION and Intolerance—The Sceptic—Twopenny Post-bag—Satirical and Humorous Poems—Irish Melodies—are contained in this volume. The last named of these contents will excite a more than ordinary interest, where it but for the prefatory and explanatory matter with which the poet is enriching the collection. But as this is deferred till the melodies are completed, we must wait for it with patience. At any rate, the volume has come too late to hand to allow time and space for a longer notice.

ART. XXII.—*The German Manual for Self-Tuition.* By WILHELM KLAUER-KLATTOWSKI. Third Edition. Entirely Revised and Improved. Three Parts. London: Simpkin.

WE have frequently occasion, and with unqualified approbation, to notice this gentleman's educational works, which extend to a diversity of languages. He is certainly one of the most ingenious and zealous teachers, as well as writers of elementary books, both for tutors and pupils,—the taught and those who must have recourse to self-tuition,—that exists. The number of editions to which his works reach, and the continued and repeated corrections and enlargements bestowed upon them, announce quite enough towards their recommendation. We have a variety of this author's other works recently published before us; but owing to unavoidable circumstances our notices of them must stand over till next month.

ART. XXIII.—*The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer Modernized.*

WORDSWORTH, Leigh Hunt, the editor Mr. R. H. Horne, and others, have laboured to popularize Chaucer by giving a modern spelling to the original; or, when that appeared to be insufficient, to render him intelligible or attractive, they have endeavoured to recast the poet's thoughts. The volume before us contains the results of these efforts, which do not extend however to the whole of the works of the Father of English poetry. We have only selections. The names mentioned of the Modernizers speak distinctly enough as to the success of the attempts, although the pieces may not all be equally true to the spirit of Chaucer, or exactly what he would have written had he lived in our day.

ART. XXIV.—*Patchwork.* By CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R.N. 3 vols London: Moxon.

CAPTAIN HALL's travels and tours have furnished him with a vast mass of materials to turn into stories, or to afford subjects for sketches, off-hand remarks, and more elaborate essays; and when his literary habits, self-con-

fidence, and frankness in addition are considered, nothing less can be expected from a publication of this kind than a great deal of agreeable, amusing, and informing reading. We have not time at the late period of the month when these volumes have appeared to go carefully over the several portions of the Patchwork, or to remark on the merits and contents of distinct papers. Suffice it to say that France, Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, &c. have supplied him with numerous points for observation and discussion,—for contrasts and suggestions; and that the royal navy and trading marine, with their recent improvements and their prospects obtain from him such a plain treatment as must be popular and yet have its weight with professional persons. Two passages, for which only we can command room, will serve to show how the Captain complacently passes from topic to topic, when there may be no close connexion in the case, and also the sort of homely sense which pervades whatever he has to communicate, as well as the useful hints which he is fond and frank to throw out:—

“As we were driving along, we fell in with a party of Sicilian shepherds travelling towards the sea-coast. One of these was playing what I suppose is the celebrated Doric reed mentioned by ancient writers. It was formed of three pipes made of the common cane, to be seen growing everywhere in that country, from which he produced really very sweet music. Three hours’ drive next morning brought us to the town of Bronte, from which Lord Nelson took his title as a Sicilian Duke. The estate attached to the title lies near the town, and both were very nearly obliterated by a flood of lava in 1832; a fate which the hero would have smiled to think of had he visited this property, which I believe he never did. About twenty months before our visit, the inhabitants of Bronte were thrown into the greatest terror by an eruption of Etna, in the flank just above them, from an opening in which a stream of lava came almost upon their houses. Had it not stopped when it did, it must have gone right over the town and smashed it as easily as a broad-wheeled waggon would do an old woman’s basket of eggs.

“Supposing the people and their effects out of the way, I can imagine no more curious or interesting sight than a stream of lava moving at the rate of a foot or two in an hour, gradually driving down, crushing, and finally swallowing up a whole town, house after house, street after street, churches and all, and leaving not a vestige behind! On propounding this speculation to the guide, he looked at me as if he thought me a monster worthy of being thrown into the crater; and shaking his head, remarked, that after I had seen the effects of a lava stream, I might probably change my opinion.

“In the mean time, we followed up the course of the valley above Bronte, till we came to the end of the stream of lava which had so lately threatened the town. We found it about a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet deep, and perhaps one-third of a mile wide; the outer surface or crust consisting of huge piles of broken masses of scoriated lava as black as coal, the whole scene being very dreary and desolate to look at. This desolation was rendered more striking by the corners of gardens, ends of walls, bits of corn-fields, peeping from underneath the lava, all burnt up and destroyed. Everything indicated the irresistible nature of the fiery torrent, and foretold too surely the fate, sooner or later, not only of this fated spot, but of Ran-

dazzo, Catania, and all the rest, which must in turn be overwhelmed again and again as they have been before."

Again,—

"So far as I am able to judge from what I have seen or been told of the climate of Sicily, I should consider it the best in Europe for a delicate patient; and yet, by reason of a strange prejudice on the part of the natives, that island is rendered almost entirely useless in this respect. They have unfortunately taken a notion into their head, I believe without any foundation, that consumption is not only occasionally infectious—but that it is always so—even worse than the plague or any other disease. Consequently they will not admit a person suspected of having a tendency to pulmonary complaints into their houses. If any one afflicted with this malady should die among them, a ban is put on the house, its furniture destroyed, and no one allowed to inhabit it for a period of many months. As this is ruinous to innkeepers and inconvenient to all, and as every native firmly believes in the truth of this persuasion, it becomes impossible for any consumptive patient to find house-room in Sicily. I have even heard of instances of such persons being allowed to perish in the streets or in the country-roads, to which they were driven by the excessive terror of the inhabitants."

This much from Captain Hall's agreeable *Olla Podrida*.

ART. XXV.—*A Faithful Picture of the French Revolution.* By W. C. ARNEIL, A.M. Glasgow: M'Phun.

THIS work professes to contain a full and impartial account of the French Revolution and its attendant horrors, illustrated by numerous details of the sanguinary cruelties committed by the mob and the military on the helpless and innocent populace. But the author has failed even in attempting to paint a faithful and accurate picture of the facts, much more to afford a philosophical view of the terrible political whirlwind.

ART. XXVI.—*Sketches of the Coal-Mines in Northumberland and Durham.* By T. H. HAIR. Madden and Co.

SEVERAL parts of this large (it is of a folio size) and beautifully illustrated work have appeared, and which contain descriptions and particular details of the Wallsend and Willington collieries. We shall not however enter into these, but extract some of the preliminary observations which are of a more general character, and less technical.

That coal is an article of unmeasured importance, and that it is the most valuable and serviceable of all minerals become obvious truths the moment that one reflects on the following facts:—Without coal the forge and the foundry would be comparatively useless; it is by coal that other precious metals are rendered available, as well as all the gigantic discoveries in science and manufactures. What without its means would the steam-engine be, and all the masses of machinery which steam-power puts in motion? But we need not do more than set the mind upon this train of contemplation, and therefore proceed to copy out some historical notices.

"Much learned discussion has been brought to bear on the history of

coal, and of the coal-trade. The well-known description of this fossil by Theophrastus, the pupil of Aristotle, is the earliest known record of its existence; for the occasional use of the word in our translation of the Scriptures evidently refers to burning wood. The celt, found in a vein of coal at Craigy Pare, Monmouthshire, proves it to have been known by the ancient Britons: and the ashes discovered in the Roman stations at Lanchester, Ebbchester, and other places, bear conclusive testimony to the use of coal by the masters of the world. Some have argued that it was known to the Saxons by the name of *Græfan*. The total silence of the records, about the time of the Conquest, on the subject of coal, is easily accounted for by the turbulence of the period, when the north of England, in particular, was rendered a smoking wilderness by the Norman king. One of the earliest documents in which it is mentioned is the 'Boldon Book' of Bishop Pudsey, 1180, in which, though the term 'wodlades' frequently occurs, we find the following notices of coal:—At Escomb, near Bishop Auckland, 'a collier holds a toft and croft, and four acres, providing coals for the cart-smith of Coundon.' At Bishopwearmouth, 'the smith has twelve acres for the iron work of the carts, and finds his own coal;' and at Sedgfield, the smith has one oxgang upon similar conditions. At that period, probably, little more coal was worked than what could be found at or near the day. Delving would lead to perpendicular boring, which led again to horizontal working. What was the condition of the persons who actually worked the coal cannot now be ascertained. It is said that, in ancient times, the Scottish colliers had so little relish for their employment, and were, at the same time, in such a servile condition, that they were chained to the pits. Certain it is that, in the present day, in some countries of Europe, where the agricultural labourers, or serfs, are held in a state of thrallage approximating to that of the 'villains' named in the 'Boldon Book,' the mines are entirely worked by slaves and criminals. The charter of King Henry III. to the townsmen of Newcastle, to dig coal and stone in the Castle Field and the Forth, was granted in 1289. Some idea of the value of coal-mines at that era may be formed from the lessee of the mines under the manors of Whickham and Gateshead, granted by Bishop Bury to Sir Thomas Gray, Knt., and John Pulhore, rector of Whickham, for twelve years, under 500 marks rent. This lease was renewed to the same parties by Bishop Hatfield in 1356. The struggle between utility and prejudice on the use of coal has already been detailed. The former prevailed, of course, and the coal-trade has continued to increase to the present day. It would be tedious to enumerate the various legislative enactments that have been passed for its regulation. The price of this essential article of trade has also often been enhanced by monopolies, one of the most important of which originated in the 'Grand Lease' of the manors and royalties of Gateshead and Whickham, which Queen Elizabeth obtained for ninety-nine years, at an annual rent of 90*l.*, and which she transferred to the Earl of Leicester. That nobleman assigned it to his secretary, Thomas Sutton, the founder of the Charter House, who sold it to the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle for 12,000*l.* On each of these transfers the price of coal advanced in London, until the matter became a subject of complaint by the lord mayor. From the Host-

men's books, the following particulars have been collected. In 1602 there were twenty-eight members of the company, whose vend was 9080 tons of coals, by means of eighty-five keels. In 1615, 400 ships were employed in the coasting trade; besides French and Dutch vessels, for the supply of their respective countries. In the following year, 13,675 tons of coals were shipped; and in 1622, 14,420 tons. The civil wars (partly induced by the impolitic tampering of King Charles I. with the coal trade) checked this stream of prosperity. The panic which occurred when the Scots entered Newcastle, after their victory at Newburn, has been described by Rushworth. In 1643, the Marquess of Newcastle ordered the coal-mines to be fired; but this catastrophe was prevented by General Leslie. After the capture of the town by the Scots in 1644, the parliament undertook the management of the trade in coals, the price of which had risen in London to 4*l.* per chaldron. Notwithstanding their efforts, however, much distress was occasionally experienced in the metropolis from the scarcity and dearness of fuel. The principal events in the subsequent history of the coal-trade, are the imposts laid upon it for the rebuilding of St. Paul's and other churches, and the 'Richmond shilling.'

Mr. Hair then goes on to state what has been the amount of coals exported from some of the collieries, during different years. It increased gradually during the last century. The annual average from Newcastle from 1704 to 1710, was about 178,543 chaldrons. We shall not accompany him regularly down to the present period, but conclude with merely stating that the *increase* in the trade in 1838 over that of the preceding year was 339,114 tons of coals, and 2421 tons of cinders,—that is, the trade *coast-wise* and *foreign* taken together; and this is confining it to the ports of Newcastle, Sunderland, and Stockton. What then must be the entire trade in Britain? what the entire consumption of British coal?

ART. XXVII.—*Passages in the Life of a Radical.* Nos. 1—16. By SAMUEL BAMFORD. Published by the Author. Middleton, near Manchester. 1841.

SAMUEL BAMFORD is a weaver, who in his autobiography details many of the occurrences in the political commotions of the north of England, from 1816 to 1821; interspersing the narrative, which often concerns himself personally, with opinions and suggestions relative to later events and reforming views. From the extracts which we shall give it will be seen that he is a man of mettle; of strong sense, of ardent feeling, and of earnest purpose. He writes like an upright and honest man; and seeing that the things which he has to record were of a stirring and extraordinary character, the story becomes deeply interesting, merely as an autobiography. But it has higher claims to notice, for it sheds a strong and we believe a genuine light upon certain notorious national events, and also upon class opinions,—their origin and progress. It above all, perhaps, ought to engage the attention of the higher orders of society and of our rulers, on account of the clear and affecting insight which it affords respecting the condition of multitudes in the north of England, who form some of the strongest of the thews and sinews of the country; the intelligence of the operatives in the districts alluded to being powerfully combined with physical muscle.

And yet Mr. Bamford is no "physical-force man." Speaking of the Reformers of 1816, he says:—

"Some of the nostrum-mongers of the present day would have been made short work of by the Reformers of that time; they would not have been tolerated for more than one speech, but handed over to the civil power. It was not until we became infested by spies, incendiaries, and their dupes,—distracting, misleading, and betraying,—that physical force was mentioned amongst us. After that our moral power waned; and what we gained by the accession of demagogues, we lost by their criminal violence, and the estrangement of real friends."

Mr. B. was an office-bearer in some of the Reform clubs during the period of which he writes; but from the beginning had not only cause to be suspicious of the honesty of many of the loudest professors of Radical principles, but to have all along strenuously resisted every thing like recourse to violent measures. When by the instigation of traitors and spies a number of the people of Lancashire were induced to enter upon what he calls the "blanket expedition," he exerted his good sense against its folly; an expedition which undertook to march to London with the view of presenting a petition to the Prince Regent, provided only with blankets and such like rough covering, in which to bivouac by the way. We must afford a short space to the account of this enterprize.—

"The appearance of these misdirected people was calculated to excite, in considerate minds, pity rather than resentment. Some appeared to have strength in their limbs and pleasure in their features; others already with doubt in their looks, and hesitation in their steps. A few were decently clothed, and well appointed for the journey; many were covered only by rags which admitted the cold wind, and were already damped by a gentle but chilling rain. Some appeared young, with health on their cheeks, every care behind and hope alone before; the thoughts of others were probably reverting to their homes on the hill sides, or in the sombre alleys of the town, where wives and children had resigned them for a time, in hopes of their return with plenty, and never more to part. Here a youth was waving his hand to a damsel pale and tremulous with alarm; yonder an attenuated being, giving back, after kissing it, a poorly child to the arms of its mother; he hastens towards his comrades with willing but feeble steps, looking back on those, so poor, but oh! how dear; the child is hushed with a caress, the mother turning it gently to her cold and nurtureless bosom; nurtureless of every thing save deep and tender love. Her looks are still directed the way he goes! he has disappeared; and whilst her tears flow, the poor but cleanly mantle is drawn over the little one, and in a conflict of grief, hope, and fear, she thoughtfully wends to her obscure and cheerless abode. A body of yeomanry soon afterwards followed those simple-minded men, and took possession of the bridge at Stockport. Many of them turned back to their homes; a body of them crossed the river below and entered Cheshire, several received sabre wounds, and one man was shot dead on Lancashire hill. Of those who persisted in their march it is only necessary to say, that they arrived at nine o'clock at night in the market-place at Macclesfield, being about one hundred and eighty in number. Some of them lay out all night, and took the earliest dawn to find their way home.

Some were lodged and hospitably entertained by friends; some paid for quarters, and some were quartered in prison. Few were those who marched the following morning. About a score arrived at Leek, and six only were known to pass Ashbourne bridge. And so ended the blanket expedition."

The great meeting of the Reformers of Manchester, so distinguished by the "Massacre," consisted of persons, so Mr. B. says, who were "armed only with a self-approving conscience," such being the order issued by the leaders. We quote his account of the butchery:—

"On the cavalry drawing up, they were received with a shout of goodwill, as I understood it. They shouted again, waving their sabres over their heads; and then, slackening rein, and striking spur into their steeds, they dashed forward and began cutting the people . . . For a moment the crowd held back, as in a pause: there was a rush heavy and resistless as a headlong sea; and a sound, like low thunder, with screams, prayers, and imprecations, from the crowd mowed and sabre-doomed who could not escape . . . On the breaking of the crowd, the yeomanry wheeled; and dashing wherever there was an opening, they followed, pressing and wounding. Many females appeared as the crowd opened; and striplings, or mere youths were also found. Their cries were piteous and heart-rending, and would, one might have supposed, have disarmed any human resentment; but here their appeals were made in vain . . . In ten minutes from the commencement of the havoc, the field was an open and almost deserted space. The sun looked down through a sultry and almost motionless air. The curtains and blinds of the windows within view were all closed. A gentleman or two might occasionally be seen looking out from one of the new houses, near the door of which a group of persons (special constable) was collected: others were assisting the wounded or carrying off the dead. The hostings remained, with a few broken and hewed flag-staves erect, and a torn and gashed banner or two drooping; whilst, over the whole field were strewn caps, bonnets, hats, shawls, and shoes, and other parts of male and female attire—trampled, torn, and bloody. The yeomanry had dismounted: some were easing their horses' girths, others adjusting their accoutrements; and some were wiping their sabres. Several mounds of human beings still remained where they had fallen, crushed down and smothered. Some of these were groaning,—others, with staring eyes, were gasping for breath, and others would never breathe more. All was silent, save those low sounds and the occasional neighing and pawing of steeds. Persons might sometimes be noticed peeping from attics and over the tall ridges of houses, but they quickly withdrew, as if fearful of being observed, or unable to sustain the full gaze of a scene so hideous and so abhorrent."

The autobiographer, in spite of all his caution, and desire to avoid the breach of the laws, while pursuing what he considered and still considers a right course, with some slight modifications of opinion, induced by experience, as he candidly confesses, got more than once into trouble. He was even sent a prisoner to London to be examined, on one occasion, before the Privy Council; when he was strongly affected by the leniency of the king's higher officers as contrasted with the harshness of the rural authorities. The manner of his bearing and the straightforward simplicity of his answers

before the Council, appear to have had a very favourable influence upon the Secretary of State and his colleagues; for he was soon liberated on his own recognizances. Still he was at first remanded until some additional information was to be received from Manchester, which order led to the following reply, with which we close a work that is published at the author's own risk, but which from its literary merits as well as inherent importance should find more than a remunerating circulation. This was the Radical's reply to Lord Sidmouth:—

"My Lord, if you think proper to wait for information which will establish a charge of high treason against me, your Lordship may wait for ever, as I am certain that no such information will arrive. I then went on to state that my conduct had been quite opposed to treason,—that I had certainly done all which lay in my power to promote the cause of Parliamentary Reform, but I had always acted openly, and, I trusted, legally—that I did not think his Majesty's ministers were fully acquainted with the state of the country, and the condition of the people; nor did I perceive how they could be, considering the partial source from which their information must be derived,—that the gentry, or what was called the higher classes, were too proud or too indifferent to examine minutely the abodes of the poor and the distressed; and that the interests of many, as well as their want of accurate knowledge, tended to elicit from them distorted or partial statements of facts. The poor, I said, would be content, could they only procure the common necessities of life by hard labour, but they could not even do that, and, if ministers were thoroughly acquainted with the distress of the people, they would be surprised that the country was not a scene of confusion and horror, instead of being, as it was, peaceable, though discontented."

ART. XXVIII.—*The Romance of Jewish History.* By the Misses C. and M. Moss. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

SACRED History turned into romance is a mistaken idea, the attempt being to illustrate particular periods and persons already familiar to us from the matchless narratives in the Old Testament. In fact it is this familiarity, together with fixed belief and unalterable associations in the mind, that prevents us from tolerating a new version, especially one professing to be romantic and therefore fiction. The idea of profanity occurs in such a case. At the same time it is impossible to feel otherwise than that the Misses Moss have cherished a pious purpose in the production of these volumes, while they have displayed powers which if employed upon a more happily selected theme must have met with our hearty commendation. There are plenty of Jewish traditions, and sufficiently strong-marked lineaments among the "peculiar people" to furnish them with subjects capable of being romantically illustrated, without at all meddling with Scripture-men of mighty valour.

ART. XXIX.—*The Popular Encyclopedia. Vol. VII. Part 2.* Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

THIS Part presents to us the conclusion of the Supplementary matter, which has been added to this beautiful edition of the famous Conversations-Dic-

tionary. We have looked into some of the new papers, which bring down to the latest date the popular kind of information contained in the work, and believe it to be not unworthy of the older matter to be found in the Encyclopedia. The Part before us begins with "Dundee," and ends with "Wyatville" (Sir Jeffrey). When we consider the cheapness and elegance of the edition, and the excellence of its contents, we must pronounce it to be unrivalled amongst its class.

ART. XXX.—*The Playfair Papers; or, Brother Jonathan, "the smartest nation in all creation."* Illuminated by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK. Three Vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

THESE are rough and often vigorous sketches of Brother Jonathan—of American manners and character. But they are also frequently coarse and hackneyed.

ART. XXXI.—*The Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland*
THE Knighthood of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, St. Patrick, &c., with lists and notices of a biographical character.

ART. XXXII.—*The Forester's Offering.* By SPENCER T. HALL, a Native of Sherwood Forest.

MR. HALL is a working printer at York, but is a native of the Forest. The handsome volume, of which he is not only the author but the typographer, consists both of poetry and prose, descriptive of the "merry green wood," with notices of the inhabitants and their occupations, now and heretofore. Mr. Hall will not have it that Robin Hood made free with other people's goods, and his vindication is spirited. Indeed there is freshness and health throughout the volume, and the sentiments are those not only of a generous but a poetic mind.

ART. XXXIII.—*Lectures on the English Comic Writers.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Third Edition. Edited by his Son.

Few will be able to appreciate or relish fully the wit and humour of our comic writers, without Hazlitt's company and criticism. His *gout* for the productions of these masters was most hearty; it was also nice and most discriminating. In this reprint we have some new matter from several of the author's fragmentary pieces. The volume is one of a series of Hazlitt's works, by the same competent editor, who inherits much of his father's fine taste.

ART. XXXIV.—*The Scientific and Literary Treasury.* By SAMUEL MAUNDER. Longman.

THIS "New and Popular Encyclopædia of the Belles Lettres," hardly requires another word to be said of it, than that is by the author of "The Treasury of Knowledge," &c., being a dictionary equally crammed, not

merely with condensed but digested information about men and things, as well as the meaning of words ; information too nowhere else to be met with in one book, seldom or ever so briefly yet distinctly given.

ART. XXXV.—*Mora : a Fragment of a Tale.* Saunders and Otley.
In the Byron style of story-telling : it has vigour as well as fluency.

ART. XXXVI.—*Spinal Diseases, with an Improved Plan of Cure.* By
J. H. ROBERTSON. M.D.

MANY are the publications which appear relative to Spinal affections, showing that this class of diseases is numerous. According to Dr. Robertson's experience the preponderance of these complaints on the side of the males or the females varies at different stages of life. Then as to the classes of society that are most liable to, or most affected by the complaint, his opinion differs considerably from that of other writers and practitioners. His work ought to be extensively consulted on these and other points by the medical profession. But as the publication is intended for popular circulation, we have to say of it that its details and descriptions are perspicuous, while the views which it discloses of life in the illustration of his doctrines, are striking and frequently original. Some of the hardships of the poor, the labourious, and the constantly toiled, are brought to light by him in forms perhaps never before made the subject of a medical book. Just hear how the style of church accommodation may affect the hard-working man,—

"Very many of the class of patients who are during the week engaged in some occupation employing most of their time, have assured me that they could not attend church on Sunday from the pain and fatigue they experienced there ; but were obliged to lie in bed the greater part of that day, to recover from the fatigues of the preceding week, and to enable them to bear those of that to come. The absurd upright position of the backs of seats in most of our churches is one cause of this. Were they more inclined backwards, as in new churches they could easily be made, and indeed in many are now making, it would not only be productive of much comfort to many, at present constant attenders upon church, but would enable many to attend there who at present cannot remain so long in the all but upright position, without a continued sensation of fatigue and pain, followed by difficulty of breathing, swelling in the throat, beating of the heart, ringing in the ears, giddiness, and ultimately fainting."

But church-pew carpenters or designers are not the only bungling and unreasoning mechanics. Says the Doctor,—

"Some time ago, being dissatisfied with most bandages I saw, I waited upon certain makers, and said that having many patients with weak and diseased backs, I would be happy to send them to *them*, provided they could show me any pattern, plan, drawing, or made bandage, that I could conscientiously approve of as likely to be of service to those intrusting their cases to my care.

"I was much surprised to find that they had neither pattern nor bandage made, plan to describe, nor drawing to exhibit. Upon expressing my won-

der, they bade me *send the patient to them*, and never trouble myself about the matter! 'It was very strange if they had been so many years in business, and could not invent one! that Doctors — and —, (naming, of course, highly-respectable practitioners,) were in the habit of sending patients there, and *never looked after them!*'

"After having frequently seen persons wearing their '*inventions*' and knowing that during the time they did so they got daily worse, it was not very likely that I should submit to have my professional judgment superseded in this cool way by that of a mere mechanic; one too who had given me no evidence that he could do what he pretended, or that he was in any way acquainted with the laws that govern the production of disease or restoration to health.

Again:—

"If it be asked why these contrivances are called absurd, I answer, because they treat the back of a human being as if it were a piece of dead matter. The great muscles of the back are not very numerous, but they are large and very powerful; and their most important use is to support and assist the back, head, and upper parts of the body in their various motions. Now, if you can conceive these muscles bound up in a strong iron case, prevented from exerting themselves, and the head and shoulders receiving that support from another quarter which it was the business of these muscles to give, you conceive the case in question; and any one, when he knows that the structure of a muscle is impaired by disuse and compression, can understand how this supporting of the one shoulder is about as bad as pressing down the other would be—how the backs of these mismanaged persons must get weaker and weaker, the parts that nature put there for the purpose of supporting them having been disabled by the very means taken to improve them.

"Nor is this all; for after these machines have been worn for some time, it is with the greatest difficulty, sometimes not at all, that they can be laid aside. All the patients that I have found wearing them have assured me, that though they did not feel comfortable with them on, they yet had a degree of support from them, and felt the want of them on their being laid aside."

One would at first suppose that the tailor's occupation was particularly productive of spinal disease; but when the other circumstances are equal and ordinary, our author says the case is not so: a strut is the peculiar result.

"Those of them who are originally well made, and not decrepit or diseased, walk remarkably erect—so much so as to have the appearance of a strut, a kind of caricature of a walk which, upon examination, will be found to be the natural effect of the strong action of the muscles of their backs, rendered powerful, in comparison to those in front, from the position in which they usually sit, and the necessity for sustaining and pulling upwards and backwards their head and shoulders."

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1841.

ART. I.—*Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Import Duties. With the Evidence.*

THE Select Committee in this instance were appointed to inquire into the several Duties levied on Imports into the United Kingdom, and how far those Duties are for Protection to similar articles the Produce or Manufacture of this Country or of the British Possessions abroad, or whether the Duties are for the purposes of Revenue alone. Among the members of the Committee, of which Mr. Hume was Chairman, were Mr. Ewart, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Labouchere, Sir Henry Parnell, and other gentlemen distinguished for their financial knowledge and general acquaintance with business; and among the witnesses examined were a number of official men, who had long served in the public offices of Trade and Customs, and under a variety of Administrations. There were also several witnesses drawn from more private or independent sources; so that the result has not merely been a vast mass of evidence (filling more than three hundred folio pages), but evidence of the most logical, conclusive, and valuable kind, upon one of the most important subjects that can be named; for it involves the mercantile prosperity of the country and its future supremacy and independence among nations; or, in other words, the wholesome and economical condition of the public revenue and the comfort of every person individually as well as socially. True, neither the announcement of the subject, nor its minute details, are likely to interest those readers who have a taste only for the literature of the circulating libraries. But be assured the theme and its particulars are such as come home to every one's door, and may ere long knock with harsher emphasis. At the same time, to any person who is capable of serious reflection, who has the sense and ability to look before him, or who takes delight in mental occupations of an enlarging, although of a severe nature, this subject will present many arresting and curious points. It shall be our endeavour, without attempting to give any close

analysis or full digest of the voluminous evidence, so to indicate some of its principal features or to suggest what appear to be certain of its bearings, as will engage the attention even of the general or popular reader; in the hope of doing some service towards impressing the merits and the importance of the theme upon the public mind. We first of all copy out the Committee's Report, which, as emanating from Parliamentary authority, and supported by witnesses, many of them not only men of great experience, and of enlarged and tried views, but of officials and the servants of Government, deserves to be studiously pondered. This is the brief document referred to:—

“The evidence is of so valuable a character, that your Committee could hardly do justice to it in detail, unless they were to proceed, step by step, to a complete analysis, which the advanced period of the session will not allow them to do. They must, therefore, confine themselves to reporting the general impressions they have received, and submit the evidence to the serious consideration of the House; persuaded that it cannot be attentively examined without producing a strong conviction that important changes are urgently required in our Customhouse legislation.

“The tariff of the United Kingdom presents neither congruity nor unity of purpose; no general principles seem to have been applied.

“The schedule to the Act 3 & 4 Will. IV. c. 56, for consolidating the Customs duties, enumerates no fewer than 1,150 different rates of duty chargeable on imported articles, all other commodities paying duty as enumerated; and very few of such rates appear to have been determined by any recognised standard; and it would be difficult for any person unacquainted with the details of the tariff to estimate the probable amount of duty to which any given commodity would be found subjected. There are cases where the duties levied are simple and comprehensive; others, where they fall into details both vexatious and embarrassing.

“The tariff often aims at incompatible ends: the duties are sometimes meant to be both productive of revenue and for protective objects, which are frequently inconsistent with each other: hence they sometimes operate to the complete exclusion of foreign produce, and in so far no revenue can of course be received; and sometimes, when the duty is inordinately high, the amount of revenue becomes in consequence trifling. They do not make the receipt of revenue the main consideration, but allow that primary object of fiscal regulations to be thwarted by an attempt to protect a great variety of particular interests, at the expense of the revenue and of the commercial intercourse with other countries.

“Whilst the tariff has been made subordinate to many small producing interests at home, by the sacrifice of revenue in order to support these interests, the same principle of preference is largely applied, by the various discriminatory duties, to the produce of our Colonies, by which exclusive advantages are given to the Colonial interests at the expense of the Mother-country. Your Committee would refer to the evidence respecting the articles of sugar and coffee, as examples of the operation of these protective duties.

"Your Committee refer to a general account prepared by the Inspector of Imports, of the several articles imported into the United Kingdom in 1838—39, stating in separate columns the quantity imported, exported, and retained for home consumption, with the rates of duty chargeable on each, and whether in a raw state, partially manufactured, or manufactured; by which it appears that 862 articles are divided into eight schedules, which they submit to the serious consideration of the House; viz.

Schedule.			Totals.
I.	containing 349 articles, producing less than 100l each of		£
	Customs duty, and in the aggregate		8,050
II. 132 articles, producing from 100l. to 500l. each		31,629
III. 45	500l. to 1,000l.	32,056
IV. 107	1,000l. to 5,000l.	244,733
V. 63	5,000l. to 100,000l.	1,397,324
VI. 10	100,000l. to 500,000l.	1,838,630
VII. 9	500,000l. each & up.	18,575,071
VIII. 147 on which no duty has been received, but		
	on which there has been an excess of drawback of		5,398
It appears from the evidence of Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, that the total amount of Customs revenue received in the United Kingdom in the year ending January 1840, was 22,962,610l.; of which total amount, 17 articles, each producing more than 100,000l., produced 94½			
per cent., or			£21,700,630
That 29 articles produced 3 9-10ths per cent., or			898,661
And that these 46 articles produced 98 2-5ths per cent., or			22,599,291
That all other articles, amounting to 144 in number, produced			
1 3-5ths per cent., or			363,319

Showing that 190 articles, exclusive of about 80,000l. collected upon 531 other articles, and excluding 147 articles, upon which an excess of drawback of 5,398l. was allowed, produced the total revenue of £22,962,610

It will be seen the seventeen articles, affording the largest amount of Customs revenue, are articles of the first necessity and importance to the community—viz. sugar, tea, tobacco, spirits, wine, timber, corn, coffee, butter, currants, tallow, seeds, raisins, cheese, cotton wool, sheep's wool, and silk manufactures; and that the interests of the public revenue have been by no means the primary consideration in levying the import-duties, inasmuch as competing foreign produce is in some instances excluded, and in others checked by high differential duties, levied for the protection of British Colonial interests; and in many cases such differential duties do not answer the object proposed, for it appears, in the case of foreign clayed sugars, where it was obviously intended they should be excluded from the British market, that the monopoly granted to British Colonial sugars has so enormously raised the prices in our market, that they have lately come into consumption though charged with a duty of 63s. per hundred-weight, while our Plantation sugars pay only 24s.

"Another inconvenience which the differential duties create is, that they

offer a premium for evading the intention of the Legislature. Foreign coffees are charged 1s. 3d. per pound; Colonial coffees only 6d.; while coffees imported from the Cape of Good Hope pay 9d. Now as the cost of sending in an unusual and indirect way coffee from foreign countries to the Cape, is only from $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 1d. per pound, very large quantities are shipped from the Brazils and Hayti to the Cape, and thence reshipped to England: the English consumer thus pays the increased duty and the difference of freight, and the foreign coffee is not excluded from the British market, though it is obviously the purpose of the law to exclude it.

"Your Committee cannot refrain from impressing strongly on the attention of the House that the effect of prohibitory duties, while they are of course wholly unproductive to the revenue, is to impose an indirect tax on the consumer, often equal to the whole difference of price between the British article and the foreign article which the prohibition excludes. This fact has been strongly and emphatically urged on your Committee by several witnesses; and the enormous extent of taxation so levied cannot fail to awaken the attention of the House. On the articles of food alone, it is averred, according to the testimony laid before the Committee, that the amount taken from the consumer exceeds the amount of all the other taxes which are levied by the Government. And the witnesses concur in the opinion that the sacrifices of the community are not confined to the loss of revenue, but that they are accompanied by injurious effects on wages and capital: they diminish greatly the productive powers of the country, and limit our active trading relations.

"Somewhat similar is the action of high and protective duties. These impose upon the customer a tax equal to the amount of the duties levied upon the foreign article, whilst it also increases the price of all the competing home-produced articles to the same amount as the duty; but that increased price goes, not to the Treasury, but to the protected manufacturer. It is obvious that high protective duties check importation, and consequently are unproductive to the revenue; and experience shows that the profit to the trader, the benefit to the consumer, and the fiscal interests of the country, are all sacrificed when heavy import-duties impede the interchange of commodities with other nations.

"The inquiries of your Committee have naturally led them to investigate the effects of the protective system on manufacture and labour. They find on the part of those who are connected with some of the most important of our manufactures, a conviction, and a growing conviction, that the protective system is not, on the whole, beneficial to the protected manufactures themselves. Several witnesses have expressed the utmost willingness to surrender any protection they have from the tariffs, and disclaim any benefit resulting from that protection: and your Committee, in investigating the subject as to the amount of duties levied on the plea of protection to British manufactures, have to report that the amount does not exceed half a million sterling; and some of the manufacturers, who are supposed to be most interested in retaining those duties, are quite willing they should be abolished, for the purpose of introducing a more liberal system into our commercial policy.

"Your Committee gather from the evidence that has been laid before them, that while the prosperity of our own manufacturers is not to be traced to benefits

derived from the exclusion of foreign manufacturers, so neither is the competition of Continental manufacturers to be traced to a protective system. They are told that the most vigorous and successful of the manufactures on the Continent have grown, not out of peculiar favour shown to them by legislation, but from those natural and spontaneous advantages which are associated with labour and capital in certain localities, and which cannot be transferred elsewhere at the mandate of the Legislature, or at the will of the manufacturer. Your Committee see reason to believe, that the most prosperous fabrics are those which flourish without the aid of special favours. It has been stated to your Committee, that the legislation of Great Britain, whenever it is hostile to the introduction of foreign commodities, is invariably urged by the foreign states that produce such commodities, as a ground and a sanction for laws being passed hostile to the introduction of products of British industry; and while on the one hand there is reason to believe that the liberalizing the tariffs of Great Britain would lead to similar favourable changes in the tariffs of other nations, so it is seriously to be apprehended that a persistence in our illiberal and exclusive policy will bring with it increased imposts on, if not prohibitions against the products of British labour being admitted to other countries.

"With reference to the influence of the protective system upon wages, and on the condition of the labourer, your Committee have to observe, that as the pressure of foreign competition is heaviest on those articles in the production of which the rate of wages is lowest, so it is obvious, in a country exporting so largely as England does, that other advantages may more than compensate for an apparent advantage in the money-price of labour. The countries in which the rate of wages is lowest are not always those which manufacture most successfully; and your Committee are persuaded that the best service that could be rendered to the industrious classes of the community, would be to extend the field of labour, and of demand for labour, by an extension of our commerce; and that the supplanting the present system of protection and prohibition by a moderate tariff, would encourage and multiply most beneficially for the state and for the people our commercial transactions.

"Your Committee further recommend, that as speedily as possible the whole system of differential duties and of all restrictions should be reconsidered, and that a change therein be effected, in such a manner that existing interests may suffer as little as possible in the transition to a more liberal and equitable state of things. Your Committee is persuaded that the difficulties of modifying the discriminating duties which favour the introduction of British Colonial articles would be very much abated if the Colonies were themselves allowed the benefits of free trade with all the world.

"Although, owing to the period of the session at which the inquiry was begun, your Committee have not been able to embrace all the several branches which come within the scope of their instructions, they have thought themselves warranted in reporting their strong conviction of the necessity of an immediate change in the import-duties of the kingdom: and should Parliament sanction the views which your Committee entertain on these most important matters, they are persuaded that, by imposts on a small number of those articles which are now most productive, the amount of each impost

being carefully considered with a view to the greatest consumption of the article, and thereby the greatest receipt to the Customs, no loss would occur to the revenue, but, on the contrary, a considerable augmentation might be confidently anticipated.

"The simplification they recommend would not only vastly facilitate the transactions of commerce, and thereby benefit the revenue, but would at the same time greatly diminish the cost of collection, remove multitudinous sources of complaint and vexation, and give an example to the world at large, which, emanating from a community distinguished above all others for its capital, its enterprise, its intelligence, and the extent of its trading relations, could not but produce the happiest effects, and consolidate the great interests of peace and commerce by associating them intimately and permanently with the prosperity of the whole family of nations.

"6th. August 1841."

A number of grave considerations are suggested by this Report, which the startling facts brought to light by the witnesses enforce, with regard to taxation, trade, and financial principles. Let it be observed that we have enjoyed all but profound peace for a quarter of a century; at least any exceptions to this enviable state of things could not have affected the past years of that period in our foreign relations; and yet it has been with difficulty that the public revenue has met the public expenses. We have had Parliamentary Reform, too, for a series of years, and sufficiently long to test its practical results; which results, if they are good for anything better than a name, must have beneficially affected the condition of the industrious classes. But what is the fact? We stop not to answer. The country has also beheld gigantic and unprecedented strides made in inventions of machinery, in internal communications, and the means of intercourse and commercial traffic with other nations. Yet the evidence before us proclaims the alarming fact that some of our grand and most celebrated staple manufactures are meeting with successful competition by foreigners. In several articles we are undersold by them. Markets, too, which we were wont solely to supply, are either shut or beginning to be shut against us. And all these startling facts and circumstances meet and combine, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be, and has been, sadly puzzled to find a source for further taxation.

The questions therefore press in proportion to the weight of these facts,—are there any remedies for this unhealthy or enfeebled state of things? has it reached its maximum of evil? is industrial business to recover itself and to improve, and are its rewards about to become greater? or are there not rather every ground for fearing that unless there be some vital changes produced and created for the benefit of trade as well as in the methods and results of taxation, our difficulties will multiply, our pre-eminence be more and more neutralized, until we rank as an inferior people in the list of

nations? Now, we are glad to have it in our power to say, that according to the Select Committee on Import Duties, and of the experienced, deeply-informed gentlemen examined as witnesses, a great deal may be accomplished not merely to render the revenue more productive, but to invigorate the springs, and to extend the operations of our trade, and also to resist competition. According to the Committee and witnesses the rates of taxes may be reduced; merchants and manufacturers may be considerably relieved from fiscal burdens; and the public expenditure may be lessened; while all this may be accomplished with safety and upon clear and simplified principles of finance.

Import Duties, or the Customs, are of course the taxes levied on foreign productions, without which the country would be starved, and the very meanest as well as the wealthiest and most luxurious would be denied what have become unto them daily and continual necessities of life. Again, what would be the state of the public income, if there were no sums drawn in the shape of Custom-duties, which annually amount to nearly *twenty-three* millions? But not to dwell on these points, let us attend to the important and suggestive fact, that there is a great majority of articles of consumption subjected to these taxes, which yield, even in the aggregate, but a comparatively trifling sum, but which also cost a great deal in collecting. These are therefore not only burdensome duties to the public purse, but are injurious to the interests of the private consumer. And again, there has long existed a system of absolute prohibitions, or of excessive taxation on certain most important foreign commodities, amounting to prohibition, which operates, while in the name of protection, to the great damage both of people and of revenue; of domestic trade and industry of every description.

Now, what do the witnesses before the Committee say might be done? Why, they are strongly of opinion that the revenue might be increased with practical safety to the extent of several millions, that general cheapness might be introduced, as compared with the present price of commodities, that domestic industry might be extended, and that foreign competition might be repelled; and all these things simultaneously and harmoniously, although the salutary results would in many cases be indirectly produced, and not apparently. Thus, the abolition of small duties, or of relieving commodities altogether which yield insignificant returns, might not be directly much felt. But then the expense of levying them would be avoided, while the impulse or relief thereby occasioned to classes of merchants who deal largely in the commodities thus affected would be healthy and stimulating. Let it at the same time be firmly borne in mind that it must be by the introduction and establishment of a great sweep, of a bold breadth of financial reform, that any considerable or palpable benefits will be generally produced. Not

only, according to the views of the Committee and the witnesses, must the change and the new system affect the lesser sources, and the smaller commodities in respect of consumption, but the staple articles,—even timber, sugars, and corn. In short, the plan suggested and urged in the evidence before us amounts to this, to use general terms, that the duties on all the unproductive articles imported be abolished, and that duties only be imposed for the purposes of revenue, all protective and prohibitory taxes being abolished. Those who wish to have a full view of the scope of this change, and of the exceptions which it may be necessary to allow to it, must look into the details of the evidence.

It will be understood from the hasty glance which we have taken of the Reform suggested by official and other competent witnesses, that it involves a complete re-modelling of our financial system, a recognition and realisation of entirely new principles as compared with those that have been hitherto in vogue, or which through ignorance have found admission into a confused and incongruous mass of enactments and practices. The whole theory of taxation will have to be reviewed by it, and some of the main doctrines of economy carried out.

It will be said that here is propounded a question of such magnitude, and involving such difficulties,—so many opposing interests and opinions, as must baffle any attempt at adjustment. Our answer to these statements is, that there is no difficulty which class, interests, or political theories can interpose that will withstand the will of a nation; that that general expression of mind will make itself be heard and obeyed, when utter ruin or reform are the only alternatives,—for that then the community will be forced into enlightenment and prompted to activity, and all selfish or timid men silenced. There may be no statesman or minister, who single-handed, is able, or of such lofty purpose, as to carry out this mighty change. But a united and an energetic people can force it upon any government, as the test of its honesty and ability, and thus render the public good the paramount interest and cause. The present system is bad; it is fast tending to ruin; and it will be strange if our condition do not awaken the people to a full discovery of their danger. In the document before us there is much, more than enough to enlighten and to stimulate them. We hail too the way in which Parliament men and officials are becoming alive to the exigencies of the nation. But if our hopes be preposterously sanguine: if ignorance, indolence, or incapacity, is destined to baulk the reform of a bad system, then, to quote the emphatic words of one of the witnesses before the Committee, that bad system will put an end to itself, some day or other, and the prosperity of the country with it.

The words which we have now quoted were uttered by Mr. Deacon Hume of the Customs and Board of Trade, who has been

thirty-eight years in the former, and nearly as many in the latter,—the well-known author of the Digest of the Customs—Laws, whose evidence is perhaps the most valuable and informing of any in the Report. On account of its logical and luminous exposition of principles, and selection of facts, as well as aptitude of illustration, his evidence has been pronounced to contain and enforce the science of free trade, and of Import Duties. We shall now confine our extracts to his examination.

He classified the duties into those which are levied for the purposes of revenue, and those which are levied with a view to the protection of particular interests. As regards the former, he thinks the table is infinitely more complicated and extended than it needs to be. But by quoting condensed or abridged portions of his examination on some vital, yet vexed points, we shall best recommend his evidence to study, and the doctrines he entertains. First with regard to the operation of protecting duties:—

“Mr. Villiers.—Have you ever considered whether there are articles upon which a protecting duty has ceased to operate?—I think there are not many in that case; but I think the converse of the question is very applicable to our table of duties. There are a great many articles which originally were at a low duty, and where no protection was contemplated; but during the war, year by year, and budget by budget, the duties being yearly increased, many articles had duties at last imposed upon them, which set people on the alert to make them at home, which was never thought of before, and thus incidentally those became protected. First, revenue alone was the object, but parties made the goods here, and in fact intercepted the revenue. Then there are some articles which, short of the higher degree of protection, are materially protected, such as metals, glass, cordage, oils, staves, paper, butter, and cheese.

“Is it your opinion that, generally speaking, all protective duties should be removed, and that it would be the consideration which of them might be exceptions only to that rule?—I conceive that no general measure could be more beneficial to the country than a removal of all protections, prohibitions and restrictions. I cannot conceive that a country exporting forty millions' worth of its industry in the year, can effectually and beneficially, for any length of time, protect any partial interest whatever. If the protection is effectual, it can only be so in consequence of the prosperity of the country arising from other means; but if once the country should cease to be prosperous, in consequence of being unable to find markets abroad for this enormous amount of exportation, then the parties making those goods that had before been exported would apply themselves to the manufacture of the protected articles, and thus bring them down to their own level very quickly. Spitalfields was invaded by Manchester before it was by Lyons. During the war, and for a great number of years, while the cotton trade was entirely or nearly our own, there was little attempt to make silk goods in our provincial manufacturing towns, and Spitalfields had the trade nearly to itself. But the first distresses of Spitalfields after the war closed arose from home competition, and not from the importation of foreign goods.”

Mr. Hume is of opinion that when there is any difference in the cost of living in this country and in other countries, or when we are under disadvantage in competition with them, it chiefly arises from the protective system. He says, that with our command of trade, our navigation, our capital, and our geographical position, if trade in this country were perfectly free, and we were enabled to obtain in the cheapest markets, upon even terms, all the commodities we want, he can see no reason why this should not be one of the cheapest countries in the civilized world to live in. "There are many matters in which density and population lead to cheapness."

By saying that Spitalfields was invaded by Manchester, he meant that Manchester devoted itself to the manufacture of silk goods as soon as the cotton trade began to fail them in some degree, and the profits of the manufacturers of Spitalfields were therefore reduced. There was an interval of very considerable distress in the cotton manufacture between the high prices of the war, and the settling down of the trade to its own level, and then it was that Manchester began to think of the silk trade.

With regard to the price of food, and the limitation of its importation, and general taxation, &c. :—

"Does not every limitation in the importation of food, and every rise in the price of food, tend to undermine the manufactures of the country, upon which we depend?—I conceive that it must do so, because we place ourselves at the risk of being surpassed by the manufactures in other countries; and as soon as it happens, if ever the day should arrive, that we should be put to a severe trial as to our manufacturing power, I can hardly doubt that the prosperity of this country will recede much faster than it has gone forward.

"Do you mean whenever England shall be unable to compete with foreign markets, in her principal staples, with other countries which are less burthened, and have cheaper food than ourselves, that then the prosperity of this country must begin to wane?—Whenever foreign countries can so compete with us, from whatever cause, I conceive that our prosperity must decline; but I cannot help believing that there can be no other cause for that than other countries having cheaper food.

"Is not the increased price of food in this country one of the principal ingredients of the increased cost of our manufactures, so as to prevent our competing with other countries?—I conceive that, in the long run, it must be so; it either must be so; or the manufacturers and labourers must suffer great privations; wages would first be lowered as far as possible; and as many masters would be withdrawing from their trade, it is possible that the supply of labour would be so much greater than the demand, that the reduction might go to the limits of starving or of riots; but it is not merely that, it is the diverting of other countries from manufactures, and inducing them to take to agriculture instead, and also producing an interchange of goods, and creating markets for returns, for our goods, as well as finding markets for them to go to. Altogether, I conceive that the reduction in the price of food,

and particularly the admission of it from abroad, must tend to prevent other countries from being able to surpass us in manufactures.

"You have often heard it stated that the people of England being higher taxed than they are in any other country, would be unable, as regards the price of food, to compete with other countries if the corn laws were taken off?—I have heard that argument, but have always been surprised at it, because it appears to me that the very circumstances of our being so highly taxed for the good of the State is a reason why we should not be taxed between ourselves.

"You consider that a fallacy?—The greatest fallacy I can conceive? it is the very opposite of the true proposition.

"*Mr. Villiers.*—Do you not consider that we have greater advantages in production than any other country in the world, as regards capital and skill?—I think that is the only thing that has yet kept us up, but I do not think the advantages are such that we can rely upon them for ever.

"We are losing markets for our goods in return for corn, and we are compelling these countries to establish interests to rival us in other countries?—I have always thought that when the great change in this world took place after the French war, before which time the foreigners had not attempted manufactures to any material extent, and when they had been greatly encouraged in agricultural pursuits, because through the war we had been great importers,—if from that time we had thrown open our ports for raw produce, and removed protections, we should have had our manufactures in a most secure position, for the other countries who are now attempting to rival us would not have attempted it; but it would be difficult now to get back to the point at which we then were: starting at that point, we were then the only manufacturers.

"What the people on the Continent want most is large capital, is it not?—I believe it is; and I believe they are every year obtaining very considerable capital as well as artisans from this country, and even master manufacturers.

"Then the tendency of the present system is to drive this large amount of capital to those countries which are engaged in rivalry with us?—That is the direct tendency; and one wonders that the trading part of the community have not taken this view of the matter earlier; and I can only account for it on this supposition, that the most influential and the most advanced have believed and felt confident that the shifting of the trade was a matter of slow operation, that it would last their time. I think that this makes the great difference between the former supineness of our manufacturers on the subject of the corn laws, and their recent activity on that subject. The day of trial is not now so distant, in the view of the present parties, as it was in that of their predecessors, or even of themselves some years ago."

With regard to free trade in food:—

"Do you consider that those principles which you have laid down ought to apply equally to articles of food of this country, a great portion of which are now excluded?—I conceive myself, if I were compelled to choose, that food is the last thing upon which I would attempt to place any protection.

"That is the first thing upon which you would remove the prohibition and protective duties?—Yes. It is very clear that this country stands in need of a vast deal of agricultural produce beyond its production; which is not to be measured merely by the quantity of corn which we occasionally import, because we habitually import very largely of those articles that are the produce of land, and suited to be raised in this country, besides corn, and which shows that the power of supply is very much strained. Although we view it chiefly in the article of corn, we import a very large quantity of other commodities, commonly and habitually, such as are the produce of our own soil or fit to be so: and this proves clearly that we want more than we can produce. The exclusion of supply in such a case is cruel privation."

As to the repeal of the Corn-laws, and the "land thrown out of cultivation" objection:—

"If the Corn-laws were totally abolished, and consequently, that part of our provisions and food were brought in from other countries, do you agree with those who think that a great deal of land would be thrown out of cultivation?—By throwing land out of cultivation, I presume is meant converting arable into grass land. It is a wrong term, I think, to use, though I know it is a common term. I believe that much land would be thrown out of arable cultivation, and I believe that one of the great evils of our agriculture is the misappropriation of the soil; I believe there is a great deal too large a proportion of land under the plough, and too small a portion under grass. The difficulty of raising lean stock in this country for the purpose of fattening is so great, that it is the chief cause of the high price of meat; and I am quite persuaded that if a very large breadth of that arable land which can scarcely be cultivated to advantage were turned back to grass, the effect would be to reduce the quantity of corn produced in this country, so much as to make it impossible for the foreigner to fill the vacuum at a low price, and that the general results would be, that it would produce a lower price of meat; there being a power of increased consumption, in the present state of the country, in the article of meat, that is almost immeasurable. When we reflect upon the extremely small portion of meat eaten every day by the most robust labourers in the country, who are of course by far the most numerous portion of the population; if we are only to suppose them to have every day a fair moderate meal of meat, the increase of demand for meat, and for inferior meat (for cattle not fatted to the highest pitch of perfection, such as would be suitable to the produce of land of inferior qualities) would be so great, that there would be no want of good employment for any of the land that we possess within our boundaries."

Can the Corn-laws be continued and financial reform carried?—

"Is the abolition of the Corn-laws inseparable from the opinion you entertain that the removal of import-duties ought to take place?—Just so; that is the great article; and I conceive that otherwise we should expose our manufactures to the most unfair competition with foreigners, not because of the light taxes which foreigners pay, but because of the general cheapness

of living, from having corn and other provisions upon better terms than we have. I think that the first necessities of life should be the first articles to be set free.' "

Specimen of the manner in which selfish interests interfere with financial reforms :—

" There is a duty of 55*s.* a load on foreign oak ; that must raise the price in a great measure, if not entirely, by 55*s.* for every load of oak that is cut in this country. The shipowner cannot build so cheap, in consequence of this high price of oak. I can remember, if I might be allowed to state the circumstance, that some fifteen years ago, by the direction of Mr. Huskisson, I proposed to the shipowners, as from him, that a drawback should be given upon foreign timber used in the building of ships, in the same manner as the duty is given back for the building of churches ; and it was presumed that with that example before us, surveys might be made of the ships before their frames were entirely closed up, and the amount ascertained ; but it was objected to by the shipowners of that day. It was offered to them, as far as the offer could be made by a Minister, that this boon should be granted to them ; but they objected to it, because they said it would lead to the building of much cheaper ships afterwards, and that that would be an injury to the shipowners, with their present shipping."

We might greatly extend our extracts even from Mr Deacon Hume's evidence, without exhausting expositions of principles, and facts and arguments of most important and interesting character. And if we were to go into an examination of the testimony of other witnesses, with regard, for example, to the manner and the extent to which we have lately been, or are threatened to be, undersold in foreign markets, the subject of financial reform would acquire still greater importance in the reader's sight. But we must close the Report, in the hope that we have done something to excite attention to its contents and the paramount views which it develops.

ART. II.—*A Narrative of Events connected with the first Abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, Voyage to Elba, &c.* By CAPTAIN SIR J. USSHER, R. N. London : Fraser.

NAPOLEON said to Captain Ussher, the French "are a fickle people;" and added, "They are like a weather-cock." Had it not been for their fickle and mercurial temperament, inflamed to a predominating passion for war, and any change which promised to gratify the desire for foreign conquest, together with declaiming about national glory and the realization of the grand destinies of the country, France and its people might have held a prouder position at this day than they can rightfully lay claim to ; that is, provided

their genius and energies had been wisely and steadfastly devoted to internal ameliorations and the practical developments of government, commerce, and economical industry. France, from its geographical position, soil, and climate; its magnitude and natural resources; its vast population, surpassed by none in modern or ancient times for intelligence, quick capacity, bravery, and refinement, has yet much to learn before she can offer a spectacle worthy of the highest or of universal imitation, if the prosperity, the worth, or even the power of the nation be instanced. There is something more rational, permanent in its nature, and more truly majestic than martial triumphs. Even literature and the culture of physical science, in which our Gallic neighbours stand so conspicuous, are not the departments where the most praiseworthy or profitable achievements can be accomplished. Far nobler and more enduring conquests can be registered in a nation's history,—those which exhibit a people's happiness, advancement in the practical illustration of moral science and ripened institutions in harmony with the character of that people, so as to have apprehended and realized amongst themselves the ends of good government, and be a model to surrounding nations; at the same time both cultivating public opinion and being accommodated to that opinion.

No government in Europe is more influenced by public opinion, always remembering that it is wonderfully centralized, that it is alone proclaimed from the capital of the kingdom, than that of France; but then this very centralized and monopolized source of influence and of sway enables the most excitable speculative, and ambitious spirits of the country and age, to force upon the state, as the strength of parties and of new-fangled notions may run, any sudden change and direction to public affairs. Hence so many great and rapid revolutions, if not always to the dethronement of kings, at least to the demonstration of a most fickle and uncertain condition and relation of things, perhaps the only fixed and prevailing unity of sentiment consisting in a passion for martial achievements, which has not only been cultivated by despotic rulers, but has invoked and bred iron tyrannies. War and military despotism rear and foster a restless and mighty host of non-productive, agitating, and morally pestiferous men. Industry is scorned and crippled by them, and a vain-glorious spirit of boasting is begotten, alike unhealthy to a nation as it is irritating to its neighbours. This boasting, which is an intoxication, provokes retaliation, contempt, and calumnious representations; feeding a reciprocity of evil, instead of allowing nations to institute a noble and generous rivalry, in order to prove which of them will take the highest rank in the realization of prosperous peace, internal and social happiness, and moral displays, which in their natural sweep embrace political as well as private worth and virtue.

Through a long series of years we must look, if we wish to discover the origin and growth not only of the French passion for military glory to the serious neglect of institutional reform and commercial advancement, but for the sudden violent convulsions that have taken place in the state, to the grievous injury of all which ought to be held dearest by those who meditate upon the developments of the science of government, and the onward march of civilization; things which must proceed on sound principles, and be cultivated by a sane people.

Begin, for instance, with the reign of the Grand Monarch, and mark his policy, after a train of extraordinary circumstances had thrown unprecedented power into his hands, and which he wielded in such a manner as to blind and intoxicate the nation, but most disastrously for the development of commerce and the internal capabilities of an industrial nature. If instead of being bent on foreign conquest, of exterminating his Protestant subjects, and of breeding and encouraging lawless and servile masses, he had directed all the means which a far-seeing despot would have done to repress the spirit for aggression, to encourage freedom of opinion in science, and of action in commerce and manufactures, a middle class of men of mettle, of moral worth, and of capital, would have arisen as far removed from, and as superior to, in sterling qualities, the tawdry and imbecile courtiers, as the poor and oppressed serfs of the soil. A sound and strong national principle would have been thereby produced and preserved; and if the reformed religion had spread, it would at least have been to the rejection and repression of the infidelity which began to flood the land, and to the certain advancement of the peaceful and enriching fruits of industry. But, instead of this, soldiers went before merchants, external splendour before real wealth, and atheism became far more dangerous and revolutionary than any religious creed whatever.

The Revolution overtook the country when the misdirections of opinion and practice, and the evils now indicated, with their kindred enormities and abuses, had reached a climax, were fully ripened; and then where was there to be found a combined, consistent, and faithful, phalanx of men, however small, who could see their way clearly in regard to the ends of government, to take hold of its reins; or if there had been such a precious nucleus in concentrated France, in Paris, where could there be discovered a class of cool headed, independent, wealthy, and sturdy burghers upon whom the few enlightened patriotic statesmen might rely? But both bands, however numerous taken individually might be the great and good men of France at the time, were in vain to be sought for. The nation was distracted; it was at the mercy either of the most restless or worst spirits that had been so fully bred throughout the length and breadth of the land; so that until exhaustion from one

side, and Napoleon from the other met, the fluctuations had been that of the most terrible storms that ever swept the face of the earth. The mighty military genius of Bonaparte for a time bound the nation together, presenting a front stern, and all but irresistible. Men of talent from every corner, no matter what their birth, infused new life into his government; and while his military despotism lasted, or, in other words, while his arms were everywhere victorious, there was a united and unveering people. But the glory was but ephemeral; it never was of the soundest kind, or most generative of good; and when the warrior's strong arm was felled to the earth, there commenced a new series of changes, of restorations, legislative encroachments, and sometimes tyrannous, at others, anarchical, measures, which we need not particularly name or trace, but which, down from Napoleon's fall to the present moment, have with most provoking and perplexing continuity been proclaiming that the French are a fickle people in all but a passion for warlike renown and military aggression. Even the comparatively puny attempts on the African coast which have occupied the reigning King's armies, not to speak of the very recent and still existing threatenings towards England, testify how deeply the French are imbued with an unprofitable enthusiasm; whereas, if the national mind were set upon the removal of commercial restrictions, and the extension of municipal rights and functions, with other internal improvements, far healthier spheres for energy and fixedness of spirit would be created and widened, than the sword can ever win, or than constant speculative changes relative to government can promise.

When shall the mind of France be enthusiastically and firmly directed to the wholesome regeneration and the blissful career of which we speak? Perhaps some one of commanding grasp and energy, and of unflinching honesty, might turn the tide into the beautiful channel. One thing, however, appears certain even in the case of the teachings of such an apostle, viz., that he must have the hearty and generous concurrence of public opinion; and this seems at present to be hardly in a condition, or of a sort that can with much prospect of success be invoked. Till then we shall despair of finding France the happiest and best nation in Europe, or of her taking her proper stand as a model for the continent of which she territorially and in diverse other respects forms the most attractive and conspicuous part.

The views now offered are not in strict accordance with those entertained and eloquently urged by a gentleman who frequently contributes to the pages of the "Monthly Review." But since these pages are liberally opened to opinions honestly held, when in no respect offensively expressed, and bearing merely upon matters of speculation, where much diversity may be expected, there can be no

compromise of the literary character of this journal in allowing them insertion.

We turn to the more immediate subject of this paper, Captain Ussher's Narrative, in order to quote some notices of the conversation and conduct of the most extraordinary man of modern times. He will be seen from what we quote to have been peculiar in his adversity; to have been great among petty things. Take him previous to his embarkation for Elba, and on his arrival at Frejus. Here our author waited upon him, and tells us,—

"Colonel Campbell, although suffering severely from his wounds, immediately accompanied me to the Chapeau Rouge, a small *auberge*, or hotel (and I believe the only one in Frejus), where Napoleon was lodged; and, whatever my previous feelings might have been towards this the most powerful enemy the country had to contend with, I am proud to confess, all resentment and uncharitable feeling, if any ever existed, quickly vanished, and I felt all the delicacy of the situation, in which circumstances the most extraordinary had placed me. His faithful follower in adversity, Comte Bertrand, was in attendance; and having announced Colonel Campbell and myself, we were immediately presented to him. Napoleon was dressed in the regimentals of the 'Vieille Garde,' and wore the star of the Legion of Honour; he walked forward to meet us with a book in his hand, to which he occasionally referred, when asking me questions about Elba and the voyage thither; he received us with great condescension and politeness: his manner was dignified, but he appeared to feel his fallen state. Having asked me several questions regarding my ship, he invited us to dine with him, upon which we retired. I was shortly afterwards waited upon by Comte Bertrand, who presented me with the lists of the baggage, carriages, horses, &c., belonging to the Emperor. I immediately made arrangements for receiving them, and then demanded an interview with the several envoys of the allied sovereigns, feeling that, placed in a position of such peculiar responsibility and delicacy, it was necessary for me to learn from them the instructions they had received from their respective sovereigns, that I might shape my conduct accordingly; and particularly to know from them what ceremony was to be observed on Napoleon's embarkation, and on arriving on board the *Undaunted*, as I was desirous to treat him with that generosity towards a fallen enemy which is ever congenial with the spirits and feelings of Englishmen. They informed me that their instructions were precise and positive, and that he was styled by the treaty of Fontainebleau Emperor and Sovereign of the island of Elba. I still entertained doubts as to the propriety of receiving him with a royal salute, but Colonel Campbell (in order to remove every doubt on that subject) shewed me Lord Castlereagh's instructions to him, which were conclusive. I now gave orders to embark the Emperor's baggage, carriages, and horses. Soon after, the *Dryade*, French frigate, and the *Victorieuse*, corvette, arrived in the roads and anchored. The Comte de Montcabri, on landing, expressed his surprise to my first lieutenant on seeing the baggage going on board. But on being presented to the Emperor shortly after, and learning his intention of embarking on board the *Undaunted*, he re-

turned to his ship and sailed out of the bay, with the *Victorieuse* in company. The *Victorieuse*, I was given to understand, was to have remained at Elba in the Emperor's service. The party at table consisted of the Prince Schouwallof, Russian envoy; Baron Koller, Austrian envoy; Comte Truxos, Prussian envoy; and our envoy, Col. Campbell; Comte Clam, aide-de-camp to Prince Swartzenburgh; Comte Bertrand, Druo, and myself. The Emperor did not appear at all reserved, but, on the contrary, entered freely into conversation, and kept it up with great animation; he appeared to show marked attention to Baron Koller, who sat on his right hand. Talking of his intentions of building a large fleet, he alluded to the Dutch navy, of which he had formed a very mean opinion; he said that he had improved their navy, by sending able naval architects to Holland, and that he had built some fine ships there; the *Austerlitz* (he said) was one of the finest ships in the world; in speaking of her, he addressed himself to Prince Schouwallof, who did not seem to like the allusion; he said the only use he could make of the old Dutch men-of-war was to fit them to carry horses to Ireland. He talked of the Elbe; said the importance of that river was but little known; that the finest timber for ship-building could be brought there, at a small expense, from Poland, &c. &c. I slept this night at Frejus, and was awoke at four in the morning by two of the principal inhabitants, who came into my room to implore me to embark the Emperor as quickly as possible, intelligence having been received that the army of Italy, lately under the command of Eugene Beauharnais, was broken up; that the soldiers were entering France in large bodies, and were as devoted as ever to their chief; these gentlemen were afraid the Emperor might put himself at their head: I informed them I had no more to do with embarking the Emperor than they had, and requested them to make known to the envoys (who, I dare say, were as little pleased as I was, in being awoke at so unseasonable an hour) their fears and misgivings. It was, indeed, pretty evident that Napoleon was in no hurry to quit the shores of France, and appeared to have some motive for remaining. The envoys became rather uneasy, and requested me to endeavour to prevail upon him to embark that day. In order to meet their wishes I demanded an interview, and pointed out to the Emperor the uncertainty of winds, and the difficulty I should have in landing in the boats, should the wind change to the southward and drive in a swell upon the beach, which, from the present appearance of the weather, would, in all probability, happen before many hours; in which case I should be obliged, for the safety of his majesty's ship, to put to sea again; I then took leave and went on board, and at ten o'clock received the following note from Colonel Campbell:—

“Dear Usher,—The Emperor is not very well. He wishes to delay embarking for a few hours, if you think it will be possible then; that you may not be kept in suspense, he begs you will leave one of your officers here, who can make a signal to your ship when it is necessary to prepare, and he will also send previous warning. I think you had better come up, or send, and we can fix a signal, such as a white sheet at the end of the street. The bearer has orders to place at your disposal a hussar and a horse, whenever you wish to go up or down. Let me know your wishes by bearer: you will find me at General Koller's.

“Yours truly,

“N. CAMPBELL.”

“10 A.M.

"Napoleon, finding that it was my determination to put to sea, saw the necessity of yielding to circumstances; Bertrand was accordingly directed to have the carriages ready at seven o'clock. I waited on the Emperor (at a quarter before seven) to inform him that my barge was at the beach; I remained alone with him in his room at the town, until the carriage, which was to convey him to the boat, was announced. He walked up and down the room, apparently in deep thought. There now was loud noise in the street, upon which I remarked that a French mob was the worst of all mobs (I hardly know why I made this remark); he replied, 'Yes, they are fickle people;' and added, 'They are like a weather-cock.' At this moment Comte Bertrand announced the carriages; he immediately put on his sword, which was lying on the table, and said, 'Allons, Capitaine.' I turned from him to feel if my sword was loose in the scabbard, fancying I might have occasion to use it. The folding-doors (which opened on a pretty large landing-place) were thrown open, when there appeared a number of most respectable-looking people, the ladies in full dress, waiting to see him. They were perfectly silent; but bowed most respectfully to the Emperor, who went up to a very pretty young woman in the midst of the group, and asked her, in a courteous tone, if she was married, and how many children she had. He scarcely waited for a reply; but, bowing to each individual as he descended the staircase, stepped into his carriage, desiring Baron Koller, myself, and Comte Bertrand (the Mareschal du Palais), to accompany him. The carriage immediately drove off at full speed to the beach, followed by the carriages of the envoys. On arriving there the scene was deeply interesting. It was a bright clear moonlight night, with little wind; a regiment of cavalry was drawn up in a line upon the beach, and among the trees. On the carriage approaching, the bugles sounded, which, with the neighing of horses, and the noise of the people assembled to bid adieu to their fallen chief, was to me in the highest degree interesting. The Emperor, having left the carriage, embraced Prince Schouwallof (who, with Comte Truxos, took leave and returned to Paris), and, taking my arm, proceeded immediately towards the barge, which was waiting to receive us. Lieutenant Smith (nephew of Sir Sidney Smith, who, it is well known, had been some time confined in the temple with Captain Wright) was, by a strange coincidence, the officer in command of the boat. He came forward and assisted the Emperor along the gang-board into the boat. The Undaunted lay close in, with her topsails hoisted, lying to. On arriving alongside, I immediately went up the side to receive the Emperor on the quarter-deck. He took his hat off and bowed to the officers who were all assembled on the deck. He soon afterwards went forward to the forecastle amongst the people, and I found him there conversing with those among them who understood a little French. Nothing seemed to escape his observation."

We have this notice of the Emperor, while passing near Calvi, Corsica:—

"At daylight we saw the town of Calvi bearing south: Napoleon was on deck earlier than usual; he seemed in high spirits; looked most earnestly at the shore, asking the officers questions relative to landing places, &c. As we

closed with the shore, the wind moderated. During the bad weather Napoleon remained constantly on deck, and was not in the least affected by the motion of the ship: this was not the case, however, with his attendants, who suffered a good deal. The wind now coming off the land, we hauled close in shore; Napoleon took great delight in examining it with his glass, and told us many anecdotes of his younger days. We rounded a bold rocky cape, within two or three cables' length. Napoleon, addressing himself to Baron Koller, said he thought a walk on shore would do them good, and proposed landing to explore the cliffs. The baron whispered that he knew him too well to trust him on such an excursion, and begged me not to listen to his suggestion."

On nearing Elba, Napoleon became exceedingly impatient, and was very particular in inquiring what colours were flying on the batteries, as there was some grounds for doubting the welcome he might receive. A certain number of officers, however, were sent on shore, commissioned by the Emperor to take possession. We then read as follows:—

"May 4th.—Napoleon was on deck at daylight, and talked for two hours with the harbour-master, who had come on board to take charge of the ship as pilot, questioning him minutely about the anchorage, fortifications, &c. At six, we weighed and made sail into the harbour; anchored at half-past six near the mole-head, and moored ship, hoisted out all the boats, and sent some of the baggage on shore. At eight, the Emperor asked me for a boat, as he intended to take a walk on the opposite side of the bay, and requested me to go with him. He wore a great coat and a round hat Comte Bertrand, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vincent (chief engineer), went with us; Baron Koller declined doing so. When half-way, he remarked he was without a sword, and soon afterwards asked if the peasantry of Tuscany were addicted to assassination. We walked for about two hours. The peasants, taking us for Englishmen, cried 'Viva,' which seemed to displease him; we returned on board to breakfast. He afterwards fixed upon a flag for Elba, requesting me to remain while he did so. He had a book with all the ancient and modern flags of Tuscany; he asked my opinion of that which he had chosen; it was a white flag, with a red band running diagonally through it, with three bees on the band (the bees were in his arms as Emperor of France). He then requested me to allow the ship's tailor to make two, one of them to be hoisted on the batteries at one o'clock."

May 10th:—

"Napoleon rode to the top of the highest hill above Porto Ferraggio, from whence we could perceive the sea at four different points, and apparently not an English mile in a straight line in any direction from the spot where we stood. After surveying it for some time, he turned round and laughed, 'Eh! mon isle bien petite.' On the top of this hill is a small chapel and a house, where a hermit had resided until his death. Some one remarked that it would require more than common devotion to induce per-

sons to attend service there. 'Oui, oui, le prêtre peut dire autant de bêtises qu'il veut.' On the evening of the 9th, after his return from Longone, he entered upon the subject of the armies, and their operations at the close of the last campaign, and continued it for half an hour, until he rose from table. After passing into the presence-chamber, the conversation again turned on the campaign, his own policy, the Bourbons, &c. ; and he continued talking with great animation till midnight, remaining for three hours on his legs. He described the operations against the Allies as always in his favour, while the numbers were in any sort of proportion ; that in one affair against the Prussians, who were infinitely the best, he had only seven hundred infantry en tirailleurs, with two thousand cavalry and three battalions of his guards in reserve, against double their numbers. The instant those old soldiers shewed themselves, the affair was decided. He praised General Blücher ; 'Le vieux diable m'a toujours attaqué avec la même vigueur, s'il étoit battu, un instant après il se montrait prêt pour le combat.' He then described his last march from Arcis to Brienne, said that he knew Scharzenburgh would not stand to fight him, and that he hoped to destroy half his army."

We copy out another conversation with the Emperor of the Isle :—

"In talking of his marshals, he seemed to regret that he had not allowed some of them to retire ; he said they wanted retirement ; he ought to have made a batch of young men who would have been attached to him : like Massena, he considered Gouvion St. Cyr one of his best soldiers. He said Ney was a man that lived on fire ; that he would go into the cannon's mouth if he was ordered ; but he was not a man of talent or education. Marmont was a good soldier, but a weak man. Soult was a talented and a good soldier. Bernadotte, he said, had behaved ill on one occasion, and that he ought to have been tried by a court-martial : he did not interfere or influence in any way his election by the Swedes. He had a high opinion of Junot."

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Right Hon. Warren Hastings, late Governor General of India.* By the REV. G. R. GLEIG. 2 vols. London : Bentley.

It must have been owing in some degree to the scantiness of materials for writing the biography of this remarkable and eminent man, who played such an important part on the stage of life, that the world has been so long without anything like a complete history of him. In fact, hardly a shred of evidence or remains exists to enable us to form an idea of his early years, and very little relative to his private life. He appears to have preserved a secrecy concerning the juvenile era and the domestic sphere, as if ashamed, or in some way morbidly sensitive respecting them. He could not, after a certain lapse of time, have been unaware that he would become the subject of history. Yet even in conversation, says Mr. Gleig, he was reluctant to enter upon these topics, when questioned about

them. We shall give nearly all that can be picked up regarding his boyhood and youth, the biographer having been at pains to institute many inquiries, besides having access to the Governor General's "Journals and Letters, now first published from the Originals in the Possession of his Family."

The family it seems can count a lineage from the time of the Norman Conquest; but since the troubles in the reign of the First Charles, when John Hastings espoused that unfortunate monarch's cause, the House of Daylesford had fallen into poverty, which had been the family manor for centuries. The village of Churchill, Mr. G. supposes, was the place of Warren's birth, the period being December, 1732. His father was the second son of the incumbent of Daylesford, and a poor man. His mother died a few days after his birth; and he was reared at a country foundation school amid various privations and sufferings. We must proceed to quote more leisurely, although the particulars may frequently amount to conjectures merely:—

"I am inclined to conclude," says the biographer, reasoning from the reluctance which his hero exhibited to enter upon the subject of his first years, "that childhood and early youth were not with him seasons of much enjoyment, though whether overshadowed and oppressed by a mere sense of dependence, or subjected to the more direct and palpable mortifications which dependence too often brings in its train, I cannot undertake to say. All, indeed, that I have been enabled to discover respecting the first stage in his career amounts to this; that he remained in the country till the year 1740, when his uncle Howard, of whom I have spoken as holding a situation in the Customs, took charge of him. The first regular school to which he was sent was kept by Mr. Pardoe, at Newington Butts. His master is said to have been a good one; but Hastings himself never referred to the period of his sojourn in that school, with any degree of pleasure. He complained that the boys were half-starved; and attributed the delicacy of his constitution, and his stunted growth, in a great measure to the wretched feeding at this seminary. He did not remain there, however, more than two years ere he was transferred to Westminster; to win the honours of which, and to be elected on the foundation, became immediately the object of his ambition. It chanced that there were among his contemporaries some of the cleverest lads of which Westminster had for many years been able to boast; such as Lord Shelburne, Sir Elijah Impey, Cowper the poet, and others; the whole of whom, by the way, were his seniors in point of age, some of them by not less than two years. Yet, nothing daunted by his acquaintance with their powers, he became an intense student, inasmuch as well nigh to break down a frame delicate from the first, and now more than ever fragile. The result was, however, that when the season of trial came round, his triumph was complete. He was elected on the foundation at the head of all his competitors in the year 1747, and had, in consequence, his name engraved in golden characters on the wall of the dormitory, where it may still be seen. I have made many inquiries relative to his habits as a

Westminster scholar, which have obtained for me, I regret to say, but imperfect information. Of those who were his contemporaries not one now survives; and the memories even of its most distinguished members soon fade from a public school. It is said, however, that neither his delicate constitution nor his diminutive stature in the smallest degree affected his spirit. Quick he was, and mild, much addicted to contemplation, and a hard student; but he was likewise bold when necessity required, full of fire, ambitious in no ordinary degree, and anxious to excel in everything to which he addressed himself. His favourite pastime appears to have been swimming, in which he was very expert, and few could beat him with a pair of sculls; in other respects he was much as other boys are, except that his sweet temper and readiness at all times to oblige rendered him an universal favourite."

Mr. Gleig goes on to describe the effect of the uncle, Howard's, death, after Hastings had been three years a King's scholar, and when the greatest expectations were formed of his success at the university. He was now bequeathed to the care of a Mr. Chiswick, who appears to have been but very distantly related to the youth, the biographer being unable to say how far their blood did or did not flow from a common fountain. But he adds,—

"It is certain, however, that Mr. Chiswick at once determined that Warren should not go on with his classical studies; and that Dr. Nichols, then head master of the school, was informed of the determination. 'What,' exclaimed the Doctor, when his favourite pupil announced to him his purpose of withdrawing from the school, 'lose Warren Hastings! lose the best scholar of his year! That will never do at all. If the want of means to keep you here—ay, and at college too—be the only hinderance, we can easily remove that. You shall go on with your education at my charges. I cannot afford to lose the reputation which I am sure to obtain through you.' The proposal, most delicately made, was alike honourable to the master and his pupil, but it could not be acceded to. For a few months longer Hastings remained where he was, but his new guardian eventually withdrew him. Being in the direction of the East India Company, Mr. Chiswick determined to send his ward in the capacity of a writer. to Bengal; and, to fit him for the situation, he placed him for a time under the tuition of Mr. Smith, the teacher of writing and accounts at Christ's Hospital. This was in 1749; on the 14th of November in which year he signed his petition for the proffered appointment. It was acceded to immediately; and in the month of January, 1750, after fitting himself out as well as his slender finances would allow, Warren Hastings set sail on board the London East Indiaman for the place of his destination at Calcutta."

In order to form a correct or adequate idea either of the genius and conduct of Hastings in India, or of the condition and relations of the East when he arrived there, it is necessary, before reviewing the subject as treated by Mr. Gleig, to have the *Memoirs* entirely before us; whereas we have them as yet only down to the eve of his

impeachment. The following extract, however, contains Mr. Gieg's general view of the state of affairs at the period mentioned.—

“While Aurungzebe lived the empire continued, both nominally and really, a whole. His death, in 1707, shook the ill-assorted fabric to its base. There was, first, a contest between his three sons for the succession. There was, next, the necessity imposed upon the conqueror of conciliating the goodwill of the chiefs who raised him to the throne. There was, thirdly, the natural result of civil war within the empire itself—an opportunity afforded to the Mahrattas, of which they were not slow to avail themselves, of re-establishing more than the semblance of a kingdom. And last, and worst of all, Nadir Schah broke in from Persia, and threw all things into confusion. Then began viziers, soubahdars, and other governors of provinces, to deal with their delegated power as if it were inherent in themselves; till by and by, not only was the Deccan severed from the rest of the empire, but such minor chiefs as the Nabob of Bengal and the Vice-king of Oude learned to act as if they were independent princes. In the endless struggles, both foreign and domestic, which throughout a quarter of a century rent the empire to pieces, the English took no part. As often as one or other of the provinces within which their settlements stood became the seat of war, then, indeed, the servants of the Company assumed a defensive attitude; but their preparations never went farther than to put themselves in a condition to repel violence, should it be offered. In the contest, whatever it might be, which was going on, they did their best to preserve a strict neutrality. On the other hand, the native princes, as well during the vigour as in the decline of the empire, treated them on almost all occasions with singular favour. Partly because they reaped large profits from the European trade, partly because they did not as yet see reason to be jealous of a few European settlers on the coast, they not only permitted them to dwell at peace, but extended to them commercial privileges far greater than those which were granted to the native merchants. Accordingly, neither the revolutions which went on at Delhi, nor the establishment of an independent sovereignty in the Deccan, in any way interfered with the routine of business. Continuing, at least in Bengal, to pay to the public treasurers the sums which had been fixed as composition in lieu of transit duties, they sent their agents and servants as usual into the interior; and found that their duties, or passports, were universally respected, wherever there existed anything like a settled government. With these privileges the English were content, and had they been the only European settlers in India, it is extremely probable that they never would have looked beyond them. But they were not the only European settlers in India; the French, after repeated efforts, had succeeded, about 1720, in establishing themselves both among the islands and on the continent; and being at all times more disposed to indulge in dreams of glory than in details of business, they soon began to play a part in the political game which they beheld in progress round them. Their first great measure was to carry the war, which broke out in 1744 between France and England, to the distant shores of the Carnatic. Being greatly superior, both by sea and land, they made themselves masters of Madras, and reduced the affairs of the English East India

Company to a very low ebb. But the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle restored to the Company their ancient local capital, and, in some degree, forced upon them a change of policy. I am not going to repeat the thrice-told tale of the great war of succession in the Carnatic; far less to contrast with the magnificence of M. Dupleix's views the petty devices and ill-assorted schemes of his rival. My purpose is sufficiently served when I state that the treaty of concord was scarce ratified between them, when the French and the English Companies found themselves arrayed on opposite sides, in a struggle which, begun for the ostensible purpose of giving a nabob to the Carnatic, was, in point of fact, to decide by which of these two European nations the destinies of India were to be guided."

So far as we are yet able to judge of Mr. Gleig's performance, we must characterize it as a very readable although not very philosophical work. His tone is manly; his industry has been exemplary, and his candour superior to that which could be expected on themes of such keen and protracted controversy, by an author less cool, honest, and well informed than the experienced and considerate one before us. The particular excellence, we think, in what has yet appeared, is the skill with which he combines personal history with the events and vicissitudes of a mighty empire, keeping one master-mind ever before the reader, and thereby lending a unity and progressive wholeness to the drama. In so doing, however, and while being mainly occupied with the Indian government of Hastings, it is still too much in the manner of an advocate that he writes. If the biographer be not a partisan, he is at least a defender; if not a hired apologist, he is a willing and sincere admirer; his admiration colouring his representations and even affecting his abstract views of political administration. Expediency is frequently put before justice and humanity—wrong before right—when the preservation and aggrandizement of British India are concerned. Hear him with regard to the Begum business, where money was to be extorted from the Princesses of Oude, and when two eunuchs, their principal agents, were thrown into prison, and ordered to be kept without food until the treasures of which they had knowledge were to be given up. Says the biographer :—

"The eunuchs, like the majority of their countrymen, loved money more than they loved their own persons: and stoutly held out against imprisonment and the privation of food till the uneasiness occasioned by the latter became insupportable. I really must be pardoned if I venture to characterise as something pre-eminently ridiculous and wicked, the sensibility which would strive to balance the well-merited sufferings of those usurpers against the preservation of British India. The eunuchs deserved death for having advised their mistresses in the line of crooked and unwise policy which they followed. They escaped with a little personal suffering, which was applied only so long as they refused to surrender up a portion of that wealth, the whole of which their own and their mistresses' treason had forfeited."

According to our author's code of political morality, there is permitted in it much of a gambling character. Witness, with hardly an exception, his view of the entire government of his hero, following up as it did the unjustifiable and unscrupulous policy which the genius of Clive commenced, so as, no doubt, to lay the foundations of our colossal empire in the East, but upon no better abstract grounds than that the end justifies the means. In this way the shuffling, the intrigues, the foreseen advantages, and the strong-handed measures which, in one shape or another, were employed to supply the coffers of a mercantile company, and the still greater necessities connected with our retention of India, are not only extenuated but defended. The violations of treaties are excused when provinces are obtained and sovereignties seized; until a system of aggression was originated that has hardly known any bounds, and which is continually calling for new encroachments or usurpations, in order to preserve that which had been already possessed. Just let the reader peruse Mr. Gleig's perspicuous narrative, and pay attention to his avowed principles of construction, with regard to the treaties of Allahabad and Benares, the Mahratta wars, the Rohilla expedition, the fate of Nuncomar, who certainly was murdered under the guise of a fair trial, and the many grounds of charge and impeachment which were urged with unparalleled eloquence before supreme British tribunals; charges which, although exaggerated (and hence mainly was the acquittal of the Governor-General), are not all to be explained away, to the utter white-washing of that celebrated personage, with one exception, viz., his request in connexion with certain lacs of rupees. The author's account and concluding apology upon this affair are curious and extremely convenient. He says:—

“ The truth is, that while Mr. Hastings and the Nabob were together at Chunar, the latter, acting on the recognised policy of all eastern chiefs, offered to the former a gift of ten lacs of rupees. Mr. Hastings was then absolutely penniless. Neither in his own escritoir nor in the public treasury was there an available rupee wherewith to meet the current expenses of the hour, while the troops were all in arrears—some, and these actually engaged in suppressing Cheyt Sing's rebellion, to the extent of six months. The offer of ten lacs, even though it came in bills, was not by a man so circumstanced to be rejected, and Mr. Hastings did not scruple to avail himself of it. But he committed, at the same time, the only act throughout the whole of his political career, of which it is impossible to deny that it was, at least, injudicious. He communicated to the Court of Directors the fact of the present having been made, and while he set forth his mode of applying it to the public service, he hazarded a request that by the Court it might be given back to himself as a token of their approval of his conduct. What can I say but this? It was clearly not the act of a dishonest man—for such an one would have pocketed the money without so much as alluding to it in his communications with the India House. It was not the act of a merce-

nary man—for Mr. Hastings's character was the reverse of mercenary. It could not be the result of weakness—for of weakness no one will accuse him. And, which is more extraordinary still, it was a proceeding of which, almost to his dying day, he used to speak as if there could be but one opinion respecting both the justice of his claim, and the hardship of having it rejected. I am inclined to think, therefore, that he must have entertained on the subject views peculiar to himself, of which, never having heard them discussed, I can give no account."

We are unwilling to go at any length into questions which admit of contesting opinions, and which have been so long the topics of hot discussion, especially until we see how the author treats of the impeachment. Let us therefore for a moment return to some of the points known or conjectured of the private history of Hastings from the time at which he arrived in India.

He got employment in the Secretary's office; he married in 1756 the widow of Captain Campbell, who bore him two children; but she and they died at an early period. He was appointed resident at the court of Moorshedabad, and was in time elected a member of council. But what more, or what of some of these vicissitudes and changes, than what we have stated? Let Mr. Gleig be heard in reply:—

"I exceedingly regret that of the tenor of Mr. Hastings's private life I am unable, during this interesting period, to give any detailed account. Of his familiar correspondence, not a shred, as far as I know, has been preserved; and as all his contemporaries have long ago been gathered to their fathers, even tradition is silent on the subject. I find myself, therefore, without authority to say more than that in addition to the death of his daughter he lost his wife, where, or under what circumstances, I know not, in 1759; and that in 1761 he sent his son George to Europe, for the purpose of prosecuting his education. So complete, however, and so impenetrable is the mystery which has enveloped the early career of this great man, that I have not been able to ascertain so much as the name of the parties to whom this precious charge was intrusted. It is probable, indeed, that he committed him to the care of his sister, Mrs. Woodman, and her husband; and it cannot be doubted that, if the case were so, they disposed of the child where they believed that he would be rightly dealt by. Yet all this is mere conjecture. I must therefore content myself with stating, that after fifteen years of laborious service in India, Mr. Hastings resigned his seat as a member of council in the month of November, 1764, and returned, master of a very moderate fortune, in his Majesty's ship the *Medway*, together with his friend Mr. Vansittart, to England."

At the period of this return he could hardly have better expectations of rising to a supreme station in the government of India, than when he first set foot upon its territories. He appears, indeed, not to have been avaricious of money, or at least he was far from being parsimonious and provident; for we are told,—

“A fourteen years’ residence in the golden province of Bengal, during which more than the usual opportunities of amassing wealth were afforded him, had not, in Mr. Hastings’s case, produced the results on which it was customary in those days to calculate. Not once can I find his name included in the list of those, to whom nabob, or vizier, or native agent of either, had offered a gift; nor in a solitary instance was the suspicion excited towards him, that he might have accepted presents, yet kept the secret to himself. I do not mean to assert that he received no mark of the good will of the prince at whose court he so long resided or that the nobles of Moorsshedabad withheld from him the keilat, or gift of ceremony, which it was their custom to extend to the rest of their guests. But in the legitimate fruits, or what were so accounted, of the various revolutions which he contributed to bring about, it is clear that, for some reason or another, he was not a partaker. Of Drake, Clive, Vansittart, Carnac, Munro, Spencer, and indeed of all who from 1757 down to 1764, had acted as governor, commander of troops, or member of council, in the Company’s service, it is officially on record that they extorted sums, always considerable, in various instances enormous, out of the gratitude, or it may be the necessities, of the native princes. But in the catalogue of persons so honoured, I have not been able, after the most diligent search, to discover that the name of Hastings is any where included. I may, perhaps, be permitted to add, that the fact, for such it is, reflects immortal honour on his memory. I am sure that men’s knowledge of it ought to have screened him, in a later stage of his career, from some of the calumnies with which party malice sought to overwhelm him; yet is it past dispute, that the consequences of his own moderation were in the meanwhile extremely inconvenient to himself. Mr. Hastings returned to the land of his birth comparatively a poor man, and so extreme had been his carelessness in the adjustment of his personal affairs, that he soon became a needy one. I have been told by those who enjoyed the advantages of his intimacy, and heard him converse, which he could seldom be induced to do, upon the events of his early life, that he brought with him only a small portion of his savings to England, and that the bulk of them was left in Bengal on security which failed him. Though I cannot, on such authority, give the statement as a fact, I see no just reason why it should be questioned, because it was from first to last a conspicuous trait in Mr. Hastings’s character, that he never put the smallest value upon money. But there is now lying before me a letter from Mr., afterwards Sir Francis Sykes, bearing date Muxadabad, 24th November, 1768, which seems to establish the truth of the rumour beyond dispute: ‘I hope our friend Hastings,’ says he, ‘will before this have, by the interest of his friends, secured an appointment in the service. He has managed his cards very ill, and between you and me, I never saw such confused accounts as he left behind him.’ Whether the property which he had failed to realise ere quitting the scene of his labours was or was not lost I know not; but the short extract just transcribed clearly proves that he was the reverse of cautious respecting the means that were adopted to secure it.”

He got reappointed to the Company’s service; went out again to

India, meeting with Baroness Imhoff in the voyage, whom he afterwards married; and renewed a career of amore public and influential nature than ever, which Mr. Gleig brings down to 1782.

ART. IV.—*The Crisis. France in face of the Four Powers.* By D. URQUHART, Esq., late Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople. Author of "Turkey and its Resources," &c. Translated from the French. Paris. Dufert. 1840.

MR. URQUHART appears to have passed over into France in order to wage war against Lord Palmerston, and to vent his spleen upon that functionary, still smarting under what he considers to have been personal affronts or unhandsome treatment. Accordingly the author of the present pamphlet, which forms No. VI., it seems, of a series of papers on Diplomacy and Commerce, has for a course of years been writing bitterly in opposition to the Foreign Secretary, having recently been throwing all his weight, whatever that may be, into the French scale of animosity towards him, whom he characterizes as an arch and a bribed traitor to his country, and relentless enemy to the peace and civilization of Europe. In short, and in as far as the recent misunderstanding between the Cabinets of England and France is concerned, or our policy with regard to Turkey and Egypt, and our relations with Russia are involved, Mr. Urquhart is a hearty coadjutor of Mr. Attwood, who has been so loudly denouncing on both sides of the Channel, one of the principal ministers of the British crown.

Judging from some of the reported inflammatory speeches of the one gentleman, and the production before us of the other, which "some Frenchmen, desirous of co-operating in the attempt to save Europe from the dangers with which ignorance and treason threaten it, have undertaken to republish for distribution in England," we should say that the grounds for the grave allegations contained in them are either slight or feebly urged. Time too is a severe mocker of strong and sweeping predictions; so that when foretold discoveries fail, or are contradicted by real, recent and unquestioned occurrences, the public will lend a duller and a duller ear to further unmeasured accusations and alarming prophecies by the same parties.

It is not altogether unamusing, and certainly it may be profitable to notice what are some of Mr. Urquhart's foretellings, most positively and unhesitatingly put forward, contrasted with the actual events which have astonished Europe since the moment that he wrote and prophesied. For, be it observed, that he lays claim to extraordinary and special knowledge of the policy and diplomacy of all the great powers, pronouncing upon their wisdom or their folly, their strength

or weakness, their promptitude or neglect, in a tone, some will think, of unsurpassed arrogance. But even although nothing extraordinary had occurred since our author wrote the Introduction to this *second edition* of his pamphlet, dated Paris, October 22nd, we should have called the reasoning it contains unsatisfactory and unconvincing.

A month, says Mr. Urquhart, has elapsed between the appearance of the second edition, and the time when the pamphlet was written; and the events of this short period, he adds, have sufficed to confirm its statements and to accomplish its prognostications. Now what are the amount and nature of these statements and prognostications, said to be the inevitable consequences of the Treaty of the 15th July? Rupture of the alliance between France and England—Alliance between England and Russia—Renewal of a coalition of partition, England being added to the powers that partitioned Poland—The sovereignty of the Dardanelles wrested from the Porte—The occupation of Constantinople stipulated by the public law of Europe—France sanctioning the treaty by issuing no declaration, and by armaments preparing for a European war to sustain, not to resist the occupation—The prostration of France before Russia—By this prostration of France, the domination of Russia over the allies confirmed—In England one man rendered arbiter of the two parties, uniting them under Russia—War of twenty years in Europe—The eastern and the northern empires united—Russia adding to her possessions Elsinour and the Dardanelles—The Cossacks encamped at Paris, Vienna, and Rome.

How, how many of these statements and prognostications have been confirmed and accomplished, or are in the rapid progress of confirmation and accomplishment, we stop not at present to inquire; but before proceeding to give our view of the history of the difference between France and England, we must accompany Mr. Urquhart to some extent in the course of his details.

Lord Palmerston is not only charged with practising for a protracted period concealment and fraud as the hired agent of Russia, but direct reiterated falsehoods, so as completely to perplex and stultify his colleagues in office and the British nation, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, and also to confound and to triumph over the French ministry and people. He has got our neighbours just to do that which he wished them to do, and to leave undone that which they ought to have done. But yet there is no mystification in the Foreign Secretary's policy to any man who, like our author, has a complete knowledge of the Minister's consummate guilt. Propheying on the 12th of September, Mr. Urquhart assures us, that,—

“It will be the object of Russia, now, to exhibit to the French the weakness of England, the complications of her affairs, and the insecurity of her

relations in every portion of the world ; thereby encouraging the spirit of hostility in France against England. It must be shown that this weakness has been long prepared by Russia,—not to benefit France, but to place England under the dependence of Russia, and *thereby to be used against France*. For France, therefore, the sole danger arises out of the weakness of England.

“ But this is incomprehensible without the knowledge of the treason of the minister. No man, ignorant of this, can see his way through any of the affairs of Europe ; knowing this, then, is there no further deceit in any semblance, confusion in any mist, or doubt in any transaction ?

“ Russia and the English minister have been acting in concert to degrade the power of England, to complicate her relations with every state, and to strengthen the hands of the minister against his own country. England has thus been misled ; her parliament committed. The two Powers, playing into each other's hands, in concerted opposition, have used Austria, Prussia, Turkey, Egypt, France, as pieces placed on a chess-board. And this system has been pursued during ten years. Of course, the result is confusion and complication inextricable, unless by the knowledge of this guilt, of which neither party could have in the remotest degree suspected the detection.”

And on the 28th of the same month, we have the same sort of oft repeated vague charges, in these words :—

“ But the alliance of Lord Palmerston with France for the last ten years has been pretended only, or the present would accord with the past. But it is a fact proven, a fact established beyond the possibility of doubt, that while he has ostensibly allied England to France, he has been secretly united to Russia. Thus has Lord Palmerston made of France an instrument for the last ten years of Russian advancement. The results obtained every day have been accumulated in the events of the next : rendering the comprehension of the system more difficult, but the power of overthrowing it more certain when understood. But there is a limit to this power—a point beyond which it ceases ; and we are now touching it. Besides an accident, an incident brought about on some extraneous matter, and which may even have been prepared on the other side of the world, may come to give the signal for war, while carrying public opinion entirely away, from its cause and author.”

Much is said about the humiliated condition of France, in consequence of not declaring in time against the treaty of July, which, it is asseverated, would have produced its abrogation, saved Turkey from downfall, and been the only course which could preserve the peace of Europe. It would even have baffled the long career of one man's treason. Nothing which France can now do, according to our author, since the timely declaration and protest were neglected, can prevent a war, or force the Pacha of Egypt to submission. Before ten days of January have sped we read the following alarming and positive paragraphs :—

“ But it may be objected, ‘ if the apparent resistance of France has been

so essential to the effecting thus far the objects of the treaty, will not the ultimate submission of France tend to prevent a rupture, and force Mehemet Ali to submit to its conditions?" By no means. Russia having brought about the present crisis, and being evidently complete mistress of incidents and actors, whether principals or subordinates, will take care to bring about the results which she desires. In the former movements of Mehemet Ali her hand rendered him triumphant. So will she now ensure him *sufficient* success to accomplish the treaty and to lay Turkey prostrate.

"Meheinet Ali's own will and position forbid moreover any expectation to be entertained of his submission. He understands the position of the Powers of Europe; he knows the interests of all the parties to the treaty are opposed to Russia; he knows the general indisposition of their people to war, and seeing the position of hostility of France to the treaty, he of course treats that deed with scorn, considers its signers as dupes, is confident that it never will be executed, and is certain that if they attempt to execute it, an European war will be the result.

"Besides, his indignation as a man is aroused against the treacherous proceeding. Mehemet Ali has been a faithless subject and has been the instrument of incalculable evil to his race and country. But there are events as there are dangers that retemper the mind; if danger, ennobling by its magnitude and exasperating by its perfidy, ever threatened an empire or a people, or restored the spirit of a man, it is that which now threaten in the name of a treaty of protection the Ottoman race. But this treaty elevates Mehemet Ali to the loftiest aims of ambition. Driven into revolt by an act of aggression not on the part of his sovereign, but on the part of an implacable and immemorial foe of that sovereign and of its faith and race, his rebellion becomes legitimate. Every Mussulman will turn to him as their sole refuge, but turn to him no longer as a minister of another's will or the depository of a monarch's power, but with suddenly altered feelings of awe and respect. By this treaty the name of "Meheinet Ali" is become a power throughout the whole limits of Turkey and of the East. It is so now to himself. From this perilous elevation, where he has been by long and fine calculation placed, how can he descend? And here again does the treaty, by the sole fact of its existence, realize the disasters for which it was designed.

"Is not the importance given to him, and the dignity to which he is raised in Europe, another element of strength and of resolution, and another danger added to the dangers with which this treaty overwhelms Turkey? Four Powers coalesced to threaten and coerce, and he—Meheinet Ali of Cavalla—having lived to defy four sovereigns in attempting to save his own—to be the arbiter of the destinies of the world, and able, by his defiance alone, to spread the flames and ravages of war throughout that Europe whose perfidy and hostility has for so many years, at the bidding of the Muscovite, weighed upon his country's name and fortunes!"

Mr. Urquhart's accomplishments and fulfilments are curious enough; and if special pleading and elaborate verbosity could be convincing, or of equal weight with facts, he must needs have been infallible in his predictions. If his torturing of treaties and his one-sided colourings were the essence of truth, Russia would at this

moment be not only mistress of the Mediterranean, but have the whole world at her mercy, or speedily to be so, even although central Asia, India, and the Chinese seas and England's thunder on the celestial empire's coasts are comprehended ; and all these disasters mainly through the treason of Lord Palmerston who is gravely charged with the basest perfidy for not attempting to destroy the marine of Russia, but, on the contrary, " has taken care to scatter her (England's) naval force and to render it insufficient for her own defence." To scatter her naval force ! what think you of this woful prediction, ye men who have lately battled under a Napier and an Elliott ? But not to stand too long aghast at these alarms and fearful forebodings, let us throw into large type also the two sentences which immediately follow the last quoted accusation. " Here again," says Mr. Urquhart, " I can state a fact as in the supposition regarding the intention of England upon Syria, which must be perfectly conclusive. The minister of England, to whom *these patriotic intentions are lent by the government press*, himself urged the French government to increase its marine on the pretext of dread of Russia in 1835—in reality to prepare for that inferiority of the English navy and that danger to England which would throw her ultimately into the arms of Russia." With the same boldness of assertion and confident assumption, we are told that Lord Palmerston has " carried the conviction with him of no colleague—he had to meet the opposition of every colleague—he carried his point by the declaration that France would submit, adding simply the threat of retiring from the Cabinet in case his colleagues refused their concurrence."

We shall at some length follow up the continuation of our author's absurd and exaggerated charges, in connexion with the Foreign Secretary's hand in the treaty of July. This treaty, he declares ;—

" Has the support of no interest, opinion, or will, residing in or belonging to the British nation ; it is the individual act of a faithless minister, but it will become soon the act of England from France's inability to understand this position.

" Unless France can understand this degradation of England, she can neither feel her own danger nor the means which she possesses for saving both. But the causes of ignorance and error are unfortunately common to both, and the history and the map of Europe will suffice to shew to posterity, if it cannot be brought home to the conviction of the men of the present times, that there is nothing opposed to Russia that is not incapable. France wonders at the prostration of England ; and has England no reason to be astonished at the cowardice of France ? Europe is perplexed and alarmed at the subserviency of the Porte ; and what must the Turkish government think of the conduct of Europe.

" And whilst we are each of us content with accusing and insulting each

other, do we see any where any disposition to turn this unhappy experience to account? There is no means of safety but in bringing home the sense of the degradation of the society to which we belong—to each nation, to each man—then alone can efforts be usefully made for its correction. The condition of England at this moment exceeds in humiliation and dishonour that of any previous epoch or of any other nation, not excepting Poland at the period of anarchy preceding its dismemberment. This condition of a nation is sufficiently alarming, but it gives rise to a source of danger still greater; and in nations as in an individual, ignorance leads to mismanagement and mismanagement in the end becomes crime.

“Let us suppose a case:

“A statesman in England and a member of the opposition declares himself the violent partizan of a foreign power (Russia) he attacks the government (the tory administration of 1828 and 1829) and endeavours to throw it into a co-operation with Russia against Turkey, having previously driven a former administration to sanction the assault of Russia upon Persia. This man then becomes minister for foreign affairs, and from that moment declares himself anti-Russian and supports himself by a French alliance—during ten years he retains possession of power, is met with opposition from no side, involves his country in an immense variety of negotiations; appears to be directing the whole diplomacy of the world, in a period of greater diplomatic activity than was ever known before, and the results prove invariably prejudicial to England and profitable to Russia alone. Official documents are then called for, and they contain evidence the most conclusive of secret connivance with Russia under the exterior mask of opposition. In such a case would you not infer that this man had made use of a foreign influence to arrive at office and to retain it: and in this case would it not be evident that Russia and England, appearing to be opposed while they were acting in concert, had the power of placing every nation in the world in a false position in regard to both. What I have said is no supposition; I have narrated facts.

“During the year 1835, and after five years intimate relations with the minister and with public affairs, circumstances of a most strange nature first suggested to me the suspicion of treason. That suspicion was not confined to my own breast. Immediately afterwards the minister constrained by a superior will, that of his late sovereign, appeared to change his course, and I believed that my suspicions had been without foundation. Having since seen the measures at that period adopted sacrificed one by one, my former suspicions have returned and have become convictions—convictions now tested by time, confirmed by each event, and shared by other public servants of the crown, and by hundreds of my fellow countrymen.

“England has come to a rupture with Persia; England has sent an army to overthrow the government of Cabool; and the justification of the English minister for the rupture and the war has been that these two countries were *subject to the influence of Russia*; and at the very time that he makes the influence of Russia a cause of war with a third state he allies England to Russia for the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, and stipulates the occupation of Constantinople by Russians! Is it possible to imagine treason rendered *more* manifest by the contradiction of words and of acts—by the contradiction of the intentions avowed and the results.

"If the alliance with Russia had been the cause of the war with Cabool would Russia unite herself to England? If the object of the treaty of the 15th July was to maintain the Ottoman Empire, would Russia be one of the brought about allies? The pretext of hostility against Russia in central Asia, as of friendship for her in Turkey, is equally false; but equally serves through opposite means to assure the domination of Russia in the one country as in the other.

"In this system all the parts are connected; nothing is too fast for the ambition which is its soul—nothing too base for the dissimulation which is its instrument. There is no act that is not criminal, there is no word that is not false. But this system, already so fearful by its comprehension of the power of evil, what is it not capable of effecting when using for an instrument its very enemy, hitherto the sole opponent of its progress—hitherto the sole protection of its victims? But such a crime perpetrated against a world—preparing wrong, dangers, alarms, war, and ruin—how can it remain concealed, and if known how can it proceed unchecked, unpunished? It does so because no one dares to grapple with it. Without perfect knowledge of the vast interests so long and so artfully obscured—without unflinching resolution to endure persecution, reproach, contempt, and calumny, who can understand or understanding venture to denounce this guilt? Are fit men for such a duty to be found in a nation thus betrayed?

"Thus this crime triumphs because it overwhelms the minds of men, and thus is this secret kept because no one ventures to utter it."

All the knowledge, penetration, and wisdom regarding Lord Palmerston and his policy centre in Mr. Urquhart. When the British minister dispensed with Mr. Urquhart's services, he committed an unpardonable crime; but out of partial evil comes universal good; and thus it is that the world is to be blessed by the present revelation. Do our readers desire more samples of vague and unsubstantiated accusations? Take the following lament and burst of wrath:—

"With mingled feelings of shame and indignation I have to avow that the British nation is dead to all interest in its national affairs. The mass of the people, occupied solely in political faction, is neutralized and powerless; the leaders, committed to the errors they have not been able to detect, are parties to the acts they have not resisted. The complications in which they have been artfully involved have rendered external affairs incomprehensible—they have long ceased to attempt to exercise any control over them. They are consequently made acquainted with intentions only after events have occurred. The debates in Parliament must have left to the most superficial observer no shadow of doubt that no control is exercised by the nation over its government; and the transaction we are now examining proves in like manner that no control is exercised by the government over the man who directs its foreign relations; nor is it wonderful that one man should sway the decisions of a Cabinet where two or three votes of the House of Commons can decide upon the existence of a government. As the Cabinet owes

its strength at this present hour to the slenderness of its majority, so is that minister who can stand by himself strong against each party by the strength of the other, and therefore is he the ruler of both. A foreign minister holding this position must either have, independently of his ministerial position, national confidence or foreign support in regard to the transactions of office ; he must either in the defence of national interests be supported at home against attacks from without, or in the sacrifice of national interests receive foreign support to confirm his power. This position indeed could only be realized with respect to a foreign minister as it is only dangerous with respect to a foreign minister."

War is declared to be inevitable, for "No one in France can any longer doubt that war will arise from this treaty." But "Russia may now sleep in peace ;" for "by this treaty she has rendered time her slave ; henceforward time alone will suffice to rear her own fortune upon the ruins of the world." Big words, oracular announcements ! And who is to blame besides the British minister ? Who but Mr. Urquhart has laboured for years to save both France and England from false positions ? And does not this protracted apostleship confer authoritative privileges upon the far-seeing labourer ?—

"And we who have laboured to avert these disasters, we who have announced them long before they appeared, and have struggled against them while their growing weight overwhelmed us, we who have attempted at once to arrest the fatal course of events in England, and to open the eyes of France to the peril that threatens, have we not the right to turn to the French government and to say, 'If you had performed the simplest of duties to your own country—if you had only said to England that you would enable us to save England, which common honesty no less than policy dictated, if you had only declared this treaty to be in reality a treaty against France, if you had only shown that this deed was the rupture of our alliance with you, the treaty would have been torn before it was made public—if you had said this treaty is Russian, and if in showing us the designs of Russia you had shewn yourself resolute to combat and to resist them alone sooner than yield to the menaces of Europe, or to the temptations with which you are at the same time assailed, the English people would have understood you, and would have risen as one man by a single overwhelming impulse to unite itself to you under the banners of justice.' This was the only means of safety. If France did not protest against the rupture of her alliance with England, how could the English people overthrow the man who had broken this alliance ? How could it *know in time* that this alliance was destroyed ? If France had spoken, the English people would have roused themselves from their lethargy, the colleagues of Lord Palmerston would have shaken off their culpable subserviency, and even that weakness which Russia has so skilfully prepared for England in all parts of the world, in order to reduce that power to ask her protection, would have become a preparative reason for throwing off this disastrous protection.

"This position of France would have been admirable ; for her government, in saving from incalculable disasters its own country, would at the—

same time have become the saviour of the country by which it had been perfidiously attacked, and the independence of which is henceforth lost by the triumph of this treason."

"The condition of England at this moment," says the oracle—the unerring, unmeddling diplomatist, "exceeds in humiliation and dishonour that of any previous epoch or of any other nation, not even excepting Poland at the period of anarchy preceding its dismemberment." Mr. Urquhart gravely declares this. No doubt he is the only man on the face of the earth, we venture to assert, who will so express himself. But he is captious and perverse enough to consider such singularity to be a proof of his inspiration and immaculate wisdom. He must be right; Lord Palmerston ought to lose his head, for he has brought England to crouch under the paw of the Northern bear, and all Europe to be at the mercy of its savage hug. Our ships and trade are to be driven from the Mediterranean; Russia is making mighty strides towards India. On the coasts of China we are laughed at; and in short England at this moment exceeds in humiliation and dishonour that of any previous epoch or of any other nation, not even excepting Poland at the period of anarchy preceding its dismemberment!!!

Such is the language of a man who thinks himself sane; who fancies that no one is so far-sighted and so impartial as himself; who at times says that Lord Palmerston is mad, at another, traitorous, and the paid agent of Russia. We must endeavour, however, to direct the reader's mind to a calmer and correcter view of the question, uninfluenced alike by fear or expected favour, and unmoved by the remembrance of injuries real or imaginary; and this we shall do by recapitulating and bringing into a narrow compass the leading features of a quarrel, although the merits of the case be now all but trite and passed away. But the proud position which England at this instant holds, and the notice which every periodical journal is taking of the subject, must be regarded as a sufficient reason for our pains.

The first remark which we offer has been ably supported by some of our contemporaries, and tends to dispel a great deal of the error and the mystification which people in England as well as in France have been busy to propagate, viz., regarding what has been called the alliance between the two countries, said to have been formed since the Three Days. Now this alliance has not been based upon any technical or precise treaty, but has consisted simply of a good understanding, a cherished forbearance, a general mutual desire to forget hereditary animosities and national jealousies. If there was any approach to a formally framed alliance, to a treaty of a defensive and an offensive character, it did not occur when the King of the French was called to the throne; for the Duke of Wellington then

informed the person who was officially sent to this country to announce the result of the Revolution of July, that he was extremely sorry on hearing of the event after what had been wasted towards accomplishing the restoration of the old dynasty, but still that this country would not interfere between the people of France, and the new sovereign, so long as the peace of Europe was not menaced.

To be sure there was something of a more binding appearance entered into when England and France undertook to support the constitutional cause in Spain against Don Carlos. But a sufficient answer to this is that France was not sincere on that occasion, and that she never assisted England in the struggle. Then, with respect to any commercial treaties, both Poulett Thomson and Mr. Labouchere can tell that our neighbours were equally insincere and grasping; and that our commissioners were trifled with and disgusted to a degree that taught our government to be mistrustful of our pretended allies. This must have led Lord Palmerston to behave to them with much less ceremony or courtesy relative to the Eastern question than he would otherwise have done.

If our readers have no other guide towards understanding the bearings of this question than that afforded by Mr. Urquhart, they must be much quicker of apprehension than we have been. We shall therefore indicate in two or three sentences our view of the subject and of the negotiations previous to the ripening of the difference between England and France.

The question was brought to a bearing in consequence of the quarrels between the Sultan and his vassal, the repeatedly rebellious Mehemet Ali. It may also be stated that the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, by which Russia was exclusively allowed the privilege of supporting the Turkish emperor, was the source of alarm and jealousy to the other European powers; so that on the accession of the present Sultan the Czar was induced in the course of skilful instead of treasonable negotiations, so far as our Foreign Secretary was concerned, to surrender the peculiar right he had obtained. With regard, however, to the Pacha of Egypt, his victory at Nezib, the conquest of Syria, and the more recent seizure of the Turkish fleet, in consequence of the treason of its admiral, after which the viceroy of Egypt became more arrogant and contumacious, the Great Powers, with the exception of France, entered into a treaty to take the Sultan under their protection, and to force the Pacha to evacuate Syria leaving to him only Egypt and the pachalic of Acre. France had proposed the conference which led to this treaty, although she afterwards refused to become a party to it. In July last, the other powers concluded the treaty, without the concurrence of our Gallic neighbours, their government demanding the hereditary possession of Syria; and hence the charge of bad faith and breach of alliance brought against England, and the extreme ill-

feeling that has arisen towards us. Every one knows how loud has been the blustering of the French in consequence of this treaty, and also how irritating has been the newspaper-press of England on the subject. All have heard too how widely Thiers exerted his influence over the journals of his country to pervert facts and to inflame the minds of his fellow-subjects; until, at length, the fears of his sovereign with reference to the democratic spirit, so largely and formidably entertained in his kingdom, and to the instability of his throne, should war arise, hastened the resignation of his pugnacious minister, and led to the organization of a cabinet earnest for peace. But had the warlike measures of this country been less prompt; had winter been allowed to pass before any impression had been made on Syria; and had the French been allowed time to complete their preparations, there seems every reason to believe that it would have been impossible to avoid hostilities, which, without predicting so positively as Mr. Urquhart has done, as to extent and duration, would no doubt have been devastating and terrible.

We do not intend to repeat what has been urged for and against Lord Palmerston with regard to his haste or secrecy in reference to France; in bringing the celebrated treaty to a close. It is now notorious that Thiers made false statements upon these points, perverted truth, and poisoned the channels of information. But we must not allow Mr. Urquhart to deceive our readers, with regard either to our Foreign Secretary's motives or policy relative to the eastern question; the turn which the negotiation, and the battles therewith connected have taken, being, we firmly believe, as unwelcome to Russia as to the French.

It appears to us that Lord Palmerston's conduct must have been directed by various motives, each of them highly creditable to him as a British subject and also as a diplomatist.

M. Thiers shifted his ground in attempting to account for our Foreign Secretary's policy; at one time alleging that he was the dupe of Russia; at another that he was eager to get possession of Egypt for England. The French minister, too, was prompted by certain subjects of our Queen, who pretended to know more than any other body of the state of feeling in our cabinet and throughout Great Britain, with regard to the eastern question. It was by some asserted that Lord Palmerston stood alone in opinion among his colleagues, and that if the French journals wrote up to the all but universal feeling in this country, that his lordship would be forced to resign. The radical deputation to Paris, headed by Attwood, encouraged Thiers in these and other views; and it is sufficiently notorious that the *loyal* and *patriotic* Mr. Urquhart was in communication with the French minister. We have had already abundance of proofs respecting the nature of the gentleman's representa-

tions who has now been named, and how base are the motives which he attributes to our minister.

Let us pass from such silly and vile insinuations to strong probabilities which recent events may be held to have completely demonstrated to be undeniable truths.

Lord Palmerston must in no inconsiderable degree have been influenced by the desire to check the progress of the French in the East. They had, contrary to promises, retained possession of Algiers ; they are looking towards Tunis and Tripoli ; and have for a series of years been endeavouring to establish extraordinary relations with Mehemet Ali ; so that had the Pacha been allowed to retain Syria, and if that country as well as Egypt had become by the consent of Europe hereditary possessions in his family, a formidable ally of the French would in all probability have existed in the East, so as to render France too powerful in Europe, and dangerous to our Indian possessions and influence in Asia.

Again, it is not to be credited that Lord Palmerston was callous whether Turkey should fall into the hands of Russia or not ; or that he did not see, if a war broke out in the dominions of the Sultan, that the Czar would step in and jeopardise directly our Indian empire. Prevention was a far safer and cheaper measure than an attempt to expel.

Egypt and the Red Sea, since the introduction of steam navigation, and the wonderful increase of steam-power in the hands of the most enterprising nation in the world, whose possessions and intercourse reach every quarter and almost every corner of the globe, became objects of extraordinary interest to our merchants. A passage to or from Bombay might be completed in the same number of weeks, that the Cape route took months. The condition and affairs of the Turkish empire therefore peremptorily claimed the attention of our government ; and the importance of the passage of Suez could not be any longer overlooked while the increase of power, the ambition, and the arrogance of Mehemet Ali did not admit of further forbearance or of undecided steps.

But in proportion to the decision and the late triumphs of the British have been the disappointments and wrath of the French ; nor is it unlikely that they may seek to cultivate an alliance with Russia in contemplation of neutralizing our success, which, it is believed, is galling to Nicholas. Let them ; for even were we at war with both of these great powers, Egypt and Syria might in a short time be placed on such a footing by us as would defy the whole of Europe — colonized as well as conquered by the hundreds of thousands that might be brought to these keystone countries from India and from the British isles. We must therefore conclude that if Lord Palmerston's policy and success be followed up wisely and steadily,

England never was more powerful or in a more enviable situation than at this moment ; and that the rage of France is a proof of this superiority and of her own humiliation, let Urquhart and Attwood say what they will.

ART. V.

1. *Mercedes of Castle. A Romance of the Days of Columbus.* By J. F. COOPER, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley.
2. *The Tower of London ; An Historical Romance.* By W. H. AINSWORTH. Bently.
3. *Tippoo Sultaun ; a Tale of the Mysore War.* By CAPTAIN MEADOWS TAYLOR. 3 vols. Bentley.
4. *Longbeard, Lord of Loudon : a Romance.* London : Bull.
5. *Night and Morning ; a Novel.* By the Author of "Eugene Aram," &c. 3 Vols. London : Saunders and Otley.
6. *Poor Jack.* By CAPTAIN MARRYAT : with Illustrations by C. STANFIELD, R. A. London : Longman.

WE shall not recur to the oft discussed questions with regard to the rules which should guide the writers of what are called Historical Romances ; how recorded facts and real character should be dovetailed with fiction and imaginary persons ; and, what may be the effects of such composite productions upon the earnest student of the past who looks for absolute and naked truth. The occasion is not sufficiently important to require any nice disquisition on the subject. A few words will suffice, especially as regards the two first mentioned works, to describe their character and merits.

It will be conceded that he who undertakes to compose a romance of the kind promised in the above works must have his mind fully imbued with the history, the complexion, the very atmosphere, in all its phases, of the period upon which he casts himself. We should say that his reading and sympathies must have made the era and some particular occasions, incidents, and personages in it dear to him ; so that he writes from a teeming impulse, rather than that he reads, or crams, in order to write. But this is not all ; for uncommon skill and art are required so to dispose of the real with the unreal that the period and the actors in it may be mirrored and reflected, with such effect as to bring into one great picture its ideality,—its very genius and poetry. Scott was possessed in an unrivalled degree of the pre-exquisite knowledge and sympathies to which we have referred ; and not less of the artistic skill to do these pre-requisites ample justice, so as to bring epochs with a master-painter's powers fully and touchingly before his readers, and to avoid offending our certain knowledge by over drawing or perverting familiar facts and

established realities. It was by means of certain fictitious characters to whom, and descriptions of romantic incidents, to which all the real historical circumstances and personages were made subservient in his fables, that these fables told so strikingly what he meant to convey, and picture so faithfully an age; while even in the portraiture of his imaginary beings there was such a strict regard paid to human nature as never, (we are speaking throughout in general terms) to violate our feelings of propriety—our common sense apprehensions.

If we, however, apply these canons to Mr. Cooper's romance, we shall find him greatly deficient.

The work is heavy: this is our first observation. It is unreal: which is our second. But why? We answer,—because he has so contrived the plot, and so worked it out, that the interest which the reader takes in it, abides chiefly with the real historical characters and events,—Isabella and Columbus, the voyage, &c.—while of these there is nothing new conveyed, nor better told, than has often been done before. We look in vain in his fictitious and imaginary creations for novel, or even for strikingly brilliant lights; neither do these deeply, much less pre-eminently engage the attention. They hardly excite one's fine sympathies. Ozema, the sister of a Cacique, is one of these creations, but she is merely a *Minerva-press* composition. The Hunter of the Deserts, and the Saltwater Sailor are better, and bring the author upon elements and among scenes where he has chiefly distinguished himself. But otherwise the romance is a failure both as to construction and execution. It is verbose, tame, and unsatisfactory.

Mr. Ainsworth has not been more successful, if we test him by the Scott standard, although his failure has not arisen from precisely the same mistakes and incapacities.

The subject of his romance is the tragic story of Lady Jane Grey, the lovely, the learned, and the pious. But he is not faithful to history; neither is he more true to consistency in the details. So much for his imbueing of fiction with requisite truth. Then he has trammelled himself with a false idea of what is possible or necessary in the sort of picture intended; for having determined "to leave no part of the old pile unillustrated," we have so much of tedious and minute description as becomes absolutely tiresome, the tale being thereby obstructed, divided, and spoiled; so that there is no strong and prominent image of the time or of the principal actors produced. To be sure we are made to sup plentifully upon horrors, and therefore the Jack Sheppard style of colouring is seldom for any considerable space amissing. But whether this will make up for the legitimate method of powerfully impressing the feelings, which is done by making stern or horrid realities work with a fine, melting, or generously arousing efficacy upon the imagination, we leave it to others to judge. There is sometimes considerable dra-

matic power displayed in the dialogue, and the descriptions are frequently, taken piecemeal, graphic. But when combined the whole is incongruous and disturbing to the mind. Mr. Ainsworth attempts on occasions drollery, in which, however, we find nothing better than caricature; and his grotesque characters are unnatural; while those that live in history are either rendered tame by him, or unlike the truth.

We pronounce "The Tower of London," a locality and a subject so ripe with curious and stirring information and associations, to be neither strikingly illustrative of actual history, nor abstractedly of human nature; and even George Cruikshank's pencil-aids cannot supply what is wanting, or make amends for what is wrong; clever as many of the Illustrations are in respect of effect. The designs however are often as badly conceived as the drawing is bad; and the copperplate etchings are miserable things.

We feel considerably relieved on turning to the "Tale of the Mysore War," and which, while exhibiting no less knowledge of Indian character and Oriental scenes than did the "Confessions of a Thug" by the same author, is less revolting and more varied. Captain Meadows Taylor has besides given us the historical hero Tippoo Sultaun with great force and distinctness; we should say with eminent success in point of truth, although a mixed character that has perplexed many describers. He has also made his qualities come out in action, and with no mean dramatic power; these qualities being extraordinary subtlety and apprehensiveness of intellect, combined with excessive vanity, gross ignorance, and Mahomedan superstition. But while our author's knowledge of Indian character, life, scenery, and history, together with his pictures of military movements and habits are striking, he is too diffuse and anxious, like Mr. Ainsworth, to tell all that he knows, and to cram his pages with particulars, to allow his tale its proper straightforward effect. But not to be more particular or hypocritical, let us in a word give these volumes the preference over those of the preceding authors named in this paper, by saying that the picture of Indian life is not only true, and vigorous, according to all the ideas which we have gathered of it, but that Captain Taylor's mind is so imbued with its spirit and sympathies, that what in the abstract would appear exceedingly gross, impure, and horrid in the eyes of a European, have far less offensiveness in his representations; thus demonstrating that he has looked upon these things with a discriminating eye, and as one who judges of the whole, even when he seizes upon a part.

Let us first of all see how he deals with the troubles of Polygamy:—

"Leaving Kasim with his tents, which had arrived and were being pitched for the accommodation of Ameena, the Khan, accompanied only by his ser-

vant Daood, rode into the Fort, to his own house, in order to break the news of his marriage to his wives, and to prepare them for their new associate. 'There is sure to be a storm,' he said, 'and it may as well burst upon me at once.'

"Alighting therefore at the door, where he was welcomed affectionately by his servants, the news quickly spread through the house that the Khan was come. He only delayed while he washed his feet and face, to cleanse them from the dust of the road, as well as to refresh himself a little ere he passed on into the zenana.

"The two ladies, who had expected his arrival, and who had employed a person abroad to inform them of it, were sitting on a musnud at one end of the room, with their backs to the door. As he entered, the gurgling of their hookas became doubly loud; a few slave-girls were standing about the apartment, who made low salaams as he approached them; but the ladies neither rose nor took the slightest notice of him.

"The Khan was surprised at seeing them together, as when he had left them they were bitter enemies; and he stopped suddenly in his approach. It was evident at once to him that they had heard of his marriage, and made common cause against him; he was justly enraged at this, and at the want of respect, nay insult, with which they now received him.

"'Kummoo-bee! Hoormut-bee!' he cried; 'women! do ye not see me? Where is your respect? How dare yet to sit as I approach? Am I a man, or am I less than a dog, that ye take no more notice of me than if I were a stone? Speak, ye ill-conditioned!'

"'Ill-conditioned!' cried Kummoo-bee, who, though the youngest wife, was the worst-tempered, and who led the reply—'ill-conditioned! Alla, Alla! a man who has no shame—a man who is perjured—a man who is less than a man—a poor, pitiful, unblest coward! Yes,' she exclaimed, her voice rising with her passion as she proceeded, 'a namurd! a fellow who has not the spirit of a flea, to dare to come into the presence of women who, Inshalla! are daughters of men of family!—to dare to approach us, and tell us that he has come, and brought with him a vile woman—an unchaste—'

"'Hold!' cried the Khan, roused to fury as the words fell on his ear, advancing and seizing a slipper which was on the ground, 'dare to say that again, and I will beat thee!'

"'Yes, beat us, beat us!' cried both breathlessly at once; 'beat us, and our cup of shame will be full. Beat us, and you will do a valiant deed, and one that your new mistress will approve of,' cried Hoormut.

"'Alla, Alla! an old man, one with white hairs, to bring a new mistress to his wives' house! Shame, shame!' vociferated Kummoo.

"I tell thee, women, she is my wife!' roared the Khan. 'Ye will receive her as such this evening; and cool your tempers in the mean while, or, by Alla and the Apostle, I will send ye both to your relations; and they may keep ye or not, as they please, for I will not. So bethink'ye what ye do. This is my house, and, Inshalla! I will be its master;' and so saying, and not waiting to hear any reply, he left the apartment."

We shall copy out other two scenes; the first giving us not only

a picture of oriental feelings but of devotion to a chief. Tippoo has just communicated to his officers the stern terms of Cornwallis, and appeals to their patriotism and fidelity:—

“Then arose the oaths of all, in hoarse tones, as they waved their arms on high, and swore to be faithful till death.

“‘Tis well,’ he said, ‘else ye had been kafirs, fit only to herd with the vile. I bless ye, O my friends! Alla, who sees my aching heart, knows that I believe you true—true to the last; true in prosperity, true now in adversity; while I—I have often deceived ye, often been capricious. Will ye forgive me? I am no Sultaun now, but a poor worm before Alla, meaner than yourselves. Will ye forgive me?’

“Then the passionate gestures and exclamations of devotion to him by the enthusiasts knew no bounds; and their wild and frantic cries and expressions of service unto death to the shedding of their hearts’ blood—broke forth without controul. Those without, and the soldiery, caught up the wild excitement, thronged into the mosque, and filled the steps and the court, uttering violent exclamations.

“‘Blessed be Alla! your old fire is still within you,’ cried Tippoo; ‘and were I but rid of Cornwallis, that host yonder would disperse like smoke before the sun: we might pursue them to annihilation. Will no one rid me of him? Will no one lead a sortie from the fort, and dashing at his tent ere he be suspected, bear him or his head hither? I vow a reward such as it hath not entered into any one’s thoughts to conceive, to him who doeth this: and those who fall, ye well know are martyrs; and when they taste of death are translated into Paradise, to the seventy virgins and undying youth.’

“Unknown to each other, and from opposite sides, two men dashed forward eagerly to claim that service of danger. The one was Kasim Ali, the other a man from whose bloodshot eyes and haggard features, upon which anguish and despair were fearfully written, all shrank back as he passed them: it was Rhyman Khan.

“‘Kasim! Kasim Ali! thou art not fit for this service; thou art weak, thy cheek is pale. Go, youth!’ cried the Sultaun, ‘there are a hundred others ready.’

“‘Not so, Light of Islam!’ replied the young man. ‘I was the first—it is my destiny. I claim the service; if it be written that I am to fall this day, the shot would reach me even in thy palace. I am not weak, but strong as ever I was: behold my arm,’ and he bared it to the elbow: the muscles stood out in bold projections as he clenched his hand. ‘Behold, I am strong—I am full of power, therefore let it be so; Inshalla! your slave will be fortunate; there is no fear.’

“‘It is *my* right,’ cried Rhyman Khan. The hollow tone of his voice, as it fell on the Sultaun’s ear, caused even him to start. ‘I was before him; bid me go instead; he is young, and should be spared; the old soldier is ripe for death.’

“‘Prophet of Alla! what ails thee?’ said the Sultaun to him. ‘Why dost thou stare so and roll thine eyes, Rhyman Khan? art thou ill?’

“‘I am well,’ he answered, ‘quite well. Ha, ha! quite well; but as I

am thy slave and have eaten thy salt for years, could I hear thy words unmoved? By Alla, no: therefore let me go, it is my right, for I am his elder.'

"Go, both of ye," continued Tippoo; 'you have been friends, nay more, father and son; take whom ye will with ye. Go—may Alla shield ye both from danger! Go—if ye fall, your places will be indeed vacant, but your memories will dwell in the hearts of those who love brave deeds, and ye will die as martyrs in the cause of the faith; and this is a death that all covet. But we will pray for your success. Inshalla! victory awaits you, and honour and my gratitude when ye return. Go! ye have my prayers, and those of every true believer who will behold ye.'

"Both saluted him profoundly; and then turning, their eyes met. 'Come!' said the Khan, 'we delay.' There was a burst of admiration from the assembly—a shout which rose and spread abroad to those without. 'Who will follow Rhyman Khan?' he cried aloud: 'whoever will, let him meet me at the southern gate in half an hour;' and so saying, he hurried rapidly in the direction of his home.

"All was confusion there, for the lady Ameena, with Sozun and Meeran, were missing: he ordered his best horse to be prepared for action, and without speaking, he passed into the apartments of Ameena and fastened the door.

"They were as she had left them—nothing had been disturbed: her larks were singing cheerily; her looree, which knew him well fluttered its bright wings, and screaming tried to fly to him; her gazelle ran up with a merry frisk, and rubbed its nose against his hand, and butted gently with its forehead, gazing at him with its large soft eyes. Her flowers were fresh and bright, and their odour was sweet in the cool morning air. His eye wandered around: every well-remembered object was there; but she whose joyous smile and sweet tones had made a heaven of the place, where was she? Dead and cold, he thought, disfigured in death by his own hand. He cast himself frantically on the bed, which remained in disorder even as she had left it, and groaned aloud.

How long he lay there he knew not: he had no thought of present time, only of the past, the blissful past, which floated before his mental vision, a bitter mockery. Some one knocked; it recalled him to his senses.

"'They wait,' said Deod, 'the Patél and a hundred other: he has sent for thee.'

"'I come,' cried the Khan, 'I come: it was well he remembered me; he seeks death as I do,' he added mentally.

"'The lady Kummoo would speak to thee,' said a slave, as he passed out.

"'Tell her I go to death!' he replied sternly; 'tell her I follow Ameena—away!' The girl stared at him as though the words had stunned her, gazed after him as he passed on, saw him spring quickly into his saddle, and dashing his heels into his noble charger, bound onwards at a desperate speed.

"'Tis well thou art come, Khan,' said Kasim Ali, 'we have waited for thee.'

"'Hush! why seekest thou death? thou art not fitted to die, Kasim.'

“‘More fit than thou, old man,’ was his reply. ‘Come, they wait—they remark thee : when we are before the judgment thou wilt know all. Come!’

“The Khan laughed scornfully, for he remembered the kiss. ‘Come, my friends,’ he cried, ‘follow Rhyman Khan for the faith and for Islam : Bismilla ! open the gate.’

“‘For the faith ! for Islam !’ cried the devoted band as the heavy door opened ; and emerging from the shadow of the gate and wall, the sunlight glanced upon their naked weapons, gay apparel, and excited horses, and they dashed in a fearful race toward the camp.”

Behold a cruel despot in sport,—

“As they rode onwards through the bazaar of the outer town, they saw at the end of the street a cavalcade approaching, evidently that of a person of rank. A number of spearmen preceded it, running very fast, and shouting the titles of a person who was advancing at a canter, followed by a brilliant group, clad in gorgeous apparel, cloth-of-gold and the finest muslins, and many in chain-armour, which glittered brightly in the sun.

“Ere Kasim could ask who it was, the cortége was near the head of his corps, which drew off to one side to allow it to pass. As the company advanced, the Khan dashed his heels into the flanks of his charger, and flew to meet it ; Kasim saw him halt suddenly, and present the hilt of his sword to one who, from his appearance and the humility of the Khan’s attitude, he felt assured could be no other than the Sultan.

“Just then, one of those bulls which the belief of the Hindoos teaches them are incarnations of divinity, and which roam at large in every bazaar, happened to cross the road lazily before the royal party. The attendant spearman strove to drive it on ; but, not accustomed to being interfered with so rudely, it resisted their shouts and blows with the but-end of their spears, and menaced them with its horns. There ensued some little noise, and Kasim, who was watching the Sultaun, saw him observe it.

“‘A spear, a spear!’ he heard him cry ; and as one of the attendants handed him one, he exclaimed to his suite, ‘Now, friends, for a hunt ! Yonder fellow menaces us, by the Prophet ! Who will strike a blow for Islam, and help me to destroy this pet of the idolators ?—may their mothers be defiled ! Follow me !’ And so saying, he urged his noble horse onwards.

The bull seeing himself pursued, turned for an instant with the intention of flight ; but it was too late : as it turned, the spear of the Sultaun was buried in its side ; and it staggered on, the blood pouring in torrents from the gaping wound, while it bellowed with pain. One or two of the attendants followed his example ; and the Sultaun continued to plunge his weapon into the unresisting animal as fast as he could draw it out, until at last it fell, groaning heavily, having only run a few yards.

“‘Shabash, shabash ! (Well done, well done !) who could have done that but the Sultaun ? Inshalla ! he is the victorious—he is the slayer of man and beast ! he is the brave in war, and the skilful in hunting !’ cried all the attendants and courtiers. But there were many others near, who vented

their hate in silent yet bitter curses—Brahmins to whom the slaughter of the sacred animal was impiety not to be surpassed.

“ ‘Ha!’ cried the Sultaun, looking upon the group, one of whom had disgust plainly marked upon his countenance, ‘Ha! thou dost not like this? By the soul of Mahomed we will make thee like it! Seize me that fellow, Furashes!’ he cried fiercely, ‘and smear his face with the bull’s blood: that will teach him to look with an evil eye on his monarch’s amusements.’

“ The order was obeyed literally; and ere the man knew what was said, he was seized by a number of the powerful attendants, his face was smeared with the warm blood, and some of it forced into his mouth.

“ ‘Enough!’ cried the Sultaun, leaning back in his saddle as he watched the scene, and laughing immoderately, pointed to the really ludicrous but disgusting appearance of the Brahmin, who, covered with blood and dirt, was vainly striving to sputter forth the abomination which had been forced into his mouth, and to wipe the blood from his face. ‘Enough! bring him before us. Now make a lane in front, and give me a spear. Away with thee!’ he cried to the Brahmin, ‘I will give thee a fair start; but if I overtake thee before yonder turning, thou art a dead man, by Alla!’

“ The man turned at once, and fled with the utmost speed that terror could lend him: the Sultaun waited a while, then shouted his favourite cry of ‘Alla yar!’ and, followed by his attendants, darted at full speed after the fugitive. The Brahmin, however, escaped down the narrow turning: and the brilliant party rode on, laughing heartily at their amusement.”

Just as our notices of the first three of these fictions were going to press, we found on our table another batch which we have hastened to unite with them, although our review of the latter cannot but be slight. Longbeard, or William the Saxon, who, according to the clerical chroniclers, was a mob-leader of London, for purposes of plunder, but who in Mr. Mackay’s romance had loftier ends in view, enthusiastically defending the weak against the powerful, the poor against the rich, or in other words the Saxons against their oppressors the Normans,—for he figured in the reign of Richard the First, the period being nearly contemporary with that selected in Scott’s *Ivanhoe*,—is the hero of the work. The personage so significantly surnamed is thus sketched by our author:—

“ Endowed by nature with many rare gifts, he soon concentrated them all to the attainment of one object—a chimerical one, it is true—the emancipation of the Saxon race in England from the tyranny of those of Norman blood. He was the grand democrat of the day, the apostle of the people, or as he loved to be called, ‘the saviour of the poor.’ He lived with all the abstinence and severity of a Diogenes. He was an enthusiast in every cause which he undertook; and although he may have been flattered by the power he acquired,—what human heart is not?—he certainly embraced the cause of the Saxon malcontents, from an innate conviction of its righteousness, and a sincere desire to relieve his fellow-Saxons

from an oppression, which he considered most grinding and intolerable. It was not all at once he formed the idea of becoming a popular leader. Naturally gifted with the rarest eloquence, he had often, when present at any trial before the city dignitaries, supported the cause of the poor, and in many instances successfully. His singular, and almost prophet-like appearance, his extraordinary eloquence, and his unceasing advocacy of the rights of the oppressed, soon brought him into notoriety. As it was enthusiasm which first led him to enter this course, so it was enthusiasm which induced him to continue in it. His hatred of the Norman aristocracy was intense, and to be as far as it was possible different from them was his unceasing object."

The story consists partly of history and imaginary characters and scenes, or of recorded facts and fiction, skilfully enough combined, and in a manner too that will not mislead the reader who desires to study that period which must have been so stirring and remarkable,—when the Saxons hoped and endeavoured to break the yoke of their Norman conquerors. The scene is chiefly laid in London, although occasionally the author carries us to field and forest, to baronial hall, or among rustic bondsmen and popular outlaws. Still, we like him best when he pictures to us the kind of life which the citizens of the metropolis led, partly no doubt because Mr. Mackay has turned to excellent account his extensive and minute reading of the chronicles of London, but partly also because he has departed from the senseless preference of feudal and chivalric life, which was for the most part gross, as well as perilous to the industrious and the deserving, to hold up to our view the condition of the middle classes, and not unfrequently to our admiration their efforts in behalf of freedom, as well as to awaken our sympathies for those whom aristocratic insolence abused. A very good love-story runs through the romance. But this we must not touch upon; neither do we tell what was the ultimate fate of the hero. This much, however, may be said,—the romance is well worth reading, not merely as such, but because it communicates a good deal of historical truth concerning an era of which few have any precise knowledge. To be sure, Mr. Mackay is rather vague in his descriptions, and he does not go very deep into character. But his sketches are always lively, and upon the whole illustrative of the costume and the life throughout almost all the phases of English society at the time which he has undertaken to elucidate. His London riots and tumults are particularly descriptive, as are all his London scenes. Take one in Smithfield:—

"In the year 1192, Smithfield was used, as it is now, for a market for live cattle; but it possessed more of the attributes of a field than it does at the present day. It was a large open space, surrounded by low wooden houses and shops; and the middle was in some places grass-grown, and at

others was a mere swamp. At the period of the commencement of our tale, two young women were passing through this space: it was a fine day in February—one of those days which by their extraordinary warmth and loveliness give a foretaste of the coming spring. All the shopkeepers had exhibited their finest wares to catch the gaze of the numerous passengers who were drawn out of doors by the beauty of the weather. Near the middle of the enclosure, several peasant-women from Kent and Essex were disposing of their butter and eggs, whilst others were dispensing oaten-cakes and meat to such as were willing to purchase. Not far from them, a quack-doctor had taken up his position on a cask, and was expatiating in glowing terms to the mob who surrounded him on the wonderful efficacy of the various nostrums contained in his basket. This man was dressed in the garb of an Asiatic; but some artificial dye or other, and not the sun of the East, had given his cheeks their dusky colour. A long beard, probably a fictitious one, hung down to his waist; the doctor perhaps thinking that Wisdom, in default of a dwelling place in the wig, might take up her residence in the beard. The most credulous of his listeners were rapidly getting rid of their loose cash, receiving in exchange innumerable remedies for colds and fevers, or charms against witchcraft and the toothache. Others again, who possessed more wit and less cash, were amusing themselves by passing their jokes upon the personal appearance of the doctor; who certainly was a man well calculated to inspire others with wit if he possessed none himself.

“ ‘Who did you steal your beard from, you old conjuror?’ cried a man in the crowd.

“ ‘He stole it from a wild goat! bah, bah, bah!’ said another, imitating the bleating of the animal alluded to; while the mob took up the chorus, repeating ‘bah, bah!’ at each sentence uttered by the doctor.

“ ‘What an unnatural old thief it must be to rob its own father,’ said a third, amid the laughter of the spectators.

“ ‘To the pillory with him for breaking the fifth commandment!’ chimed in another, discharging as he spoke a piece of rotten apple at the head of the doctor; who, however, bore all their jokes with the utmost equanimity and good-humour.

“Two young women, who by their dress seemed to be the daughters of some comfortable artisan, stopped before the barrel on which the charlatan was standing; and the youngest, a fair-haired, merry-looking damsel, appeared inclined to listen to his rigmarole, or may be expend a piece of silver upon some love-charm. They were attended by an elderly serving-wench, who gazed on the wonderful man with open mouth. The doctor, seeing her gaping with all the outward appearances of the deepest credulity, began to run over with extreme volubility the list of his incomparable nostrums, which not only cured and prevented all the diseases and calamities incident to human nature, but also those which afflicted cats, dogs, parrots, and other favourites of women who have nothing else to bestow their affections on. The serving-woman was in that situation. The doctor saw it at a glance. He had not expatiated long before she put her hand into a pouch which hung by her side, and laid out the full moiety of her scanty store in the purchase of two remedies, one for her own rheumatism and the other for the mange which afflicted a canine pet of hers.”

"Night and Morning" demands a long review, and even a more careful reading than we have had time to bestow upon it. But any such heraldings as close criticism can produce can be of little importance when a new novel is announced from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer; for it is sure to be read by multitudes,—by the discerning as well as the more easily pleased,—by his detractors as well as his admirers. We need therefore only offer a few exceedingly general observations; and a sample or too, although the latter must needs fail to convey an adequate idea of the power and the finish of the tale.

"Night and Morning" then, we think, will take rank with the best of Bulwer's prose fictions; and his novels will long outlive his dramas, popular for a season as these are. It is a picture of life,—a story, we may call it, of reality,—a mirror of many-hued nature, at times perhaps overburnished, but still never to take the objects represented and the scenes visioned out of the range of our belief, seldom beyond the records of our experience. In short, Sir Edward has given us the "Lights and Shadows" of the world,—that is of fashion and of nature,—of vice and of virtue,—of sorrow and of gladness,—of darkness and of sunshine. He has wielded with polished keenness the shafts of satire, and has varied like a master of his art the hard and the forbidding by ever and anon introducing the touching and the tender,—the captivating and the beautiful. We have only one word to add to our praise of this teaching and moral tale: it is impossible to leave off reading it with greedy expectation, and the constant delight of tasteful excitement, until you finish the last page of the third volume. Now for our few specimens. Take, first, a snatch of London life at a time and of a complexion very remote from those which Mr. Mackay has portrayed in his romance:—

"It was at that period of the year, when, to those who look on the surface of society, London wears its most radiant smile; when shops are gayest, and trade most brisk; when down the thoroughfares roll and glitter the countless streams of indolent and voluptuous life; when the upper class spend, and the middle class make; when the ball-room is the market of beauty, and the club-house the School for Scandal; when the hells yawn for their prey, and opera-singers and fiddlers, creatures hatched from gold, as the dung-flies from the dung—swarm, and buzz, and fatten, round the hide of the gentle Public. In the cant phrase, it was 'the London season.' And happy, take it altogether, happy above the rest of the year, even for the hapless, is that period of ferment and fever. It is not the season for duns, and the debtor glides about with a less envious eye; and the weather is warm, and the vagrant sleeps, unfrozen, under the starlit portico; and the beggar thrives, and the thief rejoices,—for the rankness of the civilisation has superfluities clutched by all. And out of the general corruption things sordid and things miserable crawl forth to bask in the

common sunshine—things that perish when the first autumn-winds whistle along the melancholy city. It is the gay time for the heir and the beauty, and the statesman and the lawyer, and the mother with her young daughters, and the artist with his fresh pictures, and the poet with his new book. It is the gay time, too, for the starved journeyman, and the ragged outcast that with long stride and patient eyes follows, for pence, the equestrian, who bids him go and be d——d in vain. It is a gay time for the painted harlot in a crimson pelisse; and a gay time for the old hag that loiters about the thresholds of the gin-shop to buy back, in a draught, the dreams of departed youth. It is gay, in fine, as the fulness of a vast city is ever gay—for vice as for innocence, for poverty as well as for wealth. And the wheels of every single destiny wheel on the merrier, no matter whether they are bound to Heaven or to Hell."

Sir Edward's Night and Morning is studded with incidents and personages that might have figured in his play of "Money;" or of such as we have glimpses in that production. From a character of much originality, and that appeals strongly to our sensibilities, we now copy a touch:—

"The strange and peculiar mind and character of Fanny made him, however, yet more anxious than otherwise he might have been. She certainly deserved not the harsh name of imbecile or idiot, but she was different from all other children; she felt more acutely than most of her age, but she could not be taught to reason. There was something either, oblique or deficient in her intellect, which justified the most melancholy apprehensions; yet often, when some disordered, incoherent, inexplicable train of ideas most saddened the listener, it would be followed by fancies so exquisite in their strangeness, or feelings so endearing in their tenderness, that suddenly she seemed as much above, as before she seemed below, the ordinary measure of infant comprehension. She was like a creature to which Nature, in some cruel but bright caprice, has given all that belongs to poetry, but denied all that belongs to the common understanding necessary to mankind; or as a fairy changeling, not indeed according to the vulgar superstition, malignant and deformed, but lovelier than the children of men, and haunted by dim and struggling associations of a gentler and a fairer being, yet wholly incapable to learn the dry and hard elements which make up the knowledge of actual life."

We had marked some pathetic scenes and incidents; but our readers must look elsewhere for more than is contained in the preceding and following extracts. What we now copy is a happy and seasonable criticism upon one of the vices of the press:—

"It may be observed that there are certain years in which in a civilised country some particular crime comes into vogue. It flares its season, and then burns out. Thus at one time we have burking—at another, swingism—now, suicide is in vogue—now, poisoning tradespeople in apple-dumplings—now, little boys stab each other with penknives—now, common soldiers shoot at their sergeants. Almost every year there is one crime peculiar to it: a sort of annual which overruns the country, but does not bloom again.

Unquestionably the press has a great deal to do with these epidemics. Let a newspaper once give an account of some out-of-the-way atrocity that has the charm of being novel, and certain depraved minds fasten to it like leeches. They brood over and revolve it—the idea grows up, a horrid phantasmalian monomania; and all of a sudden, in a hundred different places, the one seed sown by the leaden types springs up into foul flowering. But if the first reported aboriginal crime has been attended with impunity, how much more does the imitative faculty cling to it. Ill-judged mercy falls, not like dew, but like a great heap of manure on the rank deed.”

“Poor Jack” having appeared in monthly parts must have been more or less read by the lovers of fiction and the admirers of the Captain, and therefore needs very little to be said of it now by us; further than that, with Clarkson Stanfield’s Illustrations it makes a beautiful volume, in as far as the arts, mechanical and fine, are concerned; and, what is better, that it reads continuously and at once more satisfactorily and engagingly than piece-meal or in numbers, divided and interrupted by months. And yet, we think, if any of our popular writers is likely to succeed and keep up the attention by serial productions it is Marryatt; for being in command of an uncommon fund of eccentric incidents, in the habit of delineating out-of-the-way characters, diffuse to an extreme degree, and having a confident and easy hand in the work of combination, each separate part can, without trouble to him, be made current on account of some striking feature, some standard stamp. It is impossible to predict what the Captain will do next after any scene, or where he will carry you. Yet, although being as vagrant as the wind, he seldom alights wrong, or in a manner that is not at least amusing as well as novel. And he is sure to please you at the end by the way in which his hero triumphs. We must not avoid remarking also that Poor Jack’s story is quite the opposite of debasing, or of a kind to pamper the morbid or vicious tastes which Sir Edward Bulwer so properly characterises in our last extract from his novel. We have now only to add that the illustrations are happily wedded to the Captain’s fancies, and to make room for a song and a bit of a scene:—

“The songs sung by Dick Harness were chiefly old sea songs; those of Opposition Bill were picked up from every part of the world; principally, however, those sung by the negroes who worked on the plantations in Virginia and Carolina. Peter Anderson, my father, Ben, and many others, were sitting on the benches, basking in the morning’s sun, when Dick Harness made his appearance, limping along with his fiddle under his arm. ‘Come along, Dick?’ said Ben the whaler, ‘we’ll stow close, and make room for you here.’—‘You must make elbow-room too, my hearty, or I sha’n’t be able to fiddle. Come, what will you have this fine morning?’ said Harness, tuning his instrument. As soon as it was in tune, he flourished a prelude from the top of the scale to the bottom, ending with an

'Eh-ahaw! eh-haw!' in imitation of the braying of a donkey. 'Give us the Spanish Ladies, Dick?' said my father. As this song was very popular at that time among the seamen, and is now almost forgotten, I shall, by inserting it here, for a short time rescue it from oblivion.

"Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain:

For we have received orders

For to sail to old England,

But we hope in a short time to see you again."

'Stop a moment lads? I must screw him up a little more.' Dick regulated his first string, and then continued.

"We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors,

We'll rant and we'll roar, across the salt seas;

Until we strike soundings

In the Channel of old England,

(From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues).

"Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou-west, my boys,

Then we hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;

Then we filled the main topsail

And bore right away, my boys,

And straight up the Channel of old England did steer.

"So the first land we made, it is called the Deadman,

Next Ram Head, off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and the Wight;

We sailed by Beachy,

By Fairly and Dungeness,

And then bore away for the South Foreland light.

"Now the signal it was made for the grand fleet to anchor,

All in the Downs that night for to meet;

Then stand by your stoppers,

See clear your shank painters,

Hawl all your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets."

Here Dick was interrupted by another fiddle, which went, 'tum, tum—scrape—tum, tum.' 'There's Opposition Bill, Dick,' said my father; 'I thought you would bring him out.'—'All's right,' replied Dick; hope he arn't affronted—but he looks very black this morning."

ART. VI.—*Letters Illustrative of the Reign of William III., from 1696 to 1708; addressed to the Duke of Shrewsbury, by James Vernon, Esq. Secretary of State.* Edited by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 3 Vols. London: Colburn. 1841.

THESE Letters are now first published from the originals, and have found an Editor singularly well acquainted with the annals of the period to which they relate, and indeed with English and also European history from the Middle Ages downwards. The letters themselves, however, are in no respect very striking or entertaining; for they are in by far the greatest number of instances mere business communications, and written too by a plain although a sensible man, to a person whose knowledge of the subjects written about,

for the most part, was such as admitted of brevity of communication. It is probable that they have not escaped the notice of antiquaries and bookworms ; but if so, they had not been deemed worthy of publication. Still, we learn nothing of their history ; for all that Mr. James himself knows of these papers is, that he has been requested by the publisher to edit them ; and that he has that gentleman's fullest assurance of their authenticity. But, as the Editor adds, "no one who looks into them can have any doubt in that respect ;" an opinion in which we fully coincide.

The particulars which we learn of the letter-writer himself may be told in a few words, in as far at any rate as is necessary for an introduction to selections from the three thick volumes before us. He was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, but which appears to have been very considerably reduced by the time of his birth, which was near to the middle of the seventeenth century. He was lucky enough, however, while yet young, to obtain a situation in the Secretary of State's Office, which he held at the Revolution, being still retained, no doubt, on account of the business knowledge and habits which he had acquired. Yet he was suspected of a leaning to the exiled family, which interfered for a season with his promotion. However, on the Duke of Shrewbury's acceptance of the seals in 1694, Vernon got the appointment of Private Secretary to that nobleman, there appearing ever after to have existed between them not only a close business correspondence, but an intimate and strong friendship ; for as the Duke, while he held the seals, remained much in the country, on account of ill health, the duties of the high and responsible office devolved upon his confidential assistant ; and in 1697, when his Grace was about to resign, he got Vernon appointed to the Secretaryship, although against his own desire. On Anne's accession to the throne, his office was given to another ; but he procured that of Teller ; and thus was enabled to maintain something like the same rank in society to which he had been elevated by the Duke.

We have already alluded to the character and also the frequent occasion of Vernon's letters. When acting as Deputy to the Duke, his practice was to despatch daily an account of the business in hand, and what had occupied him since he last wrote. This of course was not only necessary, but it begot a habit which must have been agreeable to both, after they were not connected in office. Accordingly the correspondence continued even when the Duke was upon the continent ; the subjects of the letters naturally relating to the affairs of office, to Parliamentary concerns, ministerial plans and difficulties, court news, and other formal occurrences, many of which could not at the time possess much general interest, and therefore must now be as dry and monotonous as any sort of official correspondence can be.

The letters in the collection which now have any particular interest are such as relate to plots, real or sham, to restore the exiled family. These took different forms. Sometimes the life of William was in danger; at other times more complex conspiracies were hatched; but very frequently false informers were busy, for the sake of the reward. Among the schemes to harass the government, it was not a rare thing for some of its members to have accusations brought against them, and charges of treasonable conspiracies. Nay, there were occasions and grounds for the allegations more frequently than comported with the tranquillity of the nation, and of course were formidable and distracting to the ministry as well as to the king. Then, how to judge and act between what might be real or unreal, and how to proceed with a drained treasury, were often perplexing questions. Accordingly, some of the most curious of the letters refer to such occurrences and difficulties as have been now mentioned; affording the reader at the same time some lights as to the manners of the age. Nor was the writer without a vein of satirical yet staid humour when touching upon men and manners, which, had he supposed he was writing for posterity, might have been more frequently indulged in, and more elaborately dressed. We shall now pick out two or three passages, after remarking that the specimens are but few which possess any interest, while those are still more limited in number that are clearly intelligible when barely given. We begin with a specimen of Parliamentary Debating in 1697:—

“When the House were in Committee upon the Civil List, there were some reflecting touches. Mr. Smith happened to express the necessities of the family in an ill-chosen word, though with a good meaning, saying that the King was in a starving condition. Mr. Greenville took a fancy to repeat the word very often: and if the King were starving, why then were such grants made of crown lands, and why such grants and great pensions, and why such foreigners enriched and made lords?

“Sir William Cooper answered him: by that gentleman's talking of pensions he seemed to know they were paid, but he hoped they were not, for he did not desire they should.

“Mr Montague nipped him yet closer; saying, he found some gentlemen could not bear that this prince should recompense any of his servants. If they would inquire into former as well as present gratifications, they might make something of it; and he could tell them of a family that had cost the Crown, in King Charles's time, 300,000*l*.

“It was believed that some gentlemen would have taken this opportunity to make their court, and wipe off the remembrance of abundance of oppositions by a forwardness in so critical a point, but they have not yet showed any such intention.”

Perhaps the most curious passage in these papers is that which

not only gives us the case of a student of the Temple betaking himself to the highway, but of a Peer, after having been robbed by him, making use of the footpad. Here are some of the particulars :—

“Sir John Talbot came to me last night, upon a very remarkable occasion, which he had in the morning communicated to my Lord Keeper. And it is thus. One Talbot he has had a pretty long acquaintance with one Brown, whom he knew a student in the Temple; where his father made him reasonable allowance, till his estate came to be forfeited; and since that time he has lived by play, sharpening, and a little on the highway. This man, with three or four more, set upon my Lord Monmouth last summer. The account that he gives of it is, that they took from him his hat, sword, perriwig, a ring he had on his finger, and six shillings in money, which was all he had.

“My Lord, making them a compliment, that by their behaviour they looked like gentlemen and to take that course only out of necessity, and therefore desired to know how he might place ten guineas upon them. They immediately gave him all his things again, except the six shillings, which he would not take. The guard from Chelsea College coming to the hedge-side about that time, and firing upon them, they told my Lord they should be obliged to mischief him if he did not call to the guard that there were none but friends; which he did, and bid his coach drive on.

“Some time after this, Brown made my Lord a visit, and told him his errand. My Lord asked him how he durst venture himself in coming thither. He returned my Lord his compliment, that he knew he was a man of honour: he came with assurance of what he had said to them, and those who were necessitated to lead his life ran great dangers elsewhere.

“My Lord gave him a guinea or two, and encouraged his coming again; and after that he had frequent meetings with his Lordship at some mistress's lodgings. In that time, my Lord formed a project and proposed it to him, that he should come in when required, to declare that the design upon my Lord Monmouth was for carrying him over into France, upon pretence that he should be kept in exchange for my Lord Aylesbury, and that they were engaged in that design by I know not what Scotch Colonel, and Sir Peter Frazer, who, as I take it, is the Countess's own brother.

“My Lord prepared large instructions to this purpose, which the man has by him, and indited letters which he copied, which were sent to my Lord Keeper, Mr. Secretary, and the Lord Chief Justice; upon which the advertisement signed by the Secretary was published in the Gazette; and John Davis, who is mentioned as the person who gave the first information, was in the robbery, and committed for something else. He is likewise made privy to this design, whether before or since his commitment I know not. But both my Lord Monmouth and Brown have been with him in Newgate, and he stands yet prepared to swear whatever the Lord would have him; but Brown pretends a detestation of so villanous a practice, and is endeavouring to bring it out, and make the naked truth appear, which he says he can demonstrate otherwise than by his own oath.”

This scheme was connected with the Earl of Peterborough's in-

trigue to implicate Shrewsbury in an extensive conspiracy against William.

Footpads, in the immediate vicinity of London, were at that time and down to a much later date not only far more numerous than they are now, but they appear to have then been of a far more gentlemanly breed than the highwaymen of our days. We thus read in another communication :—

“ My Lord Dorset was set upon on Saturday night by four or five footpads as he came by Tyburn. He says little of himself, but I hear they took from him to the value of fifty or sixty pounds, with his gold george. They, seeing him fumbling in his pockets, told him that it was not honourable to sink upon them, and they must search him ; whereon he threw his money out of the coach, and bid them pick it up. One of them told him, if they did not know him they should use him worse.”

Here is something concerning a resignation in 1697-8 :—

“ I make the more haste to acknowledge the honour of your Grace's letter of the 25th, because I would not delay acquainting you that my Lord Sunderland would not stay to be addressed from Court, and therefore last night he delivered up his key and staff. He was with the King about a quarter of an hour before the Cabinet sat ; and when he came out of the closet he took me over to his lodgings, and said he had pressed the King he might resign, not being able to lead any longer the life he had led ; that the King did not think fit he should leave his key there, but gave him leave to put it into my hands ; which he accordingly did, cutting it off from his side.

“ When I came up stairs again, I found those were not the directions, but what he would absolutely do ; for the King would not have the key thus delivered, much less through my hands ; and when the Cabinet was up, I was sent to him to Erle's Court, to desire he would take his key again ; but he could not endure to hear of it. I begged only he would suspend his resolution till next day that he had spoke to my Lord Chancellor, who had not then been at Council, acquainting him that the King had told it to my Lord Orford, who very much disapproved of what he had done. He was unalterably fixed to hear no more of it, and never to meddle with that or any other public employment. I put him in mind that he would give contrary advices to those who were as uneasy in their employments as he might be ; and since he did it in consideration of the King's service, whether the same considerations ought not to prevail on him when the King found himself in such distress, by being forsaken of those whom he placed the greatest confidence in ; and I hope whatsoever disgusted him might be made easier. He said it was not on account of the Parliament only that he came to this resolution ; for he had otherwise led the life of a dog, having done all that was in his power for the service of a party whom he could never oblige to live easily with him, or to treat him with common civility. He came out with one expression, which I shall never mention but to your Grace—that

there was no rack like to what he suffered, by being ground as he had been between Lord Monmouth and Lord Wharton. As soon as it was out, he recollected himself again, and said he would not have opened himself so far to anybody but me: your Grace, therefore, will please to keep his secret, if it be one."

Diplomatic ceremony in Vernon's time must have been extremely nice and precise, carried to the acme of etiquette:—

"The French Ambassador made me a visit yesterday, which I returned to-day. I received him at the bottom of the stairs, and conducted him down to the door, as I understood by Sir Charles Cotterell was customary. But I observed he expected me at the door of his apartment above stairs; and therefore upon coming away, and we were upon compliment whether he should go down stairs with me, I excused, rather desiring to be left where he made it his choice to receive me. He was indeed very pressing yesterday that I should not have conducted him down; but I would not abate anything that was due to him.

"He began his visit yesterday by alleging the reasons why his visit had been deferred. That he thought what had been done to three of his predecessors successively would still have been observed. But his Majesty having told him that the practice was otherwise ever since his being in England, he had acquainted the King his master with it, and received his directions to conform to the present usage. I let him understand that this reign had made no innovation in that point; and we happened to have two Masters of Ceremonies now in being who both served the two last Kings, and they declared the practice was always the same."

Vernon's wit about the Devil and the Gentiles, and the story about the Bishop and the witches:—

"I told the Bishop of Worcester that his diocese is infected with notions about witches: he intends his clergy shall rectify their mistakes in that particular. He told me some of the topics he would have argued. He don't much controvert the power of devils in the Gentile world, and their extraordinary operations may still take place among the Pagans. He is inclinable enough to believe what some authors have writ of the strange effects in such places; but he thinks the Gospel, as far as it reaches, has destroyed the works of the Devil, and those who are in the covenant of grace can receive no hurt from the infernal powers, either in their persons, children, or goods; that a man may be so profligate as to give himself to the Devil, but he can have no assistance from him to hurt anybody else in a supernatural way. I think we may assent to this latter part, and leave the Devil and the Gentiles to argue the rest among themselves."

ART. VII.—*France, its King, Court, and Government.* By an American.
Wiley and Putnam.

It appears that this thin volume consists of the collected contributions to a periodical, a style of book-making which has become no uncommon occurrence, either when writers find that their lucubrations in an ephemeral form have been attractive, or when their vanity prompts them, and they are ambitious to figure as the author of a book, were it but that their posterity may have it in their power to quote the printed words of one of the family. In the present instance, however, be the merits of these pages what they may, there are circumstances that claim some peculiar attention. The first is, that the writer is an ambassador to a European state, he being no other than Mr. Lewis Cass, the representative of the American Union accredited to the court of France; a minister of a grade that seldom compromises its diplomatic etiquette and mysticism by publishing opinions to the world, so long as there is any expectation to remain in office; for the inconvenience afterwards might be very considerable that was thereby so gratuitously created, not only to the party himself, but to the government which he represents. For example, there is in the publication before us not only a slightly concealed jealousy and dislike of England, but perhaps an equally injudicious flattery of Louis Philippe; while the self-importance of the ambassador himself is offensive. He must be an intolerable egotist, we suspect, in conversation, and an inquisitive bore. If he sometimes obtains a free-and-easy audience of the King of the French, it must be when that wily and deep-sighted monarch can for a relaxing half-hour endure the infliction for the sake of mystifying the diplomatist, or of spinning a yarn. Our next remark is, that whether true or false, coloured or uncoloured, the notices which the book contains of the King, of his personal history and chequered life when young, especially of his travels in America, command a hearing, one perusal. One likes to learn all that can be told of the private life and remarkable vicissitudes of one of the most remarkable men living. We shall therefore extract pretty freely from the pages that treat of the period and the incidents to which we have particularly referred, leaving it to our readers to judge how much the narrative is worth.

It was in 1793-4, that the future King of the French, when little more than twenty years of age, fled into Switzerland, under an assumed name, and glad to obtain any asylum, whatever might be the privations attending it, so long as his proscribed life was safe. Had he been able and possessed pecuniary means, he would, we are informed, have hastened to America. As it was, however, he earned reputation as professor in an educational institution. Afterwards he made a tour to the north of Europe, visiting some of the

most important cities and remarkable places in a route comprehending Hamburg, Copenhagen, &c., till he reached Hamersfeldt and the *Ultima Thule* of our quarter of the globe. And here our first extract will come aptly in. Says the ambassador,—

“I was gratified to see an incident recently recorded in the public journals, which proved that this hyperborean city had not escaped his recollection; but that he had sent, by a French frigate engaged in scientific researches in that quarter, a present of a clock to be placed in the tower of the church, and thence to sound the warning hours over the Frozen Ocean. He continued on to the North Cape, the *Ultima Thule* of Europe, where he arrived the 24th of August, 1795. This great buttress of the continent, advancing into the icy seas, is impressively described by the few travellers who have visited it, and is remarkable from its features, its situation, and its associations. It is one of the spots on the face of the globe where the conviction of human weakness and of Almighty power is the most overwhelming. Its sad aspect is well described in these lines of Ovid:—

‘Est locus extremis Scythiæ glacialis in oris,

Triate solum, sterilis, sine fruge, sine arbore, tellus.’

Here he found himself among a new race of men; and accompanied by the Laplanders and their reindeer, and on foot, he traversed the country extending to the Gulf of Bothnia, and arrived at Torea, a little port situated at its northern extremity. He advanced into Finland, as far as the Russian frontier, but the Gallophobia of the Northern Semiramis was too well known to allow him to run the risk of Siberia and the knout, and he crossed the Gulf of Finland to Stockholm. If the political events in France had overturned the throne of Capet, and sent forth his descendants to wander in foreign lands, it must be confessed that this young member of the exiled family had turned his misfortunes to the most profitable account. He was studying human nature in the best of all schools, the school of experience and adversity; and by bringing himself into contact with every variety of life, and by adding the treasures of personal observation to the stores of learning with which his mind was fraught, he was preparing himself for that course of events which has given him such a powerful influence over the destinies of his own country and of Europe.”

The wanderer gave tokens of his sagacity in choosing such an out-of-the-way tour as that of his northern route, for there were no doubt in search of him informers and spies, and a price set upon his head. At length, however, he made his way to America, in no very princely plight, where he was some time after his arrival joined by his two younger brothers. This was in 1795, Philadelphia being the place of his first residence. He had some intercourse with Washington, and witnessed certain interesting proceedings signalized in the history of the American Union, such as when the great transatlantic patriot delivered his farewell address. The princes had even the honour of paying a visit to Mount Vernon, and reminiscences of Washington are related by Cass. Here are small specimens:—

"The arrangement of his household was that of a wealthy Virginia gentleman of the old school; unostentatious, comfortable, and leaving his guests to fill up their hours as they thought fit, and at the same time providing whatever was necessary for pleasant employment. One morning, after the usual salutations, the king asked his distinguished host how he had slept the preceding night. It is probable, from the answer, that some peculiar circumstances had turned his thoughts towards the evils too often produced in society by reprehensible publications. However this may be, that answer deserves to be engraved upon the hearts of his countrymen: 'I always sleep well, for I never wrote a word in my life which I had afterwards cause to regret.' While at Mount Vernon, General Washington prepared for the exiled princes an itinerary of a journey to the Western Country, and furnished them with some letters of introduction for persons upon the route. They made the necessary preparations for a long tour, which they performed on horseback, each of them carrying in a pair of saddle-bags, after the fashion of that period, whatever he might require in clothes and other articles for his personal comfort."

We next present some account of how the exiles *roughed it* during their American travels:—

"When traversing the Barrens in Kentucky, they stopped at a cabin, where was to be found 'entertainment for man and horse,' and where the landlord was very solicitous to ascertain the business of the travellers,—not, apparently, out of any idle or interested curiosity, but because he seemed to feel a true solicitude for them. It was in vain, however, the king protested they were travelling to look at the country, and without any views of purchase or settlement. Such a motive for encountering the trouble and expense of a long journey was without the circle of the settler's observation or experience; and he could only believe it by placing these young men quite low in his scale of human intelligence, and then with a feeling of pity or contempt. In the night all the travellers were stowed away upon the floor of the cabin, with their feet to a prodigious fire (they did not sell wood by the pound, as they do at Paris); and I can vouch for the fact, whatever may be thought of it in these degenerate days of steamboats, railroads, splendid taverns, and feather-beds, that no man need desire a more comfortable sleep than a long day's ride, a hearty supper, and what was called the soft side of a plank, with the appliance of a good fire, formerly gave to the traveller in the infancy of our settlements in the trans-Alleghany regions. This Green River cabin, like all its congeners, had but one room; and while the guests were stretched upon the floor, the landlord and his wife occupied their puncheon bedstead (I won't insult your readers by presuming they need an explanation of this term,) which was pinned to the logs forming the side of the mansion. In the night, the king overheard the good man expressing to his wife his regret that three such promising young men were running uselessly over the country, and wondering they did not purchase land there, and establish themselves creditably. At Bairdstown the king was indisposed, and stopped to rest and recover. Unfortunately, the place was in commotion, and the whole family at the inn, father, mother, children, and servants, left their sick guest without attention,

When the landlady made her appearance, the latter, a little impatient, asked why she had not left a servant to wait upon him. She answered, with great animation, that there was a show there, the first that had ever been seen in Bairdstown, and she could not think of staying away herself, nor of withholding any of her family. I have understood, that since the king has been upon the throne, he has presented to the venerable Bishop Flaget a clock for his cathedral in this very Bairdstown. 'Who knows what to-morrow shall bring forth?' At Chilocothe, the king found a public-house kept by a Mr. M'Donald, a name well known to the early settlers of that place; and he was a witness of a scene which the progress of morals and manners has since rendered a rare one, in that place, or, indeed, throughout the well-regulated State of Ohio. He saw a fight between the landlord and some one who frequented his house; in which the former would have suffered, if the king had not interfered to separate the combatants. The second in command, who distinguished himself at the battles of Fleurus and Jemappes, performed in the ancient capitol of the north-western territory the office of mediator between two rival powers!"

The ambassador with affected modesty tells us that he knows "a fellow-countryman who has been favoured by the king," (aware that his American brethren will set himself down as the veritable fellow-countryman) with a sight of Bradley's Maps of the United States, which the traveller carried with him during his several tours in the country; and that it furnishes ample proof of having been much in requisition. It is added, "For the sake of your younger readers, I will mention what I understand the king hinted at the time he shewed this map to our countrymen, and which proves his love of order, and his attention to the details of life; without which there can be no true independence or lasting usefulness. He mentioned that he possessed an accurate account shewing the expenditure of any dollar he disbursed in the United States."

How far the king's parsimony and love of money may be constitutional attributes cannot be known; still his rough beginning in early manhood would naturally confirm, if it did not create, these dispositions. But it would be unfair, even when writing like a king's parasite, not to allow the egotist to give us a sample of his own American adventures, together with some *elegant* anecdotes and *witty* philosophy. This is the flourish:—

"Your Solons and Justianians now upon the stage must look back with forbearance upon some traits of levity of their predecessors in jurisprudence who cut the first legal bush in the West. A solemn demeanour and official gravity may become the profession in these comfortable days of its existence; but in those by-gone times, when the judge and the lawyer mounted their horses, and rode one and two hundred miles to a court, and then to another and another yet, and through woods, following merely a bridle path, crossing the swollen streams upon their horses while swimming, and thrown together at night into a small cabin, the school of Democritus had far more disciples among them than that of Heraclitus. I have certainly been in much greater

peril since; but with respect to a real nonplush, my Western friends will understand me—the crowning incident of my life was upon the bank of the Scioto Salt Creek, suddenly raised by a heavy rain, in which I had been unhorsed by the breaking of the saddle girths. My steed was a bad swimmer, who instead of advancing after losing his footing, amused himself by sinking to the bottom, and then leaping with his utmost force; and this new equestrian feat he continued, till rider, saddle, saddle-bags, and blankets, were thrown into the water, and the recusant animal emerged upon one side of the creek, and the luckless traveller crawled out upon the other, as he best could; while the luggage commenced its journey for New Orleans. It appears to me now that a more dripping spectacle of despair was never exhibited than I presented, while surveying, many miles from a house, this shipwreck of my travelling fortunes. These, however, were the troubles of the day; but, oh! they were recompensed by the comforts of the evening, when the hospitable cabin and the warm fire greeted the traveller!—when a glorious supper was spread before him—turkey, venison, bear's meat, fresh butter, hot corn bread, sweet potatoes, apple sauce, and pumpkin butter! The sturdy English moralist may talk of a Scotch supper as he pleases, but he who never sat down to that meal in the West forty years ago has never seen the perfection of gastronomy. And then the animated conversation succeeded by a floor and a blanket, and a refreshing sleep! The primitive court-house, built of logs, and neither chinked nor daubed, but with respectable interstices big enough to allow the passage of a man, is another permanent object in this group of recollections. And in this sanctuary, as well as in the public houses, the court and bar, and suitors and witnesses, were mingled in indescribable confusion. Strange scenes sometimes occurred under these circumstances; and a characteristic anecdote is told of General Jackson, in a situation where he displayed his usual firmness by compelling the submission of a noisy braggadocio who had interrupted the court, and successfully resisted the efforts of the officers to apprehend him. I recollect a similar incident which took place in a small village upon the banks of the Ohio. The court was in session, and the presiding officer was a Colonel P****, a man of great resolution and of a herculean frame. A person entered the court cabin, and by his noise put a stop to the proceedings. He was ordered out, and the sheriff attempted to remove him; but he put himself upon his reserved rights, and made such a vigorous resistance, that the officer retired from the contest. Colonel P**** thereupon descended from the bench, coolly took off his coat, gave the brawler a severe beating, and after putting him out of the house, resumed his garment and his seat, and continued his judicial function. As I may never have so favourable an opportunity of relating another anecdote characteristic of these times, and which I have long preserved in my memory, I will inflict it upon you now. The principal actor in the scene was my early and has been my constant friend, and is yet pursuing his profession in the northern part of Ohio, respected by all who know him. Should these sketches meet his eye, while they recall one of the laughable scenes of his youth, they will recall, I hope, the memory of the writer. This gentleman was engaged in a cause which came on for trial, but in which I have always suspected he was not prepared. He rose from his seat, and gravely observed that his client was ready, but that really the members of the court were too

much intoxicated—he used a worse word than that—to perform their duties and he therefore moved their honours to adjourn. For my own part I did not believe the charge,—at any rate to the extent thus boldly made; and I thought the object of my free-spoken friend was, by the aid of a little confusion, to retire from the field with his cause untried, and his honour untouched. The matter passed off as a good joke, the court actually adjourning; and the story is, perhaps, yet preserved among the judicial traditions of Wood County in Western Virginia.”

We return to the princes, stringing together a few passages which occur in the narrative:—

“While the king was at Pittsburg, an amusing incident happened, which was connected with one of our countrymen, who subsequently acquired much distinction for the enterprise and military qualities he displayed, in conducting an expedition from Egypt to Derne, to co-operate with our naval forces in an attack upon that city. This was General Eaton, who, taking his seat one morning at the breakfast-table, where were assembled the king and his brothers, and the boarders of the house, called a female servant to him, and said, with a loud voice, ‘You gave me a d— dirty room, and a d— dirty bed, last night.’ The landlord, who had heard the observation, or to whom it was repeated, immediately made his appearance, and walking up to General Eaton, said, ‘You have a d— dirty room, and a d— dirty bed, and as I keep a d— dirty house, you will walk out of it.’ And out of it he was indeed compelled to go.

* * * * *

“Continued their route to Geneva, where they procured a boat and embarked upon the Seneca Lake, which they ascended to its head; and from here they made their way to Tioga Point upon the Susquehannah—each of the travellers carrying his baggage, for the last twenty-five miles, upon his back. The load was no doubt heavy and the task laborious, but I am strongly inclined to believe, that the burden which the king now bears—and luckily for his country and for Europe—is more oppressive than the weight which the Duke of Orleans carried through the forest and over the hills of the Susquehannah. From Tioga the party descended the river in a boat to Wilkesbarre, and thence they crossed the country to Philadelphia.”

By the time they returned to Philadelphia their funds were so much exhausted as to forbid them to leave the place although the yellow fever was raging in it. At length a remittance from their mother, who had recovered some of the family property, relieved them.

Here is another anecdote with a more interesting notice and illustration:—

“The king took his position in the waggon, looking round him; when the horses being suddenly frightened, ran away with the waggon, which, passing over a stump, was broken, and upset. The king was thrown out,

and somewhat injured. In early life, he had luckily been taught a little of everything; and among other acquirements, he was able to open a vein quite *surgically*. He is said to carry a lancet with him in all his excursions, and an incident of recent occurrence shews that this precaution is a wise and humane one I have seen at our minister's—an engraving, presented to him by one of the royal family, which represents the king in the act of bleeding his courier, who had been thrown from his horse and seriously hurt. The Duke of Orleans is supporting the sufferer, while the king's suite surround the group—some of them aiding in the operation, and others looking on with much interest depicted in their countenances. Among the latter, Marshal Soult and General Bernard, heretofore in our service, are easily distinguishable. The ladies of the family occupy the carriage in the back-ground, regarding the scene with that solicitude they always manifest when there is any question of human suffering. I do not know how it is with others, but this simple and touching representation moves me more than the immense pictures of Versailles where the canvas has recorded all the military glories of France."

Our next Yankee extract relates to aristocratic and feudal usages still in force in this country, and which afford the republican writer some grounds for ridicule and reproof; although the idea of at once sweeping away every relic of ancient usages, or every custom and fashion which to strangers may appear absurd and unnecessary in an economical point of view, does not indicate a full conception of human nature as influenced by established forms, nor of the manner in which national institutions take effect. We say that in England there is more meaning than an American can discover in a lawyer's wig, and in the livery of a gentleman's servant. But we quote:—

"Nothing has more painfully affected me, in the whole civil hierarchy of England, than the tenacious retentions of those barbarous offices, menial in title as in fact, about the court, and the avidity with which they are sought. Among the signs of the times, this is, in my opinion, one of the most inauspicious; tending to degrade the class of society whose independence and true pride of character are thus sacrificed, and—though this effect cannot of course be any subject of regret to a republican observer—co-operating powerfully with other causes to shake the edifice of British aristocracy. Mr. Burke said, very pungently, that 'it is not proper that great noblemen should be keepers of dogs, though they were the king's dogs.' But so does not think Lord Kinnaird; for a London paper of last week says, 'Lord Kinnaird, the new master of her majesty's buck-hounds, has just taken for four months Col. Cavendish's mansion at St. Leonard's, within about ten miles of Windsor, for the purpose of being within the immediate neighbourhood of the place of his official duties.' His 'official duties,' indeed! A peer of England, a hereditary legislator, a hereditary judge of the court of the last resort, a *keeper of the queen's dogs*!—Nor is this an extreme, nor even a very strong instance, of the disgraceful absurdity here alluded to. A most instructive, as well as amusing, chapter might

be written upon the history of these court ceremonials, existing and extinct, which have heretofore controlled, in a greater or less degree, the destinies of nations."

Burke might be quoted against Burke, in as far as the spirit of his political philosophy is concerned, whatever might be the form of his illustrations during a torrent of eloquence. But hear Cass again:—

"Burke says that one of his predecessors in reform, Lord Talbot, failed in his efforts, 'because the turnspit in the king's kitchen was a member of parliament.' I do not know if the importance of this office has diminished since that day, but as I find, that even in the 'Red Book for 1840' the Chief Cook, the First Master Cook, the Second Master Cook, and the Third Master Cook, are all designated as 'Esquires,' I may presume it is yet considered sufficiently honourable for a member of parliament to turn the king's spit. In Scotland, Sir W. Anstruther, a baronet, is hereditary carver, having the right, standing at a side table, to cut up the meats; and Sir James Carnegie is hereditary cup-bearer, to wait upon the king when he desires to drink. I find one appointment in the 'Red Book' which I trust, during the reign of a queen, and for the sake of conjugal happiness, will be a sinecure—that of 'leather-breeches maker' to her majesty! England may well afford to sweep away what Mr. Burke called these 'incumbrances and nuisances,' which are as offensive to true taste as they are incompatible with true dignity. She has justly earned for herself so proud a name in the world, that her institutions need no false tinsel to set them off, nor her high personages any barbarous and antique offices to shelter them from general observance, or to give them a factitious elevation. The period of mystification is passing away."

Before closing our paper we shall take advantage of some particulars which have lately come to light, and of certain questions at this moment occupying the mind of France, which are intimately connected either with the distinguished personage who is the main subject of the ambassador's publication, or with other topics which have engaged our attention in preceding articles relating to the French nation.

First of all the French newspapers have been, since the commencement of the month of January, occupied to a considerable extent with some letters written by Louis Philippe during the years 1806-8, and which have been published in the *Gazette de France*. Two remarks are forcibly suggested by these documents. They afford us a striking proof of the talents, the policy, and character of the writer; and, secondly, they are calculated to excite in the minds of his subjects strong dislike as well as distrust of him.

With regard to the talents of the king there never could be any question, ripened and directed in an eminent degree by the singular vicissitudes of his life, and the extent of his experience, as has been observed by Mr. Cass. His policy, too, must be universally

allowed to be that of a far-sighted and sagacious prince, who has, ever since the world has had the means of watching his career, kept his eye steadily directed to certain great ends, towards which all his energies have tended ; while his character is not only one of uncommon energy, but of extreme selfishness and hypocrisy.

Now upon each and all of these points the letters in question afford us unmistakeable lights ; and the few sentences which we quote from them will serve to convince our readers that what we have now said is well founded. Concentration of available power is a principle which he has long regarded as being paramount in war ; and no doubt in civil policy, as his conduct has demonstrated. In 1808, and when speaking of Napoleon, he said, " He concentrates his forces on the weakest point of the enemy ; and when sure of victory at the important point—when, in fact, he has pulled the key-stone from the arch, everything tumbles to ruins, and he triumphs everywhere." Pretty near to the same period, he thus expresses himself, after noticing England's mastery of the sea and of the riches of the world, remarking that she ought to be the soul of all the armies that were rushing on the Imperial Colossus, and that no power could effectually exert itself without England's subsidies : " She must take in hand the overthrow of Bonaparte ; she must decide and speak ; for if she leaves to each Cabinet, to each individual, the care of making it a little plan of political campaign, we shall have no doubt millions, and consequently we shall have none."

When Louis Philippe was teaching in Switzerland, making his northern tour in disguise, an exile in America and an emigré in England, political inaction was hateful to him, and he longed to appear in a prominent character in the great European drama. He was eager for employment, and would have been delighted to have got handed over to him the Ionian Islands, when no one else would have them. " I detest," he said, " the life of an emigré, and am doubly enraged to be condemned to the humiliation of inutility and vegetation, when I see so clearly what I could do, were people to come to an understanding with me, instead of keeping me prisoner at Hampton Court or Twickenham." But had not the Tory government and the *legitimates* good grounds for mistrusting one who had commenced his career as a champion of the Revolution which had desolated France ? Do not these very letters prove that neither his country could safely rely upon his patriotism, nor the party whom he had formerly espoused upon his fidelity ? Secondly, the letters shew in a damnatory and exasperating manner, how he would have exerted all his energies, and perfected deeply laid schemes, had the English government accepted his services against France. Nor was he sparing of his counsels and his urgencies to the same effect, calling himself " an Englishman." Can it be that

the publication of these things will not seriously damage him in the sight of his countrymen ; at the very same time too that they inopportunately open the eyes of all to the attributes of his character, and to the duplicity which he is capable of practising ? Just let the reader read these documents, and compare the enmity which they breathe towards Napoleon, and then think of the second funeral of that Emperor, and the policy as well as the professions indented with the costly ceremony. Even this limited example goes further to illustrate the character of the king of the French than the elaborate pages of the American Ambassador at Paris have done. Facts and realities speak more truly and plainly than flatteries.

The topics to which we next for a few moments address ourselves are more immediately illustrative of the French people than of their king. They are also more closely connected with views urged in preceding pages of our present Number than with those handled by Mr. Cass. Still, and before the matters referred to become stale, we may be excused for introducing a notice of them here.

The French newspapers have been, and continue to be, at the moment we write, daily surfeiting us with discussions and reports concerning the fortifications of Paris, set on foot by the Thiers' administration ; the passion of the nation for war being displayed in the petty and farcical ado that is made for its mere semblances, and even, as it would appear, for the mere images which the phraseology inseparable from warlike preparations awakens. They have been unable to have a bona fide set-to with the other great powers of Europe ; and therefore they must squabble among themselves, and have all the fun at home ; that fun, on the part of the different factions, being for the furtherance of political crotchets, independent altogether and heedless of real national well-being and improvement. Thiers himself, as well becomes him, performs the leading part in this jugglery. But what we have next to record is still more farcical, although not less illustrative of French character, or rather of Parisian politicians. We copy the account of the matter as it has been reported by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* :—

“ One of our fashionable theatres, La Renaissance, which had been closed for some time, was to have commenced its campaign of the season on Saturday last. A new drama was announced for the occasion from the pen of Leon Gozlan, one of the bearded writers of the ‘ Jeune France’ school. It bore the title of ‘ *Il y avait une fois un Roi et une Reine*’ ; and had reference, it was understood, to a state of things somewhat similar to that which now exists at the British Court. A Queen of England, named Dorothee, whom our author supposed to have flourished at the beginning of the fifteenth century, resolved to renounce, in compliance with the wishes of her Councillors, the enjoyments that resulted from a state of single blessedness. Germany had, it seems, at that period as it has to-day, the privilege of supplying the sons and daughters of European royalty with

partners. The German Confederation, upon learning the wishes of the potent, grave, and venerable Senators of England, hastened to place a marriageable prince at their disposal. The *sel* of M. Gozlan's piece consists in rendering as palpable as possible the peculiarities of a position in which a husband is not only obliged to bow down before the fiat of his wife, but even prevented from communicating with her except when authorized. A Prime Minister is introduced, too, in order to give an additional zest to the humour of the intrigue and dénouement. The whole affair is, it is needless to say, levelled at Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and Lord Melbourne. It is one of those clumsy dramas that borrow an ephemeral interest from the peculiar circumstances of the moment.

"The censors, of whom there is a permanent comité at the Home Office, decided at once against Gozlan's drama. In consequence, however, of the interference of one or two Deputies, and of a little tampering, no doubt with the inferior employés of the section of the beaux arts, a kind of conditional authorization was given to the author to have his piece brought forward. This new decision was retracted upon M. Duchatel examining into the affair, and consulting M. Guizot, with whom he is in the habit of agreeing on most subjects. M. Guizot is said to have expressed himself as follows : — ' Were we at war with England, which we are not, I should not approve of any exhibition calculated to hurt the feelings of the Queen of England or her spouse. By respecting others in this instance, we shall best shew that we have a due respect for ourselves.' M. Duchatel expressed himself in accordance with this feeling; and the Council, to whom the matter was submitted the day after, approved of their decision.

"Notwithstanding the Ministerial veto, the author proceeded to announce his drama as forthcoming. Measures were taken to have it brought out on Saturday last; when the Government interfered again at the eleventh hour, and stopped the proceedings abruptly.

"This is the true history of the affair. There was no diplomatic interference whatever. Lord Granville, who is no doubt pretty familiar with the eccentricities of Parisian littérateurs, never once thought of troubling his head about this insignificant business."

Now, this matter, so insignificant in one sense, has excited the Parisians, or at least certain classes of them, to a farcical degree; for having so recently before found that their passion for martial glory was defeated, and that again they were balked in their thirst for revenge by the shafts of ridicule to wound English feelings through those whom England holds most dear, they have also discovered in the suppression of the worthless drama, at the fancied interference of Lord Granville, a new insult to the grand nation, and in the supposed concession of the ministry, still further humiliation. It is reported that an attack was meditated on the domicile of the British Ambassador. At any rate the gross allusions to our beloved Queen, and the entire piece, were of a highly exciteable tendency for a Parisian mob; so that in a sense different from what we have already recognised, had the thing not been suppressed, the English might

have taken it into their heads to resent it in a manner that would have displayed their pride rather than their prudence. At any rate our concluding remark will be acquiesced in,—the French must have warfare of some kind to relieve their effervescence.

ART. VIII.—*The Railways of Great Britain and Ireland, practically described and illustrated.* By FRANCIS WHISHAW, Civil Engineer.
London: Simpkin and Marshall.

MR. WHISHAW, even for a Civil Engineer, has devoted an unusual degree of pains and attention to the railroads of Great Britain and Ireland. In 1837, when the speculations regarding these gigantic works appeared to sober-minded and calculating people to have exceeded all practicable bounds, and to have reached the extremity of railway mania, he published an *Analysis* of the schemes then afloat, both those which had obtained the sanction of the legislature and those which had not for the session of that year been so fortunate. We remember to have heard times without number at that period the predictions of sages about the folly of such vast undertakings, the terrible bankruptcies which they would occasion, and all the usual adages about bubble companies. But what are the facts now as described and testified by Mr. Whishaw, after many of the great lines have been completed, are verging towards completion, or have only actually been begun? Why, that more has been achieved than was contemplated by speculators four years ago; neither the enormous sums of money required, nor the immense difficulties physical and legal that were interposing, staying the works or cooling the ardour of capitalists. Mr. Whishaw is none of your random describers, or a mere retailer of what has been puffed off by interested parties; for he has before publishing his work taken a railway trip in every direction and along the principal lines, fifty-eight in number, his journeyings in this way extending to something like *seven thousand miles*; informing himself in the fullest manner possible, both by observation and inquiries, regarding all that was necessary to furnish a satisfactory account of them.

That account includes in each case a variety of particulars. With more or less minuteness he gives a sketch of the origin of the individual railway under consideration. Then follow notices of the proceedings in Parliament relative to it, of the way in which the necessary funds were obtained, and of the progress and the opening of the line. Then he enters upon the scientific, afterwards the economical, and lastly the financial departments of the particular subject in hand, throwing out as he goes along such observations as the case seems to him to warrant.

We have referred to the unexampled manner in which the

results have even exceeded the speculations when the railway mania was supposed to be at its height. But this is not the only extraordinary feature in the history of these works. When it is known how wonderfully the actual outlay has exceeded, for the most part, the estimates, even after amazing preliminary sums have been expended in parliamentary and legal proceedings, and towards the purchases of houses and land, it is impossible not to utter some exclamation about the exhaustless wealth and the limitless enterprise of the British people. But there is still another theme connected with these gigantic works which must excite marvel and congratulation, and showing the wisdom and foresight of many of the greatest speculators; we allude to the fact that the profits on several of the grandest and most expensive lines have exceeded all anticipation.

In illustration of these several points of astonishment we may mention that, in reference to one railway, the first estimate was 13,000*l.* per mile; that in the course of the works it rose to above 22,000*l.*; and afterwards up to about 4,500*l.* more. Take the Birmingham railway for another example respecting not only estimates, but real outlay and receipts. Two millions and a half was the sum first named, but the expense turned out to be three millions beyond what has just been mentioned. The annual expenses alone amount to hundreds of thousands. And yet the actual profits are great. We copy out some of the tables of accounts connected with this marvellous undertaking, the annual expenditure belonging to the year ending 30th June 1840:—

“ **BILL FOR THE BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.**

Land and compensation	£ 706,152	5	2
Railway works and stations	4,287,646	18	10
Engines and tenders, tools and implements	146,910	5	11
Coaches, trucks, waggons, &c.	189,187	4	5
Acts of Parliament	72,868	18	10
Law-charges, conveyancing, engineering, advertising, printing, direction, office-expenses, salaries, and sundries	167,983	3	11
Interest on loans, previous to general opening	127,493	0	6
Debenture charges	133	7	0
	<hr/>		
	£5,698,375	4	7

“ **ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.**

Maintenance of way, including slips, &c.	£ 80,763	13	11
Locomotive power, including salaries, wages, coal, coke, oil, tallow, waste, &c.; expenses of pumping en- gines at stations; repairs of engines and tenders; superintendence; and all other charges	69,003	11	9

Police-account, including wages, clothing, &c.	£22,243	9	1
Coaching-account, including salaries, wages, clothing of guards and porters, gas, oil, tallow, and stores	47,611	9	4
Merchandise-department, including salaries, wages, incidental expenses, and repairs of waggons	5,319	16	2
Stores-department, including salaries, &c.	1,948	15	1
General charges, including law-proceedings, advertising and printing, direction, office-charges, sundries, including travelling-expenses	13,453	5	11
Rates and taxes	13,434	7	3
Mileage-duty to Government	22,848	9	1
Accident-account	1,154	10	6
	£277,781	8	1
Fund for depreciation of locomotive engine and carriage stock	26,338	0	0
Interest on loans for twelve months,	115,848	2	2
Rent of Aylesbury line for one year	2,500	0	0
Total annual cost	£422,467	10	3

“ ANNUAL INCOME.

Passenger-traffic	£ 505,479	9	8
Conveyance of mails	14,676	16	1
Conveyance of parcels	41,784	2	7
Conveyance of horses, carriages, and dogs	31,738	7	8
Conveyance of merchandise	91,335	18	7
Conveyance of cattle	2,089	14	0
	£687,104	8	7”

Who on projecting the idea of such a work as the Birmingham railway could have had the courage to look in the face such tables as we have now presented? And no doubt there is truth in what Mr. Whishaw relates when he says, “ We have heard it frequently remarked that if real estimates had been sent forth to capitalists, not a tithe of the present extent of railway communication would have been effected.” We must therefore congratulate the country on the result, however much the mystification practised by projectors, contractors, and committees is to be blamed. At the same time it is to be observed that the people of this country, when once they set their heads to a vast undertaking, are not only not soon or easily daunted, but that obstacles and opposition naturally tend to whet man's eagerness. Had it been otherwise, should we have heard of such initiatory outlay and perseverance as the Parliamentary contest and the lawyer's expenses incurred and occasioned in the case of the Brighton line, an account of which we now present?—

" Rennie's Line	£72,000
Stephenson's	53,750
Cundy's	16,500
Gibbs's	26,325
South-eastern (about)	25,000
	<hr/>
	£193,575

Add *already* expended on the line finally chosen—

Parliamentary expenses	£4,240
Law expenses	8,311
	<hr/>
	12,551
	<hr/>
	£206,126"

There are many branches of particulars which we need not stop to notice, or even to name in the most abridged way, belonging to railway undertakings and establishments, that awaken wonder. The probable or contemplated improvements which may be introduced in the matter of machinery, in contrivances for accommodation and safety to travellers, and in regard to what Mr. Whishaw calls a reciprocating system of lines, whereby both cheapness and an endless extent of ramified roads might be obtained for the accommodation of almost every district and corner of the land, the poorer and more thinly-peopled, as well as the rich and the densely inhabited, are points which admit of speculation and hopeful experiment. Before concluding, let us see what are some of the triumphs which have already been achieved in the mechanical department of the existing system, at the same time reflecting on what every middle-aged person now living would have uttered, had the thing been foretold to him but a few years back:—

"The post-office is fitted up in two compartments; the one as the sorting-room, and the other chiefly for the letter-bags, which are distributed and collected at the different places along the line. The sorting-room is fitted up with a mahogany counter and drawers; above the counter are several tiers of shelves with vertical divisions, forming small compartments for the proper arrangements of letters and newspapers, each compartment having the name of the place neatly labelled on the outside, for which the letters or newspapers are respectively intended.

"The assistant has a small desk or counter in the bags' compartment, and also a contrivance of net-work without, for receiving the letters from the different post-masters along the line without stopping the train. The bags are also left at the requisite places while the train is in motion.

"We had an opportunity last winter of accompanying one of the Post-office clerks for some miles on his journey; and he most politely explained to us the whole system of sorting, leaving, and collecting the letters; which appeared to us susceptible of very little improvement; but one thing

forcibly struck us, viz. the necessity of warming this carriage, which, during the winter months, is miserably cold.

"The length of the post-office is 16 feet, and including buffers 18 feet 9 inches; the width is seven feet 6½ inches; the height of body 6 feet 6 inches, and including under-frame, 7 feet 6 inches. The weight is 4 tons 1 cwt. 2 qrs. The weight of the clerks, bags, &c. is estimated at 2 tons 7 cwt. 3 qrs.

"The post-office is accompanied by a tender, something similar to a horse-box in size; its weight is 2 tons 7 cwt. 3 qrs. The gross weight of the post-office establishment is taken at 9 tons 1 cwt."

Such has been aptly named a Flying Post-Office, which like every other thing or department connected with railways and steam, must put people habitually to their mettle, and beget, as it were, new human activities. But a per-centage of damage and disaster is an inseparable evil.

Mr. Whishaw's volume is well illustrated by a railway map, by plates, plans, and diagrams; and although all on a subject that is not any way more than that of the Import Duties likely to be attractive to the mere readers of light literature, and owing to its professional details not always as plain as the course of a fictitious tale, yet from the magnitude of its parts, the wonders of the achievements described, and the still more wondrous promises of steam-power, the theme and many of the sections of this work must address themselves strongly and engagingly to every mind that studies the master works of man, and the race of improvement in human affairs.

Unquestionably the most important and pressing improvement or alteration that can be introduced in connexion with railroad travelling is something to prevent the havoc of human life, of which hardly a week passes without our hearing the most heart-rending accounts. Now, without pretending to suggest any mechanical contrivances or economical arrangements for remedying the terrible and growing evil which we have mentioned, it must be obvious to every one that legislation might do much towards its prevention. Strict regulations might be enacted and enforced, so as to secure competency of knowledge on the part of those, such as the engineer, to whom the actual management of the vehicle is in each case entrusted. As to the sufficiency and soundness of the machinery, and the good order of the rails, &c., there should be, as ought long ago to have been enacted with regard to steam-vessels, inspectors and controllers of some sort. Englishmen are extremely jealous of legislation that goes to interfere with mercantile or manufacturing enterprise; and the national spirit has achieved in consequence the most brilliant and enviable results. But when it is proved by innumerable instances, as in the case of steam-power, not only that

secular interests and pecuniary profits are more regarded than human life, but that really in proportion to the gigantic strength, the resistless power, the frightful catastrophes, which are identified with travelling by steam, have been the callousness of men to the claims of humanity, and the routine estimate of destruction and death wrought by an unconscious and inanimate agency, surely it is high time for Parliament to interfere. Steam has in fact indurated the heart, and communicated to the feelings of those more immediately connected with its operations and results, a portion of its own mechanical coldness and recklessness. When such is the case the statute-book should step in, and sedulously provide so as to teach a decent regard for human life. Cannot the proprietors and managers of railroads be taught and made responsible, through their purses, for the disasters to which we allude? Is there no method of punishing any one who has the immediate management of the steam-power and machinery, with an exemplary severity, who through intemperance or negligence is the cause of accidents? But even these penalties, as we have seen it well reasoned, will not be sufficient or all that legislation might directly enforce. There ought to be clear and well-defined severities apportioned to every neglect of duty, even when no damage or disaster occurs; something, in short, that would constantly operate as a stimulating motive to attention during every moment of the occupation of the engineer, and all those whose activities are called for in regulating the processes essential to locomotion.

We throw out these very general hints, not with a view to impede the triumphs of railroad travelling, but for its perfection, which can never be realized or desired, so long as the destruction of life, and the damage to person, keep pace, as appears to have been the fact, with the mechanical improvements of the system. The nation must be awakened, and not lulled by the frequency of catastrophe. Let us not be totally materialized, or made heartless *automata*, whatever sordid capitalists, regardless speculators, and ignorant or neglectful servants may feel and do.

We do not bring our observations to an end without copying the announcement which appeared in the *Courier*, Jan. 15. "Notwithstanding the snow-storm of last night, the mail-train with the Northern bags arrived at the Euston station of the London and Birmingham Railway only sixty-seven minutes after time; and the mail despatches by the London and Birmingham and Great Western Railways were the first received at the General Post-Office. The day mail-train arrived at the Euston station eight minutes before time. Satisfactory proofs these of the great superiority of railway over road-travelling in heavy snow."

ART. IX.—*History of German Literature*, by Wolfgang Menzel. Translated from the German, with Notes, by TH. GORDON. Oxford: Talboys. 1841.

MR. GORDON hopes that Menzel's work, although not a history of the literature which it professes to be, will yet be "of much use to those among us who have acquired a desultory and smattering acquaintance with the subject." The book, however, being eminently superficial, random and bold in its decisions, and opinionative in its assertions, can only convey a smattering knowledge, and therefore cannot be of "much use" to persons who have previously acquired a similar extent of acquaintance with German literature to that which Menzel furnishes.

To write a history of the literature of any nation eminent in that department must be an achievement of the first magnitude. To do so in the compass of Menzel's book would be, it appears to us, the perfection of history, and one of the noblest human exploits; for instead of consisting of a crowded enumeration of authors with slight notices of them, or of the books which these authors have written, with hasty and smart criticisms of them, or even of lively pictures of the national mind at any one particular period, as this writer has done, it would require a profound insight into the progress and vicissitudes of the intellectual and moral development of a people, of social forms and political principles, with the reciprocities and reactions of all of these phases, to be illustrated with masterly skill and selection, by biographical and critical notices, instead of only slightly indicating causes and principles, and making up a book with rash and singular opinions, or imperfect and disjointed sketches of men's lives and characters. Now this last mentioned sort of performance is that to which Menzel can alone lay claim; and even in its achievement he is verbose and commonplace, smattering though forcible in as far as assertion and expression go.

The society in which Menzel has moved, his reading, and his occupations, have all served to nurture a superficiality and a dictatorial habit, features which appear to have been in no way alien to the original constitution of his mind, and certain natural gifts. At an early period of his life he had the situation of a schoolmaster; he afterwards was editor of a literary periodical. From the first he was master of a remarkable fluency of language, and therefore, having betaken himself to letters, attended lectures, and caught a conversational acquaintance with everything, he, like all other young *litterateurs*, and especially those who have great facility in composition, readily mistaking fluency of words for wealth and depth of ideas, rushed into print, and dictated with a despotic confidence. No established names and no current principles were exempted

from his attacks. He and others mistook assurance for originality, and dogmatism for genius; and when it is understood that it was the manner in which he delivered his opinions, and not the matter in them (which was trite and plain), that attracted notice, it will be admitted that he might with shallow thinkers, and impudent pretenders, be readily enough taken as a master critic, the founder of a new school, and the discoverer of the grand principles as well as epochs of German literature. He who was bold enough to assail Goethe in a manner analogous to that of those who have leathern lungs, and who bawl with stentorian voice, would pass with many who dream not that deep waters run smooth, or that noise is not eloquent, for an oracle.

But if held by the half-educated and the superficial like himself to be a high priest, it was not as one who officiates in a temple of mysteries. He was a man of sturdy opinion, rather than a transcendentalist,—of healthy nerve, rather than a mystic and dreaming sentimentalist. It was something of thousands of books which he knew, gathered as hasty reviewers are in the habit of doing, instead of having time or being able to fathom the profundities of any one, digest its contents, and imbibe its spirit. And so far did this inferior attainment work well, that he neither attempts nor pretends mysticism. He is too confident and self-flattered for screening himself amid mists and clouds: he had been too long accustomed to dogmatise to betake himself to effeminate or visionary resources. Accordingly when he comes to speak of that which he had knowledge, derived from observation and reality, fully as much as from slap-dash reading and imperfect study, he not only speaks out like a man, but makes a sensible as well as a clear and comprehensive statement; at the same time dressing his manly views in a manner that is taking both in respect of language and illustrative points. If this manly and independent tone is anywhere particularly to be admired, it must be when the distracting subjects which politics, local as well as national, engage a writer and critic, and still more when religious differences and opposing creeds are his themes. We shall confine our examples of Menzel's fairness and powers to these perplexing topics, and also with the purpose of conveying to those of our readers to whom Germany, its sects, and its literature are strangers, a general account that is informing.

The portion of the account which we first copy, referring to the political mind of Germany, is limited to the utterance of it by the press. Says Menzel—

“Liberal principles, however, were disseminated by speeches in the Chambers, by articles in the newspapers and local publications, to such an extent, that among so many names we scarcely know which to praise most. Upon the whole, political ideas and the political style have been both won-

derfully improved. How astonished would Justus Möser be were he to see the interest with which our burghers and peasants now talk about politics, and to find in every corner of Germany papers filled not only with patriotic dreams, but also of disquisitions on questions of public law, such as we really meet with every day.

"The number of those who read political papers has increased to an amazing extent.

"The papers no longer occupy themselves exclusively with foreign policy; they now enter into questions connected with that of our own country.

"There is in the age, despite the censorship, an invincible desire to make everything public. Even when the censorship suppresses all Liberal papers, the state-gazettes and the servile papers give, in their own way, a publicity to contested political questions.

"Our political public press has already found out by experience, that the controversies of parties have become a kind of routine: some leading questions have been so often discussed, that notions formerly unknown or mysterious have become clear and known to every one.

"After the Rhenish Mercury of Görres of Coblenz, the Balance of Börne of Frankfort, the Franconian Mercury of Wetzel in Hamburg, the Opposition paper of Wieland (the son of the poet) in Weimar, the Nemesis of Luden in Jena, had all ceased to exist, and the Isis of Oken had gone a wandering, no Liberal journal was started after the passing of the Carlsbad Decrees, except the Neckar Gazette of Seybold, which soon became very moderate in its tone, and the German Observer of Liesching of Stuttgart, who was thrown into prison. After the French Revolution of 1830, this ebb was all at once followed by a flow, so that the sudden transition from chains to a wild and unrestrained licence was truly surprising. Wirth in his Tribune, and Siebenpfeiffer in his Western Mercury, some German exiles in the Courier of the Lower Rhine, preached up revolution and republicanism; nay, some of these terrorists went so far as to attack Rotteck, who appeared to them to be far too moderate, and in whom they saw nothing but an aristocrat, while his paper, The Liberal, (*Der Freisinnige*), was suppressed by the Diet as being too liberal.

"The local papers, those which took an interest in the peculiar affairs of one province or city, and began to criticize in an interesting and intelligent manner their local affairs, were far more numerous and of more influence than those which argued about matters of more general importance. Every one knows best himself where the shoe pinches him. He, therefore, who pointed out and discoursed of those wants of any particular place which were the most particular and pressing, was far more attended to than he who spoke only in general terms. The people of one province or town did not, it is true, take any interest in the affairs of another; but all, though independent of one another, felt the same interest in public questions. Few editors of such papers, it is true, were celebrated, or can be ranked among our distinguished literary men; yet though, on the whole, they had but little influence on the upper ranks, they found means to make themselves of more importance on single questions among the lower classes, where they found a fruitful field which had hitherto remained almost uncultivated.

Our great national literature passed unheeded before the eyes of the mechanic and peasant ; this little local literature came home to his interests and feelings.

"The papers which daily started up in incredible numbers were of very different value. In one place they breathed forth a noble spirit, like the Patriotic Fancies of Justus Möser ; in another, they were exceedingly vulgar. Here, they were more like political newspapers ; there, amusing literary papers. Here, they used the popular style of the older Village Gazette, (*Dorf-zeitung*) ; there, more of the analyzing language of the advocate. In other cases they were sentimental, pedantic, warning, intrusive ; or they took delight in vulgarisms and pointless wit. The papers of enlightened countries, and of a population which was less uncultivated, were much more tolerable ; but in no place were they and are they more immoral than in München, where many vie with one another in vulgarity.

"The numerous pamphlets which were written on provincial occurrences were no less influential than the local papers. Holstein alone published above thirty within two years. Hanover, Brunswick, Saxony, produced a great number of them ; indeed so did every German province, in proportion as each was more or less subject to violent crises. These pamphlets, joined to the voluminous reports of the proceedings of the legislative assemblies, have increased our libraries so much that we cannot now survey them. Alexander Müller and Dr. Zöpfl attempted to give, in journals peculiarly devoted to the consideration of questions of public politics, a review of the whole ; but they could give nothing but fragments ; they had not room for the whole. There would be no end to the matter, were we to add the Swiss, with their newspapers and pamphlets. Here, thirty-eight—there, twenty-two states—in each of which questions are put and answered, wishes breathed and satisfied, demands made and refused : with all these we cannot wonder that there is a great noise and tumult."

Menzel goes on to remark that it is the more difficult to compress a review of the whole field of public politics, because the greatest differences everywhere meet the eye ; for in one province the same man is a Liberal, who in another would be considered an Aristocrat. Then each petty state possesses an immensely learned and confused code of laws, which Ministers and Chambers vie with one another in making still more unnatural, by additions and amendments." There is a wondrous minuteness of legislation, more than sufficient to perplex every one excepting a few learned jurists. Nor has general attention been yet directed to the affairs of the Confederacy, although a few eminent writers have commented in a purely historical manner upon its constitution, decrees, and protocols ;—upon its general relations, and suggested or urged the infusion of new elements. But here comes a paragraph that must not be abridged :—

"Among the many isolated and petty questions which, during the silence on great leading questions, have been thrust forward into notice, that of the emancipation of the Jews plays an important part. A multitude of pam-

phlets have been written on both sides in almost every state of Germany. Riesser of Altona has used the most energetic and talented language. What he, himself a Jew, has said in favour of the rights of Jews, ranks amongst the master pieces of political eloquence. Yet the children of Israel suffer even till this day from the petty regulations of Germany, and they have been granted their poor rights in but very few places. Here men attempt to educate them; and we see the oldest people in the world treated like a little child which cannot stand on its own feet. There they wish to convert them, with all possible forbearance; they do not compel them, it is true, to become Christians; but they cannot claim the right of citizens—nay, scarcely that of men—as long as they are not Christians. Here they are openly hated as a foreign people, upon whom, however, as we are ashamed to kill them, we vent our barbarian courage in another way. There men play the master, the gracious protector; but they take care not to emancipate them, lest by so doing they should lose the pleasure of playing the part of patron. There are even Liberals who are opposed to the emancipation of the Jews, merely because Christians are not yet in all respects free. We find everywhere that petty pride which ridicules the Jews, tormenting them at one time with refusals, at another with half concessions, at a third with obtrusive offers of instruction. We can scarcely be surprised that men of talent and education, such as have of late years arisen in considerable numbers among this race, should become mad at this despicable ill-treatment. But the wrath of a Börne, the sarcasm of a Heine, will not aid in furthering the Jewish cause, because they foster petty antipathies, and because, under their protecting shield, a brood of commonplace Jewish youths is formed, who load with open scorn everything which is holy in the eyes of the Christian and the German."

This temperate, apparently even-handed, and enlightened account, will prepare the reader for a dispassionate view, if we except an antithetic manner of expression, of both Catholicism and Protestantism as at present manifested in Germany. We had been looking out for information regarding the religious and ecclesiastical condition of certain German states, with the design of presenting a sketch similar to what we have done of establishments nearer home, in some of our late reviews. But a few paragraphs from Menzel's pages, which we now extract, will be more satisfactory, and shall save us the contemplated trouble. First for the Catholics:—

"We must make a few general remarks upon this moderate party before we leave it. It is the younger sister of the Reformation: it has not, however, like it, abandoned its aged mother, but cherishes her with childlike forbearance. It has not deserted the ranks of the regular succession of Catholic centuries, but has returned to the ninth—to the independence of the German Church, and to the purity which doctrine then possessed in the time of Rhabanus Maurus. This party wishes for a German national church, in opposition to ultramontaniam, as well as an independent church in opposition to the secular power. It wants an intelligible German liturgy, divested of Latin formulas, a national education in place of ignorance, a cheerful

philosophy instead of gloomy superstition, and toleration instead of persecution. But this party is not yet sufficiently aware of its vocation. Placed half-way between rationalism and ultramontaniam, it has not yet gained a firm footing: it inclines most to the former, that is, to the Protestant side. Thence proceeds that wretched prose peculiar to it, the dry morality and the wishy-washy sentimentality, the jejune translations of the Bible, the fear entertained for every play of the imagination, and finally that inclination to political servilism, that liberalism, which so vaunts itself in the affairs of the church, whilst, thundering out its anathemas against Rome, crouches before, and fawns upon the pettiest of the German petty princelings. These traits, which have lately occurred, disfiguring the character of one of our most respectable sects, are fortunately not the prevailing ones: on the contrary, the great majority of this party manifest a certain degree of patient unassuming modesty, a disinclination to except any advice which may happen to be offered, much good sound sense and understanding. The signs of the times shew that the abolition of the laws regarding celibacy will become the watch-word of a struggle, which in no distant period will separate this party from the ultramontanists, thus bringing it a step nearer to Protestantism."

Now for the Protestants :—

"It is well known that the Protestant Church became, even from its very commencement, the tool of worldly politics, and remained dependent upon worldly power. The higher the Romish Church had raised itself above the temporal power, the deeper was the dependence into which the Lutheran fell. At first, when a religious enthusiasm and fanaticism still glowed, the Protestant clergymen, acting as royal chaplains, upper court preachers, and diplomatists, naturally played an important part. But this ceased with the age of Louis the Fourteenth. Black coats were supplanted by green coats: the place of the fat father confessor was supplied by jovial hunters and mistresses. The Protestant clergy sunk into the lists of inferior officers.

"It is not long since country livings were conferred by licentious and coarse country squires 'under the apron'—that is, under the condition that the poor *candidatus theologiæ* should marry the paid-off chambermaid or the cast-off mistress. Rabner in his Letters and Thümmel in his *Wilhelmina*, satirically scourged, about the middle of the last century, this disgraceful practice: the most detailed and faithful account, however, of the lamentable state of the Protestant Church at that time, will be found in Nicolai's novel, *Sebaldu Nothanker*. If at that time a poor preacher happened in the slightest degree to displease the whims of a petty princeling or countling of the German Empire, or of his mistress, or of his court marshal, or to contradict a brutal court chaplain or superintendent, he was unceremoniously dismissed from office and employment, and left without support.

"These things, it is true, now no longer occur. The greater decency observed by the Courts and the Government has had a beneficial influence upon the Church. Though church livings and professorships are still given away by petticoat influences, yet only the honest daughters and cousins of the patrons are concerned; so that all goes on decently.

"But dignity is not always combined with decency: dignity consist in freedom; and our Protestant Church is now, as formerly, enslaved.

"A hundred years ago, the Jesuits in Dillingen attempted to prove the position, that the Catholic faith is more serviceable to absolute monarchy than the Protestant; but the Pfaff of Tübingen drove them from the field, by proving that no church was more servile than the Lutheran. When a court chaplain at Copenhagen (Dr. Masius) dared to say that princes ought to become Lutherans, not so much from fear of God as from motives of temporal advantage, because no creed but the Lutheran favoured the divine right of kings, maintaining that it was derived directly from God without the intervention of any higher spiritual power, and because in the Lutheran religion alone was the secular prince at once bishop, emperor, and pope,—when Masius argued this, and when the chivalrous defender of truth and right, Thomasius, who can never be sufficiently praised, Thomasius alone, of all his contemporaries, had sufficient courage to censure a publication so blasphemous. All attacked this worthy man, and called his opinion, that religion had other purposes in view than the strengthening the power of absolute monarchy, a *crimen læsæ majestatis* so that he was compelled to flee from Leipzig, where they had confiscated all his property, in order to escape imprisonment, or perhaps even death; and in Copenhagen his reply was solemnly burnt by the common hangman.

"Such was the state of affairs then; and in all that is essential no change has since taken place. The episcopal dignity is still possessed by the temporal monarch, and the Church is ruled by Cabinet orders. The consistories, it is true, appear to possess some aristocratical power, but this is in appearance only; they are, in reality, the mere organs of the Ministry. From the Cabinet they receive instructions respecting their liturgy, their clerical vestments, their texts, and directions how they shall apply the Word of God in accordance with the circumstances of the times. The subaltern clergy are trained like the other public functionaries. In a word, there are no longer any priests, but merely servants of the state in black uniform,

"The feeble attempts to introduce a Presbyterian form of government into the Protestant Church have always been received with displeasure, and put aside with a degree of ease which proves that it is impossible to form a middle party between the totally servile clergyman and Dissenters, who follow their own path. The Court will never permit the introduction of a democratical element into the government of the Church; and that portion of the people which takes a serious interest in religion will never trust the priests. Thus, our well-meaning Presbyterians always fall between two stools.

"The State will long exercise this power over the Church, for the number of Independent Dissenters is still small. The majority of the people have, as it were, had their fill of religious controversies in former centuries; they no longer take any interest in such affairs; they are engaged in other occupations: the servilism, therefore, of their clergymen, and that vulgar routine which is hostile to every innovation, to every advance in mental power, is quite suited to their condition. People are no longer harangued to, or irritated by their clergymen; and that is what they like. They may believe what they choose; they may go to church or not without being blamed or teased by the clergymen: a state of things quite suited to their present degree of culture. From this proceeds the characteristic mark of the Protestant world—*religious indifference*."

ART. X.—*A Letter to the Right Hon. Viscount Melbourne on Medical Reform.* By MARTIN SINCLAIR, M.D. London: Highley. 1841.

THE public as well as the professional mind of the country has for some years been directed to the subject of Medical Reform; and frequent have been the strictures in speech, lecture, and pamphlet, exposing the extremely anomalous condition of the healing art and of its practitioners. Every one too is aware that bills have been recently brought into parliament, one by Mr. Warburton, and another by Mr. Hawes, for effecting the necessary amendments and alterations, and for regulating the entire system. Others have propounded schemes; so that however imperfect may be any of the reforms proposed, or however tardy may be any enlarged legislative decision and measure towards this end, we may be assured that the subject will not be allowed to rest, or the abuses and inconsistencies mentioned to continue very much longer, without some stringent laws and remodelling measures being applied.

The grand objects contemplated by medical reformers are these: Uniformity of the Education of Practitioners,—Uniformity of their Privileges,—A General Registration of Practitioners.—A Licence to carry on the business of Chemist and Druggist,—A Summary mode of Suppressing Unqualified Practitioners,—and a Representative system of Medical Government.

The pressing necessity for these reforms will appear in a striking light to the general reader, as soon as it is understood that the following are some of the anomalies and abuses of the present system:—

Physicians are regarded as holding the highest rank in the profession, and yet, so far as their prescribed studies and proper functions are to be considered, they are inferiorly educated, and their practice limited to a narrow range of functions, as compared with what distinguish the business of surgeons. And yet the latter are forbidden to send medicine to their patients, neither can they legally make pecuniary charges for attendance or for advice unless they have on each visit done something of purely a surgical character. But to render the anomaly still more ridiculous, surgeons are not only not protected against others, be they who they may, from encroaching upon their surgical dominion, but chemists, druggists, quacks, and impostors of all sorts, persons without education, character, and diploma, are constantly visiting patients, giving advice, and supplying medicines, with almost entire impunity; for, even should they kill through ignorance, conviction is comparatively rare. Thus the sphere also of the Apothecaries' Company, which is an incorporated body, is invaded. Then think of midwifery being practised by any one, male or female; neither statute nor corporate privileges forbid-

ding. In these circumstances it is no wonder that every practitioner, legally qualified, as the law at present stands, has frequent occasion to complain either of invasion or of prohibition, respectable men alone obeying the law, and what is still more to be deplored, the poor, the misinformed, and the credulous being the persons whom the incompetent and the adventurous victimize; so that health as well as purse is to an enormous extent thus sacrificed.

The letter before us to the Prime Minister points out these and other anomalies and abuses with distinctness; yet hardly with the force which has been done by some other medical reformers. Still, its pages deserve Lord Melbourne's attention both for the manner in which the Bills of Warburton and Hawes are examined and shown to be imperfect, and for the sensible and practicable plan, as we think, which the Doctor suggests.

Mr. Warburton's scheme has been justly regarded by many not only as being too theoretical and complicated but defective, and also mischievous. Two things seem especially unpromising in it: first, he would classify the profession under separate heads, or range it according to distinct ranks; and, secondly, he does not attempt to prevent quacks, but would permit them to be licensed. We copy a few sentences from the letter regarding the last point:—

“When we look at the plan propounded by Mr. Warburton, what a degrading picture does the subject present! what sacrifice of life may not be made under the sanction of the law by a quack legally registered to practise any branch of the Profession he may think proper! what an awful responsibility will rest upon the legislature that will sanction this department of the plan of Medical Reform proposed by Mr. Warburton! In sober earnestness, can any unbiassed individual in the profession, or out of the profession, be satisfied with Mr. Warburton's plan of trusting the lives of Her Majesty's subjects in the hands of any charlatan or adventurer—can no remedy be found to meet the evil—cannot the law, if judiciously and temperately called into requisition, cure the disease? I apprehend that every unprejudiced person will answer this question in the affirmative. It is but justice to Mr. Warburton to state that while his Bill contains no coercive measures for putting down unqualified practitioners, he trusts to the increasing intelligence of the age in enabling the public to draw a line of demarcation between the well-instructed and the ill-instructed; and he further proposes that all medical appointments and patronage, which the state or any authorities under it have the distribution of, should be distributed amongst the well-instructed only. When we look at the lamentable state of ignorance however that prevails amongst mankind, it will require no great penetration to foresee that, even considering the means that are now being adopted for diffusing education amongst the people, centuries may be required to convince the populace of the superiority of a well-disciplined and well-educated practitioner over a quack or an ignorant Chemist and Druggist; and as to public appointments, there are but few in civil practice, and the heads of the Army and Navy medical departments have always taken

care that none but regularly-educated practitioners received appointments in those services; and thus the health and lives of civilians would be left to the mercy of any practitioner who might favour any locality with his presence, were he a registered practitioner of the first, second, third, or fourth class. While we deprecate the plan proposed by Mr. Warburton of allowing quacks and uneducated practitioners to have free and unrestrained scope in the exercise of their calling, it is but fair to give that gentleman credit for the sincerity of his opinion that no law, however rigorously enforced, would be sufficient to put down unqualified practitioners; and while Mr. Warburton believes that that class of interlopers and adventurers is so numerous that they may well be styled *Legion*, no law, unless very stringent and rigorously enforced, perhaps would suffice to meet the emergency. It is believed, however, that the unqualified practitioners are now so numerous as to be beyond the reach of the law: and it is also to be borne in mind that heretofore no law or statute could be called into requisition to punish this class of offenders."

Mr. Hawes's plan is simpler and superior, we think, in many ways to that of his brother legislator; but then it does not appear to be such as will obtain the sanction of Parliament; for it strikes at the root of corporate rights, and must meet with every sort of conservative opposition, be these held by the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, the Universities, &c.; in the room of which he would establish one licensing body, the other proposed enactments—being direct, sweeping, and stringent. Relative to this gentleman's scheme Dr. Sinclair thus speaks:—

"I would now call your Lordship's attention to the plan proposed by Mr. Hawes for the establishment of a Faculty of Medicine, which is to annihilate the existing Medical Corporations, except as mere examining bodies, and to centralize all power in the new faculty. The words of Mr. Hawes, Section 31 of his Bill, are as follows, 'and be it enacted, That from and after the publication of the bye-laws for the regulation of the examinations of persons applying for a diploma or qualification to practise the art of Medicine as herein provided in the *London Gazette*, no Corporation sole or Corporation aggregate, nor any University, nor any person whatsoever, except under the provisions contained in this Act, shall have the power of granting any Diploma, Certificate or Licence to practise the art of Medicine, or to carry on the trade and business of a Chemist and Druggist, in any part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.' The plan of the British Medical Association, as developed by the worthy President, Dr. Webster, at a Meeting held at Exeter Hall on the 8th of October, is as follows:—'That, in future, no person or persons shall be allowed to practise any branch of the healing art until he or they shall have been examined and licensed by the Council or Senate of the Faculty as aforesaid.' To effect these organic changes, and to interfere with vested interests of medical bodies which have been incorporated by Charter for centuries, cannot be effected at once by a dash of the pen: I would ask, for example, if all

the Medical Corporations are to be disfranchised, and to be placed in Schedule A, what sins has the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh committed?—That body has been incorporated since 1505, and has always occupied high vantage ground in advancing the interests of the profession; the fees paid to the examiners are so reasonable that they have been pronounced as inadequate for the remuneration of a mechanic; and the fee payable for the Diploma is such that no complaint has ever been made of its magnitude; and in addition to the professional objects of the College a Fund has been raised for the relief of Members' Widows, the regulation and appropriation of which is controlled by a special Act of Parliament. If the plan propounded by Mr. Hawes or the British Medical Association were carried into effect, the revenues of the several Colleges would be so affected that a question would arise what compensation would the respective Corporations be warranted in claiming for being deprived of their privileges. It may be answered that the constitution of the Colleges is not suited to the present times—that I will readily admit. But I maintain that that is not a valid reason for disfranchising and annihilating the different Medical Bodies in the United Kingdom; and instead of consigning them to utter oblivion we ought to amend them, and adapt them to the spirit of the age;—to adopt the words of the British Medical Association in 1838, we ought to endeavour 'to procure wholesome changes in the Constitution of the Medical Corporations or Colleges.' How are these changes to be effected? I would reply, not by annihilating the existing Corporations, but by amalgamating them, and, retracing the practice of our forefathers and the ancients, to unite the practice of medicine and surgery, and thus to form a National Faculty of Physic or a National Faculty of Medicine and Surgery. The details of the plan proposed by Mr. Hawes for working a National Faculty of Medicine I consider quite unobjectionable; but the formation of a Faculty will be found to be a work of greater difficulty than is anticipated."

When noticing some of the glaring evils of the existing medical system of England, we might have instanced the hardships which it imposes upon gentlemen highly educated and accomplished in their profession, in the course of studies pursued in Scotland or on the Continent, where some of the most celebrated schools of medicine have long flourished. But in so far as can be expected in our pages, and for the sake of obtaining the attention of our readers to Dr. Sinclair's short letter, it may be sufficient to give the following sketch and samples of it:—

The Doctor would abolish everything that gives countenance to quackery, and institute strict laws for its entire repression. Accordingly the Government-stamp must be done away with on patent medicines. Chemists and druggists, before being permitted to vend drugs or compound medicines, should undergo an examination. Every medical Practitioner, who has obtained a diploma from any of the medical corporations of the United Kingdom, to be equally privileged legally, and allowed to choose for himself the line of practice most suitable or profitable, and to write prescriptions, or supply from

his own laboratory medicines for his patients. One striking feature in the plan is to allow practitioners to recover a "reasonable sum" for attendance. A general registration of medical men is also recommended; the whole scheme to be carried at once into effect by statute. The reform as outlined by himself is this:—

"The College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries, in London, to be incorporated by Act of Parliament into a National Faculty of Medicine. The Libraries, Museums, and Halls, that belong to these bodies to become the property of the Faculty, and to be held in trust for the general benefit of the body at large;—that there be two degrees, classes, or ranks of Medical Practitioners, viz., Doctors in Medicine and Surgery, and Bachelors or Masters in Medicine and Surgery: that no person obtain the higher degree unless he has obtained the first or Bachelor's degree, nor until five years shall have elapsed from the period of obtaining that degree, nor unless he has obtained the degree of M. A. at a British University; and that no hospital should be recognised unless the Medical Officers have obtained the Doctorate degree; and that this regulation should apply to all Lecturers, public and private: for the Bachelors or Master's degree in Medicine and Surgery, a full and comprehensive course of study should be enjoined; but I would not consider it necessary that any degree in Arts should be obtained. Of the existing Practitioners their subdivision into the classes specified above may be thus effected, viz.,—those who are qualified to act as Surgeon-Apothecaries under the present Bill, would be ranked as the Bachelors or Masters in Medicine and Surgery; and the Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians, the Members of the Council of the College of Surgeons, the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Society of Apothecaries, the Physicians and Surgeons of the several recognised Hospitals, and Practitioners of more than twenty-five years' standing in the Profession, with a medical or surgical Diploma, would constitute the first Doctors in Medicine and Surgery. In Dublin and Edinburgh the corresponding bodies in these cities would form the nucleus of the National Faculty for Ireland and Scotland: and the Practitioners, possessing qualifications corresponding to those specified above for England, would form the first Bachelors or Masters and Doctors in Medicine and Surgery.

"In the formation of a National Faculty of Medicine for the British Empire, to have one branch in London, another in Dublin, and another in Edinburgh, with concurrent powers and jurisdictions, the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow would of course cease to be a licensing body; and as that Corporation has since the year 1599 exercised the power of licensing and controlling Practitioners in several counties in Scotland, and has, in connection with its corporate duties, raised a fund for the maintenance of the widows of deceased members, I submit that the withdrawal of these privileges will resolve itself into a question of compensation, which of course must be determined by Parliament. The degrees granted by Universities being merely honorary, and conferring no right to practice, no claim could be made by those Institutions for compensation in the event of a National Faculty of Medicine being formed in each Metropolis of the empire, with the exclusive power of granting licences to practise Medicine,

Surgery, and Pharmacy. Universities would therefore, after the formation of a Faculty, by the amalgamation of the existing Medical Corporations in each Metropolis, be Seminaries of Education, and degrees might be still conferred upon such candidates as complied with any particular course of study; and these degrees would, consequently, as they would confer no title to practise, be viewed in the light of certificates of honour."

We next quote some general observations, and an extract from a Lecture by Mr. Lawrence:—

"The Surgeon is not now the slave and dependent of the Physician, and instead of the meagre education of former times his education is equal, and indeed superior to that of the Physician; and the latter Practitioner, instead of being educated in and qualified to practise every branch of the healing art, is often entirely ignorant of the nature and treatment of surgical diseases; in any plan therefore, for remodelling the Profession, the Consulting Practitioner instead of being educated in and qualified to practise one branch of the Profession only must study every branch, and give proof of his competency and skill to practise both Medicine and Surgery; and the holder of the high sounding title of *Physician* must extend his course of study, and acquire a knowledge of every form of disease:—the public safety demands this, and no man who has not an intimate knowledge of Medicine and Surgery can have any pretensions to the title of a Consulting Practitioner. In the army and navy the absurdity of having a superior class of medical officers, with a title which impaired their usefulness and implied that they were to practise or to consult in one branch of the Profession only, has been fully exposed, and we accordingly find that the title and offices of Physician to the Forces have been abolished.

"As there are some who would still advocate the separation of Physic from Surgery, I shall quote Mr. Lawrence's words on that subject: that gentleman observes, 'When we look to the nature and causes of disease, the absurdity of the distinction now under consideration is still more apparent, and the inseparable connexion between the interior and exterior of our frame more obvious. Internal causes produce external diseases, while external agencies affect inward parts. The Eyes have been entrusted to the Surgeon as external parts: yet the organ is the most complicated in the body; and many of its component tissues are highly organized, so that its affections are very much diversified, and require a greater insight into pathology and therapeutics than those of any other part. If, therefore, an organ so complex in its structure, and liable to such a number and variety of diseases, can be safely entrusted to the care of the Surgeon, I am at a loss to know why there should be any distinction, grounded on the nature of the affection, between the Surgeon and Physician. In those serious cases, in which external disease is connected with more or less general symptoms, it is the obvious interest of the patient to be under the care of men who understand the case in all its bearings. It matters not to him whether the person thus rendering him service belongs to this College or to that; the Surgeon who understands only the local, and the Physician who knows only the general, treatment of such a case, are, each of them only half inform-

ed ; and the two together deserve much less reliance than one who is conversant with the whole. The confidence which ignorant persons are inclined to repose under such circumstances, in what they call a combination of talent, is quite fallacious, if the combination consist of a Surgeon ignorant of the general, and a Physician who knows nothing of the local treatment. In many of those serious cases, the mere local means are of little importance, while the fate of the Patient depends upon the treatment ; so that a Surgeon ignorant of the latter, is incompetent to the duties of his profession. Thus whatever view we may take of the subject, the same conclusion forces itself on the mind with irresistible evidence, viz., that there is no natural distinction between Surgery and Physic ; that they are merely parts, and united parts, of one science and art ; that the practical principles rest in both on the same scientific foundation ; and that the two branches of the Profession must, in most instances, adopt the same proceedings, because they have the same purposes to accomplish, while their occasional differences are merely unimportant modifications in the means of arriving at the same end. Thus the distinction turns out at last to be quite arbitrary ; to depend on, and be regulated by usage ; founded on no fixed principles, and, therefore, fluctuating and uncertain, like all matters of custom.' These observations will, I trust, be sufficient to satisfy your Lordship that the study and practice of Physic and Surgery ought not to be separated, and that no person ought to be licensed to exercise the healing art unless he be qualified to practise Medicine, Surgery, and Pharmacy, leaving it to his option to practise those branches, afterwards, which he may prefer, or which he may select for special pursuit ; and further, that no person ought to have the second or higher degree of Doctor in Medicine and Surgery until five or six years have elapsed from the period of obtaining the first or Bachelor's degree, so that there may be some reasonable pretence for exercising the functions of a Consulting Practitioner. Two objections, however, have been made to the above union, to which I shall very briefly advert,—the first is, that a Gentleman who thinks proper to confine his practice to Surgery, viz., the pure Surgeon, ought not to be required to take out a medical degree, either from the Society of Apothecaries or from an University : in answer to this objection—I would adduce the evidence of Mr. Lawrence quoted above ; and I would also further adduce evidence, given before the Committee of the House of Commons on Medical Education, that the Colleges of Surgeons are merely Colleges of Surgery, and that nine-tenths of the practice of pure Surgeons is of a strictly medical character, or, in other words, what ought to belong to the Physicians : these I humbly submit are sufficiently cogent to induce the Legislature to require that every Practitioner should be qualified to practise both branches of the Profession, or, that no Practitioner ought to be allowed to practise Pharmacy, or in other words, to prepare medicines for his patients. Independently of old habits and customs, to preclude Practitioners in remote districts of the country from dispensing medicines to their patients would be quite impracticable, and an extension of legislation quite uncalled for ; and, further, Practitioners have more confidence in remedial agents compounded under their own immediate superintendence, and the recent exposure of the practices carried on in the Drug trade must serve to confirm the practice of allowing Practi-

tioners to dispense their medicine if they may think proper. In large towns the inconveniences would not be so great as in the country, if Practitioners were deprived of the power of dispensing their medicines; but an effect would result from such a prohibition that would nearly amount to a monopoly, inasmuch as the Practitioners of long standing and reputation would engross the practice of the localities where they resided, as the public, more particularly the uneducated portion of the community, would not be disposed to remunerate young Practitioners for professional services with pure fees, unless they received some tangible equivalent for their *gold and silver* in the shape of medicine."

With regard to Registration Fees, and the present Stamp Duties for Patent Medicines:—

"This leads me to offer a few observations on the Fees that ought to be paid for registration, and on the expense that will be incurred in carrying the scheme into operation: for the mere purpose of registration, we have the evidence of several eminent members of the Profession given before the Committee of the House of Commons on Medical Education, that the sum of one shilling, or one shilling and sixpence, paid by each member of the Profession in the kingdom, would be amply sufficient to defray every expense that would be incurred in making an efficient registration of Medical Practitioners and Chemists and Druggists in the United Kingdom; but I may safely assure your Lordship and the Right Honourable Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer that the members of the Medical Profession would cheerfully submit to a higher rate of registration fee to accomplish a higher object, in suppressing quackery and empiricism in so far as these derive their importance from being '*patronized by government*' in having a stamp affixed to each package, be it box or bottle, of every nostrum that is duly set forth as fit to cure every disease which flesh is heir to. It is admitted on all hands that in no country in the world does quackery prevail to a greater extent than in England; and nothing tends more to keep up the delusion which the nostrum-mongers daily practise upon the weak and the ignorant than the circumstance of their compositions being enveloped in a stamp, as with swaddling cloths, and many have the audacity to advertise that, because they are so invested, they are patronised by Government. It is to be hoped that, in this enlightened age, your Lordship's administration will wipe away this blot and stain that has been cast upon the character of Englishmen, and by at once repealing the stamp duties and licences payable on and for selling such poisons, rescue hundreds of the community from an untimely grave, and the character of the nation from the stigma of folly and ignorance. As the carrying this proposal into effect will resolve itself into a question of revenue, that point, I think, can be settled in a very few words. The national income derivable from Patent Medicine Stamps, Licences, &c., as appears by Porter's Revenue Tables, amounts to about £32,000 per annum for England and Wales—now taking the number of Medical Practitioners and Druggists in England at 80,000, and supposing each Practitioner and each Druggist were to pay a registration fee of Ten Shillings annually, a revenue of £40,000 would be thus created, which

would be more than sufficient to make up the loss the revenue would sustain by the repeal of Patent Medicine Licences and Stamp duties ; and further, would leave an ample fund to defray the expense of the additional duties that would be imposed on the Clerks of the Peace for conducting the registration of Medical Practitioners and Druggists, and for defraying the expense of advertising the certified lists in the London Gazette. I may here cursorily observe that if the duties on Patent Medicines and the Licences for vending these articles were repealed, I do not conceive that quack nostrums would cease to be used by the community, still they would not be sought after and swallowed with such avidity as at present ; and as no person, except he be a licensed Medical Practitioner, or a licensed Druggist, could advertise or set forth for sale any proprietary medicine, the nostrums would daily diminish in number. The licensed Practitioners and Druggists, who might become the tools of knaves and charlatans, in order to have the nostrums puffed and advertised in their name, would be cautious of lending their name to countenance any preparation of questionable propriety, and as the reputation of Practitioners and Druggists, who would become the medium of introducing these medicines to public notice, would suffer in the eyes of their professional brethren, their number would daily diminish, and with them would follow the diminution of the nostrums, so that proprietary medicines would eventually be reduced to certain chemical compounds, such as James's powder and other articles, which are of admitted value in the treatment of disease. The third mode, adverted to above, of effecting a registration of Medical Practitioners and Druggists through the medium of the Stamp-office in each Metropolis of the empire, I shall only bring under your Lordship's notice by stating that the members of the Legal Profession are registered in that manner ; the registration I believe is as simple as that proposed in this Bill, to be effected with the Clerk of the Peace of the several counties in the country ; and further, I believe, the registration is quite effectual and satisfactory to the members of that learned Profession. On account of the mode of suppressing unqualified Practitioners, contemplated in this Bill, in a summary manner before any magistrate, I conceive the plan of registering with the Clerks of the Peace preferable for the Medical Profession ; at the same time it may become a question with the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether, in the event of the Patent Medicine Licences and duties being repealed, the duties of conducting the registration of Medical Practitioners and Druggists could not be transferred to the Clerks of the Stamp-office, and that without entailing any additional expense upon any public department.

Dr. Sinclair appends to his Letter the draft of a Bill for regulating the practice of Surgeon-Apothecaries and Chemists and Druggists throughout the United Kingdom ; and also for suppressing uneducated Practitioners summarily.

ART. XI.—*An Historical Sketch of the Protestant Church of France, from its Origin to the present Times. With parallel Notices of the Church of Scotland during the same Period.* By the REV. JOHN G. LORIMER, Minister of St. David's Parish, Glasgow. Edinburgh: John Johnstone. 1841.

VERY little is generally known in this country concerning the extent and condition of Protestantism in France; and even what is taken for granted by the popular reader on the subject is erroneous or so vague as to amount to no valuable end. It is, for example, very frequently asserted that the French are a nation of infidels, the atheism and scepticism that flooded the land, and were proclaimed by authority to be the true substitute for all religion, at the Revolution, being still supposed to be so much in the ascendant as to banish Christianity to this day from the kingdom; or if there be a religious establishment and the forms of public worship observed, it is very generally imagined amongst us that form and semblance are all, and that as a state engine alone must the whole be regarded. Such we believe to be very prevalent notions on the part of British Protestants, who yet may be charitable enough to accord to Catholicism abstractly the power of being instrumental in supporting religion and preserving among a people vital piety.

Many of those in this country, however, we imagine, who may, as well as of those who may not, entertain such liberal and tolerant opinions as we have now mentioned relative to Popery, are far from being aware of the extent and the character of the Protestant Church of France, as it exists at this moment. Therefore, and without for a moment wishing or attempting to pronounce judgment between creeds, we shall follow Mr. Lorimer in the course of his *Historical Sketch*, limiting ourselves almost exclusively to his account of the period between 1792 and 1840.

We are informed in the preface to the work, that it originated in a series of papers written for a religious periodical, "*The Scottish Christian Herald*," but that these have now not only been collected in the present volume, but so enlarged and altered as to warrant the author to call it a new work; there being not less than three-fourths of it additional matter.

Owing, however, to the original form and call for the publication, and even according to the admission of the author, the reader is not to expect a powerful, profound, or philosophical work. The authorities which have been consulted are not difficult of access; and then, from the very nature of the first publication, as well as according to the design of the book, the history is sketchy, and for popular uses rather than erudite recondite, or searching.

Two features, at the same time, must be noticed, and which re-

commend as well as distinguish the work. Mr. Lorimer is the first, so far as we know, that has traced and described in our language the Protestant Church of France, from the time at which the doctrines of the Reformation were introduced into that country down to the present day ; and particularly does the publication stand alone in that he gives us, rather than notices merely of the external and secular aspects of the church, its spiritual and christianizing character,—its moral effectiveness and essential beauty as a sacred and holy edifice. Secondly, he has combined with the main current of his history that of the Church of Scotland, taken contemporaneously, making use of some documents not much known, especially recently discovered “Records of the General Session of Glasgow.”

We have to add, that Mr. Lorimer is a Presbyterian as an ecclesiastic, and an Evangelical in doctrine ; and must also copy a prefatory notice. After mentioning that one of his reasons for writing the book was the “remarkable correspondence in many points between the constitution and history of the Church of France and the Church of Scotland,” he says—“I have an additional motive for the publication, and it is to be found in the present prospects of Popery, both at home and abroad, and the liberalized feeling with which it is regarded by many professed Protestants. Nothing is better fitted, with the Divine blessing, to correct erroneous views of Popery, than to survey its operation in France, and towards the Protestant Church of that country during the last 300 years. In the course of this survey, we behold it in all states of society—in peace and in war—under despotism, and in comparative freedom—in ignorance, and in days of civilization and refinement ; and we find what experience testifies as to its ability to change for the better in any circumstances.” To this we need hardly append the admission that Mr. Lorimer chiefly quotes “from the official documents of the Protestant Church” itself, as these have been collected by Quick, “in his Synodicon,” and published in two folio volumes, at London, in 1692 ; and also, “*Status Ecclesiæ Gallicanæ*,” London, 1676. These for the earlier statements ; while as regards the corresponding account of the Kirk, the Acts of the General Assembly, together with various MS. Records, some of them already mentioned have been principally consulted ; so that Catholics or others not professing the same belief with our author may allege that he has almost exclusively drawn from friendly, or perhaps from sectarian sources. It is our business to report, not to prejudge, or to act Solomon’s decisive part.

According to a preceding announcement, we are not going to detain our readers for any considerable space either with the author’s sketch as it relates to the origin of the Protestant Church in France in 1559, or to any intermediate point between that time and the present. We may mention, however, that the doctrines of the Re-

formation were not merely thus early introduced in France, but that some of the great and the potent favoured them ; even the sister of the persecuting Francis the First, so far back as 1520, is said to have been a zealous Protestant. But we may remark, that however promising might be the aspect of the Reformed Church of France at certain times, or however numerous and pious its members, yet that had it become the State establishment as in England, when one considers the station of that country, in Christendom, and the many millions of its inhabitants, their civilization and national energies, wondrous and immense must have been the differences in the relative position of the two religions—Catholic and Protestant—from those to be witnessed in our day. Perhaps no less mighty would have been the political condition of the various nations of Europe, the modes of their civilization, and the fashions of their literature. Had even no other circumstance characterized the history of religion than that Henry the Fourth had been true to his first faith, rather than an apostate, vast might have been the effects of the example of that great prince over his subjects, and firm the footing of Protestantism in France. As it was, the Edict of Nantes, circumscribed and offensively defined as were its clauses to the Reformed Party, and shortlived or abridged its original sanctions, afforded such a breathing, such hopes, and such an increase of power, as required the most desperate and deeply organized measures to suppress.

One of our author's chapters, which will be read with avidity at the present hour, is that which vindicates the Churches of France and Scotland from the charge of rebellion, and which disposes of the objections of Dr. Passey. But, according to promise, we take long strides, and now arrive at the period of the French Revolution, when infidelity became a persecutor, and when, as Mr. Lorimer argues as Dr. M'Crie before him, the wretched and wicked policy pursued with respect to the Protestants, from the days of Louis the Fourteenth, found its results in, or was proved to have been one of the principal causes of, the most dreadful convulsion that ever shook the political and social frame of Europe.

Our author's assertions and argument that the irreligious and the infidel are intolerant and the enemies of real liberty, will not be denied by any reflecting or observant person. Do we not find every day that among the most outrageous bigots are to be met with the loudest professors of liberality ; just as has been extensively demonstrated by Chartism ? The intolerance of zealots in religion is not half so offensive as that of the lip-apostles of freedom. Let but an infidel speak or write concerning Revelation and religion, and ten to one but he loses his temper, indulges in rabid invective or in foul abuse, and resorts to bold assertion or extravagant assumption, to the abandonment of all argument or fair discussion. Ay, and he will lift the sword and kindle the fire to extirpate the creeds which

he declares are only fit for the entertainment of children and old women, or of the lovers of cunningly devised fables. Every one knows that the infidel portion of the Revolutionists gave fearful effect to such doctrines uttered by *philosophers* as the following, found in one of Rousseau's letters,—“Fanaticism is not an error, but a blind senseless fury, which reason can never keep within bounds. * * * I see but one way to stop its progress, and that is to combat it with its own weapons. Little does it avail either to reason or convince. You must lay aside philosophy, shut your books, take up the sword, and punish the knaves ;” and such, as our author remarks, are the sentiments in a letter where pacific dispositions are praised, and persecution denounced. And neither did Catholic nor Protestant escape the hot persecution which the worshippers of Nature and Reason urged and practised ; our author maintaining however, that during the reign of Terror the latter were proportionally more persecuted than the former. And this he must hold to be consistent with the opinion that the Popish Persecution of the Protestant Church in previous times was the true cause of the Revolution itself, whatever may have been the more immediate instrumental causes of that hurricane,—such as the anti-social influence of infidelity, the return of soldiers from a country where republican and disorganizing principles had been triumphant, and the gross despotism of Government. We quote what our author says relative to what he calls the real and efficient causes of the Revolution :—

“The real and efficient moral causes are to be found in the protracted persecution, and almost destruction, of the Evangelical Church of France. Mere political writers may not enter into such views ; but to those who make the Word of God their standard of judgment, they are the only sound ones. It was to be expected that the great Head of the Church would not allow the blood of so many hundreds and thousands of His saints to be poured forth without challenge,—that He would punish the nation which, without reason, oppressed and massacred those dear to him as the apple of His eye. This is a principle of government to which the history of the world bears ample testimony. The persecutors of the saints are, in their turn, almost always sufferers ; and the course of events in bringing about this result in France, strikingly showed that it was indeed the persecution of the Church which was the remote cause of the Revolution. What produced the infidelity which awoke and carried through that dread event ? It was the burying of the Bible—the extinguishing of that visible Church which alone presented Christianity in a light which commended it to the conscience, and admitted of vindication before intelligent minds. What chance had the absurdities of the Breviary against Voltaire ?

“It should be remembered, that by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 600 evangelical churches were at once destroyed—a discipline, which had maintained a large body of people in remarkable purity of mo-

vals, broken up—several hundred thousands driven into exile—a million and a-half, including thousands of children, left uneducated, to wander as sheep without a shepherd, in the midst of wolves. Let it be considered, also, that the many and powerful controversial writings of the Protestant Church had laid bare all the weaknesses, and absurdities, and tricks of the Church of Rome; and that, while all good books were buried or prohibited, the press did nothing for half a century among an acute and inquiring people, alive to the ludicrous, than pour forth a torrent of licentious and, sarcastic scepticism. Need we wonder at the infidel, immoral, atrocious result! Mark the justice of God. Popery by destroying Protestantism, let loose and gave encouragement to infidelity, which, in its turn, brought on a frenzied political Revolution, which overthrew Popery and trampled it in the dust. It was only a warm, zealous, evangelical Church, and a well educated Protestant clergy, which could have successfully contended with scepticism and unbelief; and both were wanting; yea, their opposites were present. Thus did Christ avenge the wrongs of His saints. He punished the persecutor with infidelity in religion, and anarchy and revolution in the political relations of society. He shewed the most powerful enemies that they cannot injure the humblest of His people with impunity."

In an earlier paper of our present number, we glanced at some of the political evils consequent on the persecution waged by Louis the Fourteenth against his Protestant subjects, and noticed the tendency which his short-sighted policy had towards repressing a body of substantial and industrial burghers; the consequences of which will be recognised even by persons who make light of the religious doctrine stated in the first part of our extract, where an inevitable retribution is said to follow those even in this life who shed the blood of saints.

In a few years a mitigation of universal persecution took place in France; she even returned to the Profession of Christianity,—the Reformed religion being favoured with the protection of Napoleon. A Code of Public Rules for her Government was drawn up, without, however, any very visible improvement in her spiritual condition. Here we again quote :—

"If the Church of France had reason to complain before of the persecution of the ecclesiastical power, she had not less reason now to complain of the unscriptural interference of civil authority. The deliverance vouchsafed, and the protection afforded, after a long course of suffering, might tempt her members to acquiesce in the jurisdiction of Napoleon in sacred things, but nothing could be more inconsistent with the spirit or requirements of the Word of God. The very fact of the Protestant Church so universally and tamely submitting to it, is a plain proof that her people had lost much of the religion for which they were distinguished. It would have been had enough to have given such a power as that of determining what doctrines were to be taught—the number of ministers—their ap-

pointment—the judging of their dissensions, and resignation, &c., to any civil ruler, even the most eminently Christian; but to commit it to the hands of one so unprincipled, ambitious, and wicked as the First Consul, was in the last degree unwarrantable. But the Church was daily becoming more and more unsound, and irreligious men care not about compromises,—they prefer peace to principle. The Protestant Church might now be said to be thoroughly Erastian—one of the great dangers of the present day to all the Churches of Christ. It appears from the statement of a deputation from the London Missionary Society to France at this period, that it was estimated there were not less than from 30,000 to 40,000 Protestants in Paris; and that so far as could be gathered, they were, as a whole, deplorably ignorant. In proof of this, it may be mentioned that it required four days' search among the booksellers' shops of the metropolis ere a single Bible could be found. No wonder that, in such circumstances, the Protestants humbled themselves, as a Church, to the most unworthy concessions. The dread of Napoleon's arm, if provoked, might tend to the same acquiescence.

“But while we mark what was contrary to principle in the conduct of the Protestant Church, we must not lose sight of the important advantages to which her members were now admitted. They were protected in the free exercise of their religious worship, and many public edifices were granted for that end,—some of them being deserted Roman Catholic churches, others public barracks, or buildings used for similar objects. On the Protestants of Paris complaining to Napoleon of their need of places of worship, he asked them how many they wished, and being informed that three were necessary, he pointed to as many Popish churches, and told them at once to assume them as theirs. Land, too, was given to aid the cause of this Church extension. Nor were the pastors forgotten. They were, like their fathers at an earlier day, favoured with assistance from the public purse, while seminaries were opened for the instruction of young men intended for the ministry. These were most important benefits. In some respects, indeed, the Protestants were more favoured than the Roman Catholics. The former enjoyed theological seminaries, which were not granted to the latter. The Protestant pastors at Paris were decorated with the gold cross of the Legion of Honour, of which Roman Catholic priests of the same rank could not boast. When the Popish party began to murmur, Protestants were raised at once to the vacant offices of Minister of Public Worship, and Minister of Police—situations of great power and responsibility—which afforded excellent means of protecting the Protestant cause. Imperial edict after edict was issued in their behalf; nor was Napoleon long in possession of the sovereign authority, before he restored to the Protestant Church the University of Montauban, of which the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had deprived them. All this was most encouraging; and whatever might be his motives, called for their devoutest gratitude to God.

“Comparatively favourable, however, as might be the external circumstances of the Protestant Church, I need scarcely say that her spiritual character, which had already degenerated, continued still farther to decline. There were various adverse influences at work. The open reign of infi-

delity and persecution for ten long years—the wide-spread horrors of civil and foreign war—the silencing and dispersion of the pastors—the destruction of the Scriptures and works of sound theology—and, above all, the education of such pastors as remained, not at a French university, but at Geneva, or Lausanne, or Strasburg, where, long before this time, the Gospel of Christ had been supplanted by the pernicious errors of Pelagius, and Arius, and Socinus ;—these influences were all hostile to the spiritual character of the Protestant Church. There was everything to break down its Christianity, and nothing on the other side to raise or enlarge it. It was not renewed connection with the State under Napoleon, unwarrantable as, in many respects, the terms of that connection were, which wrought the mischief. The Church had, in the purest and best days of its history, been recognised and assisted by the State, and to manifest advantage ; but before the patronage of the First Consul was extended, it had lost its character, and instruments of still farther deterioration were in active exercise. All that can be said of the protection and patronage of Napoleon is, that they did not restore the character of the Church,—that the Church, from far different causes, was previously so completely destroyed, that she could not avail herself of advantages which, in other circumstances, might have been of considerable importance. And even as the case stood, though the public favour came too late to do the Protestants any real Christian good, we have no reason to believe it wrought any evil. The faithful men who remained rejoiced in their improved external condition ; and there was nothing in this which was adverse to their spiritual progress."

Mr. Lorimer next proceeds to trace the institutions and progress which have distinguished the history of the Protestant Church of France since the commencement of what he calls its *revival*, and posterior to its dead and repressed condition, under the earlier years of Napoleon's political protection. He first notices the institution of the "Bible Society," and the circulation of the French Scriptures to the amount of 4,000 copies of the New Testament in 1810 ; every subsequent year, so far as the circumstances of the country would allow, the same means being used. He attributes, too, to the numbers who flocked from this country to France after the peace of 1815,—among these there having been "some devoted Christians,"—considerable influence. "From that day to this, there has been a growing religious revival in the Protestant Church of France, a shaking off of slumber and error, and a return to the spirit and orthodoxy of other days." Some of the British evangelizers are mentioned, the nature of their efforts, and specimens of their trophies. But, says our author,—

These are interesting cases ; still, after making every favourable allowance, the number of faithful men in France was very small, and they were loaded with reproach by their own brethren as fools and sectaries. On the other hand, the far larger body of the Protestant pastors preached a mixed doctrine, and built upon a self-righteous foundation. Not a few of them

advocateed the worst errors of Neology and Socinianism. The consequences of this teaching were such as might have been anticipated. The people were ignorant, worldly, and ungodly. The profanation of the Sabbath, both by pastor and flock, was almost universal. The theatre was the usual termination of the Lord's day; so much so, that in some places the Roman Catholics blamed the Protestants as the chief supporters of theatrical exhibitions. One eminent pastor of the Genevan Church, so lately as 1821, published a laboured apology for spending the sabbath evening in playing at cards,—a practice which was recently, and for aught known to the contrary, is still followed by many pastors and professors of divinity on that evening, though they abstain from it on other days. The result of false doctrine, however philosophical, in Protestant Germany was the same. The churches were emptied—the Sabbath desecrated—the theatre filled."

He next notices the persecution on the Restoration of the Bourbons:—

"There is no question, that there was much suffering among the Protestants of Nismes and its vicinity on the restoration of the Bourbons,—a greater amount than is generally imagined. There were plunder, and violence, and a loss of life, and contemplated massacre. Though the Protestants of Gard, of which Nismes is the capital, formed but a third part of the population, yet such was the creditable place which they held in society, that they were proprietors of one-half of the land, and paid two-thirds of the taxes of the district. This should have recommended them to public protection and favour; but instead of this, they were exposed to a persecution which lasted for five protracted months, though the interference of any of the leading powers of Europe could have crushed it in a moment. From three hundred to four hundred Protestant lives were sacrificed, while, according to the showing of the most prejudiced Papists, not above thirteen Roman Catholics suffered. One savage boasted of having killed forty Protestants with his own hand. It is certain that above fifty were assassinated in a single day. The indignities and atrocities, too, perpetrated on respectable females, were worthy of the scenes of the First Revolution. Such was the general dread, that six thousand Protestants left the town of Nismes alone; and multitudes were kept for months in a state of anxious suspense, more intolerable than death. Not indistinct whispers, but longings for a second St. Bartholemew were expressed by not a few. It need scarcely be added, that the other kinds of persecution were strong and wide-spread—two thousand houses were plundered and burnt down—churches were shut up—twenty pastors fled into exile for safety. Nor was the oppression local, rising out of peculiar circumstances. It prevailed in four different departments, and seemed to be dictated by a general wish to reduce the Protestants to the state of wretchedness and woe under which they had groaned previously to the Revolution. Such was the general result. And what was the cause which led to it, and who were the persecuting parties? It could not be true religion, as by this time, with a few exceptions, it is to be feared, evangelical religion had disappeared from among the Protestants, and given place to cold-hearted Neology. The op-

pression appears to have been dictated by a mixture of political, but mainly religious prejudice and animosity. It was the deed—not of the government, or the army, or the Roman Catholics as a church, but of a violent Popish and political faction—an infuriated mob. The magistrates were most culpable in not interfering as they ought to have done, and restraining this ultra party; and also, in not punishing so much as one of the ring-leaders; but they do not appear to have wilfully countenanced them. The truth is, that the faction seem, for a time, to have been too strong for the authorities, even backed by the troops. It was not the Protestants only who suffered; some of the soldiers who were Roman Catholics were violently assailed. Whatever might be the motive, the Protestants were the chief sufferers; and the fact of their being so violently attacked, when they had lost their *truly* religious character, and therefore possessed only the *name* of Protestant, is a striking proof how deadly was the Popish hatred to all that savoured of Protestantism, that the very name was sufficient to kindle their enmity into a conflagration. It is pleasing to think, that the manliness and courage of not a few of the Protestants were so great, that when to confess themselves of the Reformed Church was immediate death, they yet boldly declared their Protestantism. The Papists of France, though the proceedings of 1815 are little to their honour, would, perhaps, be glad to identify the sufferings of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries with them, and to represent the protracted persecution of the saints of God, in early times, as the mere ebullition of popular violence, which no Church or Government can restrain. There is, therefore, the more need that Protestants should remind the friends of the Papacy, that the grand and prevailing persecutions of France, in all ages, were carried on by the active and urgent support of the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical—by the Church and the State; and that even the more mingled proceedings of a popular faction in 1815, were the fruit of the unhappy prejudices which their anti-Protestant and anti-Evangelical policy had so long maintained and cherished, and were also encouraged by influential men—the clergy and others. It may be added that the violent proceedings in the south of France in 1815-16, were soon brought to a close. To this, the public meetings in this country, and the discussions in the British Parliament, largely contributed. Since then, down to the present day, there has been no persecution, properly so called, with the exception of the recent jealousy and opposition which have been stirred up in various influential quarters against revived evangelical religion. The accession of the present King of the French, who is much more free from Jesuit influence than his predecessor, was hailed by the Protestants with the warmest joy. But already there are indications that the Popish party may be too strong for him; and should they ever be permitted again to persecute, it will not be as in 1815, from mere religious prejudices, but from deadly hatred to true evangelical religion, which has been awakened in the meantime, and which is the grand, as it is the only, befitting object of the hostility and persecution of the fallen and unrenewed mind of man.”

How far the reader may think our author has identified the persecution now described with state policy, we cannot say, and are un-

willing closely to inquire, remembering that the question divided some of the religionists and strenuous Protestants of this country. We go on to extract what is said of the present and growing numbers of French Protestants.

In 1815, according to Mr. Cobbin, in a work, entitled "*The French Preacher*," the whole number of churches was only 230, and of ministers 250. Mr Lorimer continues:—

"This shows how terribly the Church had suffered under the successive persecutions of Popery and Infidelity, the more especially, if it be remembered that, in the meantime, the general population of the country had greatly increased. In 1829, M. Soulier ascertained that the whole number of pastors was 305, the churches 438, the elementary schools 392. This indicates a considerable increase under the protection and encouragement of the law. Three years ago, an intelligent American minister, resident on the Continent, stated the present French pastors at 350. And there is little question they are advancing in numbers. In 1837, an official document, presented to the Chambers, stated them at 366; they are now 397, or nearly 400. Persons well acquainted with the Protestants of France have remarked, that the number of ministers and churches does not give a correct idea of the Protestant population. The means of religious instruction are very inadequate to the wants of the people. Hence it was stated a few years ago, that many of them are obliged to meet for public worship in out-houses, barns, or in the open air; and in many places one minister has the charge of several distant churches, so that instruction can be supplied only at lengthened intervals. According to the budget of 1837, the expenses of Protestant worship in France amounted to 890,000 francs. In 1825 they were only 575,000; thus showing the progress of the Protestant feeling and cause. Indeed, there were recently an increased grant of 180,000 francs for additional Protestant pastors and places of worship. Under this head, the Lutherans, 232 in number, are included as well as the Reformed; but the same point is proved, for both parties are professedly Protestant, and the latter is much the larger body. It may be stated generally, that since 1825, the public provision for Protestant worship has been *doubled*, which indicates many additional churches and ministers. Still the Protestants are, proportionally, considerably behind the Roman Catholics, but their share of the grant is annually enlarging. At least there seems no ground of complaint on this score.

"With regard to the *condition* of the French Protestant pastors, they are generally much scattered,—are able to maintain little intercourse with each other,—are poor in their outward circumstances. Though not unacquainted with general literature, yet from the adverse fortunes through which they have passed as a Church, and particularly the want of books, they have no opportunity of becoming deeply versed in theology. Hence they do not occupy the same high place in the Christian ministry which was held by their illustrious ancestors. It has been noticed, that there is a marked superiority in the character and attainments of those who have been thrown into intercourse with the pious British resident on the Continent."

What of those Frenchmen who have been thrown into intercourse with the multitudes of British scamps and infidels who have since 1815 traversed the Continent? We proceed to quote part of that which is said of the religious character of the pastors at the present times :—

“As to their religious *character*, more particularly their soundness or unsoundness in the faith, it cannot be denied, and it should not be concealed, that the larger portion of them, to say the least, are *still* very defective in their knowledge of the Gospel,—many grievously ignorant and hostile, Arminian, Socinian, Neological, in different stages and degrees. Till very recently, all their colleges or theological seminaries, both in France and Switzerland, might, in point of decided influence, be pronounced Socinian. Faithful ministers are, in various quarters, reproached and persecuted by their own brethren. Within these few years, the Rev. M. Monod, one of the most distinguished ministers of the Protestant Church, was deposed from his charge through the influence of his colleagues, for no other crime save the faithful preaching of the Cross. In 1833, the same party in the Church published a book, entitled ‘Letters on Methodism,’ which, we are informed, consist of a collection of disgraceful calumnies, aimed not only against pious men, but against the most sacred doctrines of the Gospel. The spirit of the party may be gathered from the facts, that they are anxious to be released from the signing of the Confession of Faith, and contend that the ‘Bible Society’ should confine its labours to the Protestant population, and not meddle with the Roman Catholics. Of course, they support the circulation of the Apocrypha. Poor examples are they of contribution for religious objects. Ten years ago, the whole sum raised for such purposes in France was only 40,000 francs.

“But even among them there is progress. An intelligent writer, one of the French Protestant Church, and a correspondent of a religious paper in the United States, to whom I have already referred, and to whom I shall have occasion repeatedly to refer, says,—‘It may be added, and I say it with joy, that some of the latitudinarian or universalist pastors are inclining more and more to the true and pure evangelical doctrines, and that several among them give the hope of a speedy and thorough conversion.’ While even the erroneous and hostile are improving, the decidedly evangelical clergy were lately estimated at nearly 200, without reckoning the Lutherans. Some expect that they will soon have a majority. Twenty years ago, we have seen, they could scarcely be rated higher than 10 : and what is very cheering, they are yearly increasing in zeal as well as in numbers. In Switzerland there are now more than 200 faithful ministers of the truth : 25 years ago they were reckoned by so small a number as 5. In Paris, the Rev. Mr. Baird stated, a few years since, that the Gospel is faithfully preached in six places of worship in French, and in nearly as many places in English. And what is a great matter, M. Monod, who was deposed for his faithfulness by his brethren, was lately installed Professor of Morals and Eloquence at Montauban. The event is a very important one, gratifying to all the Christians of France, who regard the appointment as the beginning of a new era of blessing to the Protestant Church. Some idea of its

importance may be formed when it is remembered that, after his deposition M. Monod was successful in collecting at Lyons a congregation of 400,—one half of them Roman Catholics,—and formed them into a Christian church, increasing at the rate of 40 to 50 a-year; established a week-day school, attended by 100 Roman Catholics of all ages; held public discussions with accomplished priests of the Church of Rome, till the archbishop of the district vainly attempted to prohibit his flock from listening to the discussions. Moreover, M. Monod put an agency of young men as tract distributors, &c. &c., into operation, which was felt so powerfully, that the priests of Lyons stuck up large placards, warning their people against the ‘pernicious little books, which would deprive the holy virgin of the honour which is her due.’ ”

Other evidences of the progress of improvement are noticed, such as the evangelical tone of the religious press, the missionary spirit, and “special revivals.” With regard to the press:—

“It is remarked that the Neological party publish almost nothing, and that the religious journals, books, and sermons, proceed from the pens of orthodox pastors. ‘The Sower,’ ‘The Journal of Missions,’ ‘The Friend of Youth,’ ‘The Archives of Christianity,’ are all organs of Christian truth. The chief branch of Christian literature, during the last twenty years, has been sermon writing; and the most popular and wide-spread discourses have been those of evangelical authors, such as Cellerier, Vinet, Grand Pierre, Scholl, and Bonnet,—a mighty contrast, indeed, to the prevailing sermons of the beginning of the century. These are powerful instruments to be wielded by a small party, and indicate the presence, while they provide for the extension, of a salutary influence. To turn to other evidences, we find from the table of M. Soulier, that, in 1829, the Reformed Church could point to 451 Bible associations, 124 Missionary societies, 79 Sabbath schools, and 59 dépôts for religious tracts. Many of these may be so small and inefficient as to be only nominal, but, taken as a whole, they proclaim the existence of spiritual life. And it is worthy of notice, that the Evangelical, though a much smaller part, receive three or four times as much in gifts and subscriptions for religious objects as the Neological. If some Bible associations be asleep, others are awake. To that of Paris, not less than 40 to 50 pastors of the French Protestant Church, some of them from 150 to 300 leagues, assembled on a recent anniversary. Never was there a wider circulation of the Word of God in France than during late years. Apart from other societies, the Evangelical associations of Paris and Geneva, alone *sell*, not merely distribute, 12,000 copies annually.”

We conclude with what our author characterises as the symptoms of “incipient persecution:”—

“Whatever difficulties the Evangelical Societies of Paris and Geneva may, in common with all similar institutions, have to struggle with, the cause of home evangelization is growing in interest and importance. In three months the Paris committee have received 250 applications, from different

quarters, for spiritual labourers. The funds of the religious institutions of Protestant France have tripled in two years, and it is estimated that the two societies together employ 200 Christian labourers of one kind or another,—making, with the faithful pastors of the Church, a little band of 400 soldiers of the Cross ; surely an indication of a decided revival.

“ Such a state of things as this—and what has been recorded is only a specimen—could not be allowed to go on without opposition. There would be a strong presumption that the work was not sound, if Infidelity and Popery could look tamely on at its progress. Accordingly, persecution, so far as the law will allow, is beginning to appear anew. Many men imagined that the Revolution of 1830 was to seal for ever the triumph of religious freedom, and that after the article in the charter, declaring the Roman Catholic to be *the religion of the State*, had been abolished, there could be no possible pretext for oppressing evangelical communions ; but the truth is, that persecution has a far deeper foundation than the accidental circumstance of whether a particular Church is or is not recognised by the State. It is founded in the depravity of human nature—in the hatred of Popery and Infidelity to the holy truth of God. Persecution will show itself whether Churches be established or not. Witness the persecutions of the truth by the unestablished Popish Church of Ireland at the present moment : so in France. Two years ago a faithful minister, relying on that article of the constitutional charter, by which it is declared that all Frenchmen may profess their religion with equal freedom, opened a chapel at Metz, in Lorraine. For this he was prosecuted by the mayor ; and after an appeal to the highest court,—that of *Cassation*,—it was found that the previous leave of the municipal authorities is indispensable to the opening of a place of worship. And what was the ground of objection in this case ? It does not seem that the mayor had any himself—he may even have been friendly to the chapel—but the preacher had offended the rich Jews by some publications on the subject of Judaism, and it was they who were the persecutors,—men who but lately had been themselves the victims of oppression ! Had they not succeeded in this legal objection, it is certain that a thousand other modes of annoyance and oppression would have been employed. Various other and more serious cases have occurred since,—so much so, that the writer in the ‘New York Observer’ remarks,—‘The French Cabinet shows hostile feelings against religious sects, and seems disposed to tread in the steps of the Ministers of Charles X.’ * * * “ Facts evince that the French Government have adopted a systematic plan of judicial prosecutions against the liberty of worship.’ Any one who is living in such personal danger as the present monarch, would need a more enlightened faith than it is to be feared Louis Philippe possesses to preserve him from the temptation of leaning to the priests who surround him. But these incipient persecutions show that divine truth is making progress. It would not be worth while to attempt forcibly to restrain what was not worth fighting with, or what threatened no danger.

“ The following are extracts from an interesting letter which I have received from the Rev. Fr. Marzials, the Protestant minister of Lille, in the north of France. They shortly describe the condition of the Reformed Church at the present moment :—‘Most likely you are aware that

the French Government has communicated lately to our high consistory a plan of constitution for our churches. The confessed motive of it is to get us out of the anarchy in which we are as a body; and the real motive is, as much as possible to prevent true Christian principles to exercise any influence over the nation. This is the conviction of our pious clergyman; and I do not see how any other view can be entertained on the matter. Who is the real author of this plan we do not know; we only guess that the Rationalist party of our Church has much to do with its origin, and that the Popish influence has found its way to it. This plan has three abominable leading principles: *1st*, It makes our Church, in every respect, the humble servant of the Government; *2nd*, It prevents our Church from ever becoming a Missionary Society for France; and *3rd*, It establishes a few rules of interior discipline, which are really nothing more but an insult to the spirit and sense of our Protestants.' • • •

"A nobleman of great repute, as a statesman, a faithful citizen, and a Christian—the Comte de Gasparin—has written a pamphlet in answer to the letter of M. Coquerel, in which he plainly says, as his most decided conviction (and he is in a position to know the true state of things), that this plan has originated in the desire to shut, in the narrowest bounds possible, our Church and its influence. No wonder at this: the Spirit of the Lord is blowing upon the dry bones; and the Rationalist party, and the Popish party, feel their cause to be in such a peril by this slow but sure revival, that they are decided to use all means to put a stop to it. Nay, but the Lord reigneth,—*there* is our rock, our foundation. From this movement I cannot but infer two or three reflections:—'*1st*, It shows that the Lord is amongst us for good. Nobody, I think, can deny this. If I was going to choose a part of France as a proof of this, I would tell you to look at this *department*—Le Nord. By the blessing of God upon the Bibles distributed, the tracts sold, the preaching of his servants, nearly 10 new churches have been formed, mostly in towns and villages where, 10 years ago, there was not to be found one Protestant. I remember well, dear Sir, the time I had only 16 hearers in my church; and now, by the grace of God, the church is too small,—so much so, that the Government has granted us sufficient money to build three galleries into it, which will be begun in a few days. Perhaps I am below the truth when I say that 80 Catholics in this town have embraced our views, and many of them, I trust, the truth as it is in Jesus. What I say of this *department* I could say of many other parts of France.

"*2nd*, That the Catholic priests are annoyed at this revival. Last year the bishops of this Church published in their mandements strong and bold anathemas against our Bibles, our colporteurs, and our tracts; and two of them this year have gone farther; their mandements are as violent as possible; this is specially the case with the bishop of Arras. Their newspapers bear also large proofs of their dissatisfaction. No doubt, therefore, that they exert all their power and influence with the Government to have our liberties curtailed as much as possible.

"*3rd*, All this agitation about the plan of the Government shows, according to my humble views, that our Protestant people themselves are not

satisfied with our present laws as regards the Church. Indeed, how could they be satisfied with a law which makes us the mere slaves of temporal authorities? I do not say much on this point, because everybody amongst us acknowledges it.' It is to be feared that the Erastian interference of the civil with the ecclesiastical, is one of the stages of persecution through which the Church of Christ is destined to pass on the way to the happy era, when He is to be universally acknowledged 'King of kings and Lords of lords.'"

ART. XII.—*Emancipation*: By WILLIAM E. CHANNING. London: C. Fox. 1841.

FRIEND Joseph John Gurney's "Familiar Letters to Henry Clay of Kentucky, describing a Winter in the West Indies," a work which we lately noticed, and a visit by him to Dr. Channing, have given rise to this tract, which is first of all devoted to an examination of the publication mentioned, and, secondly, expatiates upon the duties of Americans as individuals and next as *Free States*, with regard to slavery so deeply planted in parts of the Union. The importance of these subjects, the eminence of the writer, and the weight which his opinions carry not only in his own country but throughout Europe, amply warrant our recurrence to the workings of *Emancipation*, which Dr. Channing heartily hails and eloquently describes, regarding them almost solely in a moral point of view, and treating any other aspect of the case as below the serious regard of humane and rational beings. Let us accompany the distinguished philanthropist in the course of his observations relative to the grand British experiment, and memorable sacrifice of pecuniary interests, identified with the total abolition of slavery in the West Indies.

After having noticed and eulogized the temperate tone of Gurney's Letters, and pronounced the work to be one which carries strong evidences with it, that the statements contained in its pages are substantially accurate and singularly impartial, considering the controversial heats and high colourings on one side or the other, which its main subject has generally led to, he proceeds to quote some details and various circumstances or testimonies most favourable to the arguments of abolitionists, and the policy of the British legislature in banishing from the West Indies all semblance and remnants of bondage. He, upon the strength of the Quaker's simple but forcible evidence, then declares that it is doubtful if another example can be found of so great a revolution having been accomplished "with so few sacrifices and such immediate reward." He compares it with the American Revolution, and makes the latter light when put in the balance to be weighed against the former. Through what fields of blood did his countrymen seek civil freedom, a boon which he pronounces to be insignificant in comparison with freedom from an owner's grasp. Great blessings, too, for the most part, require great sacrifices. But what took place in the

West Indies? Why, near a million of human beings passed in one day from the deepest degradation to the rights of freemen, and this without a disruption of the social system, or any considerable agitation; which was more than the most sanguine had a right to expect, and also greatly beyond what was necessary to vindicate the policy of the measure.

Many of friend Gurney's statements went to show that the pecuniary loss occasioned by Emancipation in the West Indies has been much less also than was feared, and that even as a monied speculation it is not to be condemned. The following are Dr. Channing's pungent observations upon this view of the case:—

“He (the author of the *Familiar Letters*) evidently supposes that he is writing for a people who will judge of this grand event in history by the standard of commercial profit or loss. In this view his simple book tells more than a thousand satires against the spirit of our times. In speaking of West Indian Emancipation, it has been common for men to say, We must wait for the facts! And what facts have they waited for? They have waited to know that the master after fattening many years on oppression, had lost nothing by the triumph of justice and humanity; that the slave, on being freed, was to yield as large an income as before to his employer. This delicate sensibility to the rights of the wrong-doer, this concern for property, this unconcern for human nature, is a sign of the little progress made even here by free principles, and of men's ignorance of the great end of social union.

“Every good man must protest against this mode of settling the question of Emancipation. It seems to be taken for granted by not a few, that if, in consequence of this event, the crops have fallen off, or the number of coffee bags or sugar hogsheads is lessened, then Emancipation is to be pronounced a failure, and the great act of freeing a people from the most odious bondage is to be set down as folly. At the North and the South this base doctrine has seized on the public mind. It runs through our presses, not excepting the more respectable. The bright promises of Emancipation are too unimportant for our newspapers; but the fearful intelligence, that this or that island has shipped fewer hogsheads of sugar than in the days of slavery, is thought worthy to be published far and wide, and Emancipation is a curse, because the civilized world must pay a few cents more to bring tea or coffee to the due degree of sweetness. It passes for an ‘ultraism’ of philanthropy, to prize a million of human beings above as many pounds of sugar.”

Dr. Channing inquires, what is the great end of civilized society? and then declares that it is not the greatest possible amount of mineral, vegetable, and animal productions; “but the protection of the rights of all its members.” Here, however, the anti-abolitionists, or the opposers of Emancipation, will declare that prosperity in the growing and selling of West Indian produce are things inseparable from, or equivalent with, social comfort and the well-being of a community, be the members masters or servants, owners or slaves,

the free or the bond. But our author will meet such assertions of fact with a flat denial; and no doubt would argue that justice and humanity can never, in the righteous government of the world, entail curses and ruin even in a temporal sense, but that experience has proved, even in our West India colonies, the fallacy of the enslaving, unrelenting doctrines. He thus expresses himself:—

“What matters it that the staples of the West Indies are diminished? Do the people there starve? Are they driven by want to robbery? Has the negro passed from the hands of the overseer into those of the hangman? We learn from Mr. Gurney that the prophecies of ruin to the West Indies are fulfilled chiefly in regard to the prisons. These are in some places falling to decay, and everywhere have fewer inmates. And what makes this result more striking is, that, since Emancipation, many offences formerly punished summarily by the master on the plantation now fall under the cognizance of the magistrate, and are, of course, punishable by imprisonment. Do the freed slaves want clothing? Do rags form the standard of Emancipation? We hear not only of decent apparel, but are told that negro vanity, hardly surpassed by that of the white dandy, suffers nothing for want of decoration or fashionable attire. There is not a sign that the people fare the worse for freedom. Enough is produced to give subsistence to an improved and cheerful population; and what more can we desire? In our sympathy with the rich proprietor shall we complain of a change which has secured to every man his rights, and to thousands, once trodden under foot, the comforts of life and the means of intellectual and moral progress? Is it nothing that the old unfurnished hut of the slave is in many spots giving place to the comfortable cottage? Is it nothing that in these cottages marriage is an indissoluble tie?—that the mother presses her child to her heart as indeed her own? Is it nothing that churches are springing up, not from the donations of the opulent, but from the hard earnings of the religious poor? What if a few owners of sugar estates export less than formerly? Are the many always to be sacrificed to the few? Suppose the luxuries of the splendid mansion to be retrenched. Is it no compensation that the comforts of the labourer's hut are increased? Emancipation was resisted on the ground, that the slave, if restored to his rights, would fall into idleness and vagrancy, and even relapse into barbarism. But the emancipated negro discovers no indifference to the comforts of civilized life. He has wants various enough to keep him in action. His standard of living has risen. He desires a better lodging, dress, and food. He has begun too to thirst for accumulation. As Mr. Gurney says, ‘he understands his interests as well as a Yankee.’ He is more likely to fall into the civilized man's cupidity than into the sloth and filth of a savage. Is it an offset for all these benefits that the custom-house reports a diminution of the staples of slavery?”

The condition of Hayti is often deplored, because the people are said to be so idle as to produce little for exportation, the time having been when a few planters drove thousands of slaves to hard labour, reaping great profits, and living in splendour. The change is grievously sighed over by those who have lost the golden oppor-

tunities ; but what say the negroes in that luxuriant island, who have increased to above a million, who by slight toil obtain the comforts of life, whose homes are sacred, and who live peaceably together ? Why, we may be sure they have more cause for gratitude than the others have for lament ; while instead of an appalling amount of crime being the consequence, its diminution has been most signal. Property, not to say person, is comparatively safe and respected in Hayti, if contrasted with similar things held sacred by the laws of some of the civilized nations of Europe.

That the production of sugar would be diminished by Emancipation is what Dr. Channing, like many other sagacious and far-seeing friends of the great measure, anticipated ; although he tells us that the immediate results have been much more favourable and promising than he had a right to expect. Nay, the diminution in production is a thing to be welcomed on various accounts. He says,—

“ That the production of sugar would be diminished for a time, in consequence of Emancipation, was a thing to be expected, if not desired. It is in the sugar culture that the slaves in the West Indies have been and are most over-worked. In Cuba we are told by men who have given particular attention to that island, that the mortality on the sugar estates is ten per cent. annually, so that a whole gang is used up, swept off in ten years. Suppose Emancipation introduced into Cuba. Would not the production of sugar be diminished ? Ought not every man to desire the diminution ? I do not say that such atrocious cruelty was common in the British Islands. But it was in this department chiefly that the slaves were exposed to excessive toil. It was to be expected then, that, when left free, they would prefer other modes of industry. Accordingly whilst the sugar is diminished, the ordinary articles of subsistence have increased. Some of the slaves have become small farmers, and many more, who hire themselves as labourers, cultivate small patches of land on their account. There is another important consideration. Before freedom, the women formed no inconsiderable part of the gangs who laboured on the sugar crops. These are now very much if not wholly withdrawn. Is it a grief to a man, who has the spirit of a man, that woman's burdens are made lighter ? Other causes of the diminution of the sugar crop may be found in Mr. Gurney's book ; but these are enough to show us, that this effect is due in part to the good working of Emancipation, to a relief of the male and female slave, in which we ought to rejoice.”

Again, while what a country most needs is not an increase of exports, but the well-being of all classes of its population, and especially of the most numerous class, it is stated to be a fact, that though the *exports* of the emancipated islands have decreased, the *imports* have increased ; indicating that there is a wider diffusion of comforts, and consequently a more equal and healthful distribution. But why be very anxious to repel the charge against Emancipation

of diminishing the industry of the islands, though it has been much exaggerated? (Dr. Channing has heard persons in his own country rejoice over the rumours of the failure of the measure, or of its evil working!) Has man nothing to do but work? If a people can live with comfort or less toil, are they not to be envied rather than condemned? And ought a negro sleeping all day under the shade of a palm-tree to offend our moral sense more than the rich man stretched on his ottoman or sofa? But views and questions such as these accord ill with the notions of slave-owners, slavery abettors, and all who fancy that one race or one class has a right to lord it over another, as Mr. Gurney has shown to be the practice almost to an unparalleled extent in Cuba, where many of the planters are Americans. Upon this statement and certain other points connected with it the Doctor smites his countrymen in a proper manner:—

“ There is another fact worthy attention. It is said, that most of the plantations in Cuba which have been recently brought under cultivation belong to Americans; that the number of slave-holders is increasing rapidly on the island; and, consequently, that the importation of human cargoes from Africa finds much of its encouragement from the citizens of our republic. It is not easy to speak in measured terms of this enormity. For men born and brought up amidst slavery, many apologies may be made. But men born beyond the sound of the lash, brought up where human rights are held sacred, who, in face of all the light thrown now on slavery, can still deal in human flesh, can become customers of the ‘felon’ who tears the African from his native shore, and can with open eyes inflict this deepest wrong for gain, and gain alone—such ‘have no cloak for their sin.’ Men so hard of heart, so steeled against the reproofs of conscience, so intent on thriving, though it be by the most cruel wrongs, are not to be touched by human expostulation and rebuke. But, if any should tremble before Almighty justice, ought not *they*?

“ There is another reason for dwelling on this topic. It teaches us the little reliance to be placed on the impressions respecting slavery, brought home by superficial observers. We have seen what slavery is in Cuba; and yet men of high character from this country, who have visited that island, have returned to tell us of the mildness of the system. Men who would cut off their right hand sooner than withdraw the sympathy of others from human suffering have virtually done so by their representation of the kindly working of slavery on the very spot where it exists with peculiar horrors. They have visited some favoured plantation, been treated with hospitality, seen no tortures, heard no shrieks, and then come home to reprove those who set forth indignantly the wrongs of the slave. And what is true with regard to the visitors of the West Indies, applies to those who visit our southern states. Having witnessed slavery in the families of some of the most enlightened and refined inhabitants, they return to speak of it as no very fearful thing. Had they inquired about the state of society through the whole country, and learned that more than one-fourth of the inhabitants cannot write their own names, they would have forbore to make a few

selected families the representative of the community, and might have believed in the possibility of some of the horrid details in 'Slavery as it is.' For myself, I do not think it worth my while to inquire into the merits of slavery in this or that region. It is enough for me to know, that one human being holds other human beings as his property, subject to his arbitrary and irresponsible will, and compels them to toil for his luxury and ease. I know enough of men to know what the workings of such a system on a large scale must be; and I hold my understanding insulted when men talk to me of its humanity. If there be one truth of history taught more plainly than any other, it is the tendency of human nature to abuse power. To protect ourselves against power, to keep this in perpetual check by dividing it among many hands, by limiting its duration, by defining its action with sharp lines, by watching it jealously, by holding it responsible for abuses—this is the grand aim and benefit of the social institutions which are our chief boast. Arbitrary, unchecked power, is the evil against which all experience cries out so loudly that apologies for it may be dismissed without a hearing. But admit the plea of its apologists. Allow slavery to be ever so humane. Grant that the man who owns me is ever so kind. The wrong of him who presumes to talk of owning me is too unmeasured to be softened by kindness. There are wrongs which can be redeemed by no kindness. Because a man treads on me with velvet foot, must I be content to grovel in the earth? Because he gives me meat as well as bread, whilst he takes my child and sells it into a land where my chained limbs cannot follow, must I thank him for his kindness? I do not envy those who think slavery no pitiable a lot, provided its nakedness be covered and its hunger regularly appeased."

Well may he declare that "the sugar of Cuba comes to us drenched with human blood."

Mr. Gurney's Letters suggest several other important ideas upon which Dr. Channing expatiates with rhetorical energy: such as that the great Emancipator is Christianity,—a Christianity of which America, however, when contrasted with England, exhibits lamentable barrenness. Again, Emancipation has borne a singular testimony to the noble elements of the negro character. Instead of revenge, massacre, and rapine, the holy day of liberty was welcomed by shouts and tears of gratitude. This and many other discovered traits ought to teach our American brethren that in that country one of the best races of the human family is held in bondage. Contrast the emancipated negroes with the people who inhabit the "land of Bowie-knives, Lynch-law, and duels—of 'chivalry;'" with the European race and their descendants.

One other topic is suggested to the author of the present tract by Gurney's book, viz., the kind and respectful manner in which it speaks of many slave-holders. Now, Dr. Channing is far from gainsaying him on this point; and as little does he consider the acknowledgment of the virtues of the owners of bondsmen to be treachery to the cause of freedom. Hear how he disposes of such an apology for general wrong:—

"Among slave-holders there may be and there are good men. But the inferences from this judgment are often false and pernicious. There is a common disposition to connect the character of the slave-holder and the character of slavery. Many at the North, who by intercourse of business or friendship have come to appreciate the good qualities of individuals at the South, are led to the secret if not uttered inference, that a system sustained by such people can be no monstrous thing. They repel indignantly the invectives of the Abolitionists against the master, and by a natural process go on to question or repel their denunciation of slavery. Here lies the secret of much of the want of just feeling in regard to this institution. People become reconciled to it in a measure by the virtues of its supporters. I will not reply to this error by insisting that the virtues which grow up under slavery bear a small proportion to the vices which it feeds. I take a broader ground. I maintain that we can never argue safely from the character of a man to the system he upholds. It is a solemn truth, not yet understood as it should be, that the worst institutions may be sustained, the worst deeds performed, the most merciless cruelties inflicted by the conscientious and the good. History teaches no truth more awful, and proofs of it crowd on us from the records of the earliest and latest times. Thus, the worship of the immoral deities of heathenism was sustained by the great men of antiquity. The bloodiest and most unrighteous wars have been instigated by patriots. For ages the Jews were thought to have forfeited the rights of men, as much as the African race at the South, and were insulted, spoiled, and slain, not by mobs, but by sovereigns and prelates, who really supposed themselves avengers of the crucified Saviour. Trajan and Marcus, Aurelius, men of singular humanity, doomed Christians to death, surrendering their better feelings to what they thought the safety of the State. Few names in history are more illustrious than Isabella of Castile. She was the model in most respects of a noble woman. But Isabella outstripped her age in what she thought pious zeal against heretics. Having taken lessons in her wars against the Moors, and in the extermination of the Jews, she entered fully into the spirit of the inquisition, and by her great moral power contributed more than any other sovereign to the extension of its fearful influence, and thus the horrible tortures and murders of that infernal institution, in her ill-fated country, lie very much at her door. Of all the causes which have contributed to the ruin of Spain, the gloomy, unrelenting spirit of religious bigotry has wrought most deeply; so that the illustrious Isabella, through her zeal for religion and the salvation of her subjects, sowed the seeds of her country's ruin. It is remarkable that Spain, in her late struggle for freedom, has not produced one great man; and at this moment the country seems threatened with disorganization; and it is to the almost universal corruption, to the want of mutual confidence, to the deep dissimulation and fraud which the spirit of the inquisition, the spirit of misguided religion, has spread through society, that this degradation must chiefly be traced. The wrongs, woes, cruelties inflicted by the religious, the conscientious, are among the most important teachings of the past. Nor has this strange mixture of good and evil ceased. Crimes, to which time and usage have given sanction, are still found in neighbourhood with virtue. Examples, taken from other countries, stagger belief, but are true. Thus, in not a few re-

gions, the infant is cast out to perish by parents who abound in tenderness to their surviving children. Our own enormities are to be understood hereafter. Slavery is not, then, absolved of guilt by the virtues of its supporters, nor are its wrongs on this account a whit less tolerable. The inquisition was not a whit less infernal, because sustained by Isabella. Wars are not a whit less murderous, because waged for our country's glory; nor was the slave trade less a complication of unutterable cruelties, because our fathers brought the African here to make him a Christian.

"The great truth now insisted on, that evil is evil, no matter at whose door it lies, and that men acting from conscience and religion may do nefarious deeds, needs to be better understood, that we may not shelter ourselves or our institutions under the names of the great or the good who have passed away. It shews us, that in good company we may do the work of fiends. It teaches us, how important is the culture of our whole moral and rational nature, how dangerous to rest on the old and the established without habitually and honestly seeking the truth. With these views, I believe at once that slavery is an atrocious wrong, and yet that among its upholders may be found good and pious people. I do not look on a slave country as one of the provinces of Hell. There, as elsewhere, the human spirit may hold communion with God, and it may ascend thence to Heaven. Still slavery does not lay aside its horrible nature because of the character of some of its supporters. Persecution is a cruel outrage, no matter by whom carried on; and so slavery, no matter by whom maintained, works fearful evil to bond and free. It breathes a moral taint, contaminates young and old, prostrates the dearest rights, and strengthens the cupidity, pride, love of power, and selfish sloth on which it is founded. I readily grant, that among slave-holders are to be found upright, religious men, and especially pious, gentle, disinterested, noble-minded women, who sincerely labour to be the guardians and benefactors, of the slaves, and under whose kind controul much comfort may be enjoyed. But we must not on this account shut our eyes on the evils of the institution, or forbear to expose them. On the contrary, this is the very reason for lifting up our voices against it; for slavery rests mainly on the virtues of its upholders. Without the sanction of good and great names it would soon die. Were it left as a monopoly to the selfish, cruel, unprincipled, it could not stand a year. It would become in men's view as infamous as the slave trade, and be ranked among felonies. It is a solemn duty to speak plainly of wrongs, which good men perpetrate. It is very easy to cry out against crimes which the laws punish, and which popular opinion has branded with infamy. What is especially demanded of the Christian is, a faithful, honest, generous testimony against enormities which are sanctioned by numbers, and fashion, and wealth, and especially by great and honoured names, and which, thus sustained, lift up their heads to Heaven, and repay rebuke with menace and indignation."

This long extract contains facts, views, and principles, which like multitudes in Dr. Channing's writings on slavery, lays bare gross, or it may be still more dangerous, because subtle, fallacies, and tears to atoms refuges of lies. We believe it would not be difficult to pluck from his various pamphlets, which advocate the rights of our

common humanity, a triumphant reply or refutation to any of the grounds of defence taken by anti-abolitionists. For this reason alone his name and his efforts should be kept as much as possible before the eyes of the world. Such has been our wish and endeavour, which may be sufficient to excuse the present recurrence to a theme which has frequently engaged us. That theme, however, is not yet stale; nay, we often hear, even in England, doubts uttered, and blame expressed, in relation to the Emancipation of the West India negroes; and sad forebodings about its commercial results; so that Dr. Channing's tact has appeared opportunely, and may not have unprofitably occupied us.

The latter part of the tract, which suggests as a practical remedy for the slave system of the American States, that those which are free ought to refuse to render up to the owners runaway slaves, who have escaped into their territories, we shall not enter upon. The remedy appears to us inadequate, to be an infringement of the federal constitution, and to be fraught with the elements of disunion and civil war. At any rate the suggestion and the manner in which it is fenced as well as urged, together with the appreciation of various principles and duties of a moral kind, which it pre-supposes, oblige us to feel that slavery in the American Union is beset with so many difficulties and dangers, that it may well make the stoutest quake, the most hopeful doubt, and the wisest despair.

But although we have doubts of the practical efficacy of Dr. Channing's remedy, and while we are sensible of the splendid efforts he has persevered in making in the cause of enlightened liberty and negro freedom, let us not lose any opportunity of supporting the great principles and ends he has in view by kindred, collateral, or neutral evidence and argument that may come before us. We therefore for a minute or two call attention to a volume of which we have only had a glimpse at the hour we write, entitled "*Slavery and the Internal Slave-trade in the United States of North America; being Replies to Questions transmitted by the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society;*" a celebrated meeting of which took place in London, as our readers will remember, last summer. The Committee of that society, we now learn, transmitted to America a series of queries upon the subject of slavery in that country, and have obtained a corresponding category of answers from the American Anti-Slavery Society,—the whole forming the volume to which we refer.

We shall not enumerate the queries, much less copy their terms; but mention generally that they go to the core of the evil, and also point to various propounded or probable schemes for the abolition of the enormity. A considerable number of the questions are of a statistical character, such as those which regard the amount of slaves, the import and the internal trade, the social and domestic

condition of those in bondage, the means of their moral and religious education, the state of public opinion concerning the system, its effects upon the slave-owning members of the community, the share which the Free States have in upholding it, what measures should be adopted as the most likely means towards its abolition, and questions akin to these.

To many of these queries the answers are not only plain, clear and striking, but temperate, and fraught with evidences of authenticity and genuine principle; for although coming from the friends of the coloured people and the advocates of freedom, they are not to be looked upon with presumptive suspicion, unless things good and bad, praiseworthy and vile, ennobling and enslaving, are to be regarded, before a hearing, with equal favour.

We might adduce some of the strongest and most startling circumstances from the present volume, that we have ever been made acquainted with, to illustrate the deplorable influence of the slave system upon the morals of the owners and the community at large. But as our notice of the volume has been brief and general, so our extracts from it must be sparing. We therefore quote two passages, on account of their indicative character, and for the broad light which they shed or point to. The first is in these significant and sweeping terms, in answer to a question relative to a law of registration: "Such a law, if faithfully and vigorously executed, would doubtless accomplish much; but we have no idea that any such law could be passed at present in the United States, or if passed, that it would be faithfully enforced. There is so little true respect for the principles of liberty in the nation, and so little just appreciation of human rights, that a law of this kind could neither be passed nor properly executed."

Dr. Channing has said that there is a plentiful race of politicians among his countrymen, but a woful want of real statesmen; and the present volume also informs us that there is no lack of loud professors of religion in the slave-holding states, although among these canting fellows,—Methodists and other zealots,—the cruelest masters and planters are to be found. So much for the disastrous influence over all, even those whom one would suppose the farthest removed from the brutalizing effects of slavery, upon master as well as bondsman. We now quote an illustration that will tell with double effect, because it has no exaggeration about it, but addresses itself to our better sympathies.—

"George and Jane were inhabitants of the same village in the State of Kentucky, but belonged to different masters. They enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence of their respective 'owners,' who were men of the highest respectability in the community. George was the head man in his master's tannery; and Jane was the principal servant in her owner's establishment, the first inn in the village. They had been married for a

number of years, and had, both among Blacks and Whites, the credit of uncommon conjugal faithfulness. Both were professedly pious, and possessed more than ordinary education for slaves, being able to read fluently. Having lighter work and more indulgent masters than usually fell to the lot of slaves, they knew comparatively little of the rigours of bondage. Sunday was uniformly at their own disposal, and mostly spent in each other's society. Every evening, the work of the day being finished, George was a punctual visitant at his wife's room. For many years they lived in unbroken union, anticipating no fiery trials of violent Sunderings. It is true, they frequently witnessed the separations of husbands and wives, as the 'soul-drivers' went round upon their annual circuits of horror and desolation; but they felt assured that their masters prized them too highly to sell them to the traders.

"But a dire calamity was preparing for them; and when finally it broke, with the suddenness of a summer's bolt upon them, it scattered all their social joys for ever. Jane's master had become embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs, and found it absolutely necessary to change his residence. He resolved upon going to the distant State of Missouri. The preparations for removal were almost completed before Jane was informed of the design; and with that information she also learned the determination of her master to take her along with him. In consternation, she flew with the intelligence to her husband. Without a moment's delay, they together hastened to the wife's 'owner,' and prostrating themselves before him, besought that he would allow Jane to find herself a new master in the village. He finally yielded to their entreaties and tears, but set such an extravagant price upon her, that they felt little hope of finding any person who would be willing to give it. They applied first to George's master: he was willing to buy Jane, but objected to her master's terms. Applications were made to several other citizens, all of whom had the same objection, the exorbitant price. They besought the master to consent to take less, but he was inexorable; consequently the desired change of ownership could not be effected."

Now compare Emancipation with Slavery,—the British West India colonies with the American slave-holding States.

ART. XIII.—*The Land of Burns: a Series of Landscapes rendered classical by the Writings of the Scottish Poet. Parts XXI., XXII., XXIII.*
Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

"THE Land of Burns" presents a series of the "banks and braes," of the localities identified with the Life and Writings of the greatest poet that ever Scotland produced, embracing some of the sweetest and most picturesque scenery of the country. The pictorial illustrations are amongst the most beautiful and characteristic that have ever yet appeared in works of this class, whether delineating scenes at home or abroad. Portraits of the poet and other persons, connected with him by personal intimacy or by association with his muse, are also introduced; while the letter-press descriptions which accompany the Engravings have been written by Robert Chambers,

so distinguished for his fine and fresh appreciation of Scottish life and landscape; and the "Essay on the Genius and Character of Burns" has been furnished by Professor Wilson.

"The Land of Burns!" our father-land!—the poet-ploughman's birth-place, and the adjacent scenes being familiar to our early steps,—the strong idiomatic Doric in which he sung, our vernacular tongue,—our ancestors and neighbours, the men of sturdy stuff and breadth of character among whom his genius was fashioned and fed, whose stamp it received and returned with matchless fidelity and ideal power,—what reminiscences do these few short words conjure up! what images convey! But what need of vague exclamation or blown bombast about glen or woodland,—lovely stream or foaming cataract,—and Scotia's true-born sons, austere but social, with the western land's records of heroes, patriots, and martyrs, when the Professor has lavished his genial powers upon the Peasant Bard, and with prodigal wealth embalmed his memory and the glories of his inspiration? A poet of a foremost order, a maser critic, a great and a good man, has buckled on his armour, to see justice done to the noblest of his country's children; and what need we then to do more than cull liberally from this splendid monument to the genius of the Poet and the character of the Man—a monument which sets Burns in a new and more just as well as more attractive light than was ever shed around his name by enthusiast or eulogist.

We have read many biographies of the Ayrshire poet, many bursts of eloquence, and verses gushing with sentiment in praise and wonder concerning him. Lives by Currie, Lockhart, Cunningham, and others, have been pondered by us with pride and delight; but yet never so unalloyed that we could say the picture was complete, that the man and the poet had been comprehended and fully penetrated; so that our conviction had come to be that it was in vain to essay the task, and preposterous to look for the fulfilment of it, when that task was to measure the depths, the dimensions, and flights of triumphant originality, and to point out and describe satisfactorily the developments in the course of its history, and its several achievements.

Now, however, we must confess that the utmost which we longed for, but had begun to despair of, has been accomplished; that by means of graphic literary notices and illustrative art, but especially by the Essayist's comments and delineations, fathomings and adjustments, we have Burns, his age, land, scenery, illuminated—the "Land" being not more imperishable than his name—brought with life-like truth before us; so that he who wishes to study him truly and fairly, or to admire him wisely, will never be content without having drawn largely from the pictures and pages before us.

At a period in the history of genius and of poetry, and at a stage in the appreciation of Burns, when translation after translation of

his works is appearing in Germany, (for difficult as the dialect in which he writes must be to render into a foreign language, such is the universality of circulation to which the coinage of genius is destined, such the acceptance and understanding on the part of every son of Adam of a new and sterling thought issuing from any one man, that it is sure to find its way throughout the wide world), a work of the beauty and the merit of that of which we now so earnestly and honestly speak must be fondly welcomed in all lands; not only wherever a Scotchman may have planted himself, but wherever hearts are fresh and warm, or taste wholesome and healthy. We have now only to place before our readers, by extract and abstract, some of those large sentiments, comprehensive and characteristic views, and generous constructions which burst with magnificent profusion, and luminous eloquence from the Professor; who with assured ease and masterly skill groups together all that is significant about his subject, as the conscious reader finds all his fancies and recollections testify by charmed responses. What can be finer than the opening of the Essay?—

“ Burns is by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in a humble condition. Indeed, no country in the world but Scotland, could have produced such a man; and he will be for ever regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his country. He was born a poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame. For he manifestly had never very deeply studied poetry as an art, nor reasoned much about its principles, nor looked abroad with the wide ken of intellect for objects and subjects on which to pour out his inspiration. The condition of the peasantry of Scotland, the happiest, perhaps, that providence ever allowed to the children of labour, was not surveyed and speculated on by him as the field of poetry, but as the field of his own existence; and he chronicled the events that passed there, not merely as food for his imagination as a poet, but as food for his heart as a man. Hence, when inspired to compose poetry, poetry came gushing up from the well of his human affections, and he had nothing more to do, than to pour it, like streams irrigating a meadow, in many a cheerful tide over the drooping flowers and fading verdure of life. Imbued with vivid perceptions, warm feelings, and strong passions, he sent his own existence into that of all things, animate and inanimate, around him; and not an occurrence in hamlet, village, or town, affected in any way the happiness of the human heart, but roused as keen an interest in the soul of Burns, and as genial a sympathy, as if it had immediately concerned himself and his own individual welfare. Most other poets of rural life have looked on it through the aerial veil of imagination—often beautified, no doubt, by such partial concealment, and beaming with a misty softness more delicate than the truth. But Burns would not thus indulge his fancy where he had felt—felt so poignantly, all the agonies and all the transports of life. He looked around him, and when he saw the smoke of the cottage rising up quietly and unbroken to heaven, he knew, for he had seen and blessed it, the quiet joy and unbroken contentment that slept below; and when he

saw it driven and dispersed by the winds, he knew also but too well, for too sorely had he felt them, those agitations and disturbances which had shook him till he wept on his chaff bed. In reading his poetry, therefore, we know what unsubstantial dreams are all those of the golden age. But bliss beams upon us with a more subduing brightness through the dim melancholy that shrouds lowly life ; and when the peasant Burns rises up in his might as Burns the poet, and is seen to derive all that might from the life which at this hour the peasantry of Scotland are leading, our hearts leap within us, because that such is our country, and such the nobility of her children. There is no delusion, no affectation, no exaggeration, no falsehood in the spirit of Burns's poetry. He rejoices like an untamed enthusiast, and he weeps like a prostrate penitent. In joy and in grief the whole man appears : some of his finest effusions were poured out before he left the fields of his childhood, and when he scarcely hoped for other auditors than his own heart, and the simple dwellers of the hamlet. He wrote not to please or surprise others—we speak of those first effusions—but in his own creative delight ; and even after he had discovered his power to kindle the sparks of nature wherever they alumbered, the effect to be produced seldom seems to have been considered by him, assured that his poetry could not fail to produce the same passion in the hearts of other men from which it boiled over in his own. Out of himself, and beyond his own nearest and dearest concerns, he well could, but he did not much love often or long to go. His imagination wanted not wings broad and strong for highest flights. But he was most at home when walking on this earth, through this world, even along the banks and braes of the streams of Coila. It seems as if his muse were loth to admit almost any thought, feeling, image, drawn from any other region than his native district—the hearth-stone of his father's hut—the still or troubled chamber of his own generous and passionate bosom. Dear to him the jocund laughter of the reapers on the corn-field, the tears and sighs which his own strains had won from the children of nature enjoying the mid-day hour of rest beneath the shadow of the hedge-row tree. With what pathetic personal power, from all the circumstances of his character and condition, do many of his humblest lines affect us ! Often, too often, as we hear him singing, we think that we see him suffering ! ‘Most musical, most melancholy’ he often is, even in his merriment ! In him, alas ! the transports of inspiration are but too closely allied with reality's kindred agonies ! The strings of his lyre sometimes yield their finest music to the sighs of remorse or repentance. Whatever, therefore, be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns—and no doubt it has many—it has beyond all that ever was written, this greatest of all merits, intense, life-permeating, and life-breathing truth.”

The critic goes on to notice how universally the name and poems of the Ayrshire bard are esteemed ; which crowd even “the dim abode of hard-working poverty, with a world of dear rural remembrances that awaken not repining but contentment.” And now for another truth-speaking passage :—

“No poet ever lived more constantly and more intimately in the hearts of a people. With their mirth, or with their melancholy, how often do his

'native wood-notes wild' affect the sitters by the ingles of low-roofed homes, till their heart overflow with feelings that place them on a level, as moral creatures, with the most enlightened in the land, and more than reconcile them with, make them proud of, the condition assigned them by Providence! There they see with pride the reflection of the character and condition of their own order. That pride is one of the best natural props of poverty; for, supported by it, the poor envy not the rich. They exult to know and to feel that they have had treasures bequeathed to them by one of themselves—treasures of the heart, the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination, of which the possession and the enjoyment are one and the same, long as they preserve their integrity and their independence. The poor man, as he speaks of Robert Burns, always holds up his head and regards you with an elated look. A tender thought of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' or a bold thought of 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' may come across him; and he who in such a spirit loves home and country, by whose side may he not walk an equal in the broad eye of day as it shines over our Scottish hills? This is true popularity. Thus interpreted, the word sounds well, and recover its ancient meaning. The land 'made blithe with plough and harrow,'—the broomy or the heathery braes—the holms by the river's side—the forest where the woodman's ringing axe no more disturbs the cushat—the deep dell where all day long sits solitary plaided boy or girl watching the kine or the sheep—the moorland hut without any garden—the lowland cottage, whose gardens glow like a very orchard, when crimsoned with fruit-blossoms most beautiful to behold—the sylvan homestead sending its reek aloft over the huge sycamore that blackens on the hill-side—the straw-roofed village gathering with small bright crofts its many white gable-ends round and about the modest manse, and the kirk-spire covered with the pine-tree that shadows its horologe—the small, quiet, half-slatted half-thatched rural town,—there resides, and will for ever reside, the immortal genius of Burns."

Do not our readers already feel that the poet's spell is upon the critic and biographer, and through the critic already upon themselves. But we must speed, and alight but seldom, or for the briefest spaces. Therefore we must be content for the present to be told that "not a boy in Scotland had a better education" than Burns; that is in respect of religious parental love and example, domestic training, or even of the books which he first read. Yet nobody during his boyhood or early youth supposed that he was ever to be a poet. And why? Because "nobody knew anything about him,—nor did he know much about himself; till Nature, who had long kept, chose to reveal, her own secret." Love and poetry began together. The hour too came "of self-revelation, and he knew that on earth his name was to live for ever," referring to the "Vision," the criticism and comment upon which is in Wilson's greatest and most fervent style, although much too long, with the extracts, for our pages. Take, however the following short passage with reference to the Epistles:—

"Through all these Epistles we hear him exulting in the consciousness of his own genius, and pouring out his anticipations in verses so full of force and fire, that of themselves they privilege him to declare himself a Poet after Scotland's own heart. Not even in 'The Vision' does he kindle into brighter transports, when foreseeing his fame, and describing the fields of its glory, than in his Epistle to the schoolmaster of Ochiltree; for all his life he associated with schoolmasters—finding along with knowledge, talent, and integrity, originality and strength of character prevalent in that meritorious and ill-rewarded class of men."

The Professor nobly vindicates the bard from the thoughtless criticism, that he had no deep love of nature, and that he has shewn no very great power as a descriptive poet. "Burns would have utterly despised most of what is now dignified with the name of poetry, where harmlessly enough

'Pure description takes the name of sense;'

but far worse, where the agonizing artist intensifies himself into genuine convulsions at the shrine of nature, or acts the epileptic to extort alms." "Why there is often more poetry in five lines of Burns than fifty volumes of the versifiers who have had the audacity to criticise him." Examples are amply quoted; the admission or explanation being that the bard's love of nature was always linked with some vehement passion or some sweet effusion for living creatures; "that it was for the sake of the humanity she cherishes in her bosom, that she was dear to him as his own life-blood. His love of nature by being thus restricted was the more intense." We again quote at more length:—

"But how have we been able to refrain from saying a few words about the Cottar's Saturday Night? How affecting Gilbert's account of its origin!

"'Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the Cottar's Saturday Night. The hint of the plan, and title of the poem, were taken from Ferguson's *Farmer's Ingle*. When Robert had not some pleasure in view in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together, when the weather was favourable, on the Sunday afternoons (those precious breathing-times to the labouring part of the community) and enjoyed such Sundays as would make me regret to see their number abridged. It was on one of those walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat *the Cottar's Saturday Night*. I do not recollect to have read or heard any thing by which I was more *highly electrified*.' No wonder Gilbert was highly electrified; for though he had read or heard many things of his brother Robert's of equal poetical power, not one among them all was so charged with those sacred influences that connect the human heart with heaven. It must have sounded like a very revelation of all the holi-

ness for ever abiding in that familiar observance, but which custom, without impairing its efficacy, must often partially hide from the children of labour when it is all the time helping to sustain them upon and above this earth. And this from the erring to the steadfast brother! From the troubled to the quiet spirit! out of a heart too often steeped in the waters of bitterness, issuing, as from an unpolluted fountain, the inspiration of pious song! But its effects on innumerable hearts is not now *electrical*—it inspires peace. It is felt yet, and sadly changed will then be Scotland, if ever it be not felt, by every one who peruses it, to be a communication from brother to brother. It is felt by us, all through from beginning to end, to be BURNS's *Cottar's Saturday Night*; at each succeeding sweet or solemn stanza we more and more love the man—at its close we bless him as a benefactor; and if, as the picture fades, thoughts of sin and of sorrow will arise, and will not be put down, let them, as we hope for mercy, be of our own—not his; let us tremble for ourselves as we hear a voice saying, 'Fear God and keep his commandments.'

"There are few more *perfect* poems. It is the utterance of a heart whose chords were all tuned to gratitude, 'making sweet melody' to the Giver, on a night not less sacred in His eye than His own appointed Sabbath.

" 'November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil worn *Cottar* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his cours does hameward bend.' "

That one single stanza is in itself a picture, one may say a poem, of the poor man's life. It is so imaged on the eye that we absolutely see it; but then not an epithet but shows the condition on which he holds, and the heart with which he endures, and enjoys it. Work he must in the face of November; but God who made the year shortens and lengthens its days for the sake of his living creatures, and has appointed for them all their hour of rest. The 'miry beasts' will soon be at supper in their clean-strawed stalls—the black'ning train o' craws' invisibly hushed on their rocking trees; and he whom God made after his own image, that 'toil-worn Cottar,' he too may lie down and sleep. There is nothing especial in his lot wherefore he should be pitied, nor are we asked to pity him, as he 'collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes:' many of us, who have work to do and do it not, may envy his contentment, and the religion that gladdens his release—'hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,' only to such as he, in truth, a Sabbath. 'Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work.' O! that man should ever find it in his heart to see in that law a stern obligation—not a merciful boon and a blessed privilege!

"In those times family-worship in such dwellings, all over Scotland, was

not confined to one week-day. It is to be believed that William Burns might have been heard by his son Robert duly every night saying, 'Let us worship God.' 'There was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase' every time he heard it; but on 'Saturday night' family worship was surrounded, in its solemnity, with a gathering of whatever is most cheerful and unalloyed in the lot of labour; and the poet's genius in a happy hour hearing those words in his heart, collected many nights into one, and made the whole observance, as it were, a religious establishment, it is to be hoped, for ever."

And again,—

"Remember all this poetry, and a hundred almost as fine things besides, was composed within little more than two years, by a man all the while working for wages—seven pounds from May-day to May-day; and that he never idled at his work, but mowed and ploughed as if working by the piece, and could afford therefore, God bless his heart, to stay the share for a minute, but too late for the 'wee, sleekit, cowrin, timorous beastie's' nest. Folks have said he was a bad farmer, and neglected Mossiel, an idler in the land.

"How various his employment whom the world
Calls idle !"

Absent in the body, we doubt not, he frequently was from his fields; oftenest in the evenings and at night. Was he in Nance Tinnock's? She knew him by name and head-mark, for onceseen he was not to be forgotten; but she complained that he had never drunk three half-mutchkins in her house, whatever he might say in his lying poems. In Poussie Nannie's—mother of Racer Jess?—He was there *once*; and out of the scum and refuse of the outcasts of the lowest grade of possible being, he constructed a Beggar's Opera, in which the singers and dancers, drabs and drunkards all, belong still to humanity; and though huddling together in the filth of the flesh, must not be classed, in their enjoyments, with the beasts that perish. In the Smiddy? Ay, you might have found him there, at times when he had no horse to be shod, no coulter to be sharpened.

"When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' luggit caup!
Then *Burnewin* comes on like death
At every chaup.

"Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman cheel,
Brings hand owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour "

On frozen Muir-loch? Among the curlers 'at their *roaring* play'—roar-

ing is the right word—but 'tis not the bonspiel only that roars, it is the ice, and echo tells it is from her crags that submit; not to the snow. There king of his rink was Rabbie Burns to be found; and at night in the Hostelry, in the reek of beef and greens and 'Scotch drink,' Apollo in the shape of a ploughman at the head of the fir-table that dances with all its glasses to the horny fists clenching with cordial thumpers the sallies of wit and humour volleying from his lips and eyes, unreprieved by the hale old minister who is happy to meet his parishioners out of the pulpit, and by his prosence keeps the poet within bounds, if not of absolute decorum, of that decency becoming men in their most jovial mirth, and not to be violated without reproach by genius in its most wanton mood dallying even with forbidden things. Or at a Rockin' ? An evening meeting, as you know, 'one of the objects of which,' so says the glossary, 'is spinning with the rock or distaff;' but which has many other objects, as the dullest may conjecture, when lads and lasses have come flocking from 'behind the hills where Stinchard flows, mang muirs and mosses many o', to one solitary homestead made roomy enough for them all; and if now and then felt to be too close and crowded for the elderly people and the old, not unprovided with secret spots near at hand in the broom and the brackens, where the sleeping lintwhites sit undisturbed by lover's whispers, and lovers may look, if they choose it, unashamed to the stars.

"And what was he going to do with all this poetry—poetry accumulating fast at his hand, released at night from other implements, could put it on paper, in bold, round upright characters, that tell of fingers more familiar with the plough than the pen ? He himself sometimes must have wondered to find every receptacle in the spence crammed with manuscripts, to say nothing of the many others floating about all over the country, and setting the smiddies in a roar, and not a few, of which nothing was said, folded in the breast-kierchiefs of maidens, put therein by his own hand, on the lea-ridge, beneath the milk-white thorn."

We must be sparing with our extracts, and remember that if we are to copy out all the brilliant, fine, lovely, and just things which gush from the Professor's heart and head, the entire of the *three* Parts will have to be reprinted. And yet we must turn back, leaving out of consideration for a little the genius, in order to have a glimpse of the character, of the man, although in no other individual were these ever more inseparably combined, or charged with such reacting powers.

Mary Campbell was the object of his first love, and it was pure. Blamelessly too he spent his youth; and when he became a sinewy man, and his strength was well knit, he certainly was not a prodigal, nor an undutiful son. But asks the Professor, were all the bright and bold blossoms of one possessed of "passion, genius, a teeming brain, a palpitating heart, and a soul of fire," fallacious in promise, morally speaking ? Hear what the answer in part is to those who like Josiah Walker have aspersed his character indiscriminately and unsearchingly,—without allowance and without balance. Wilson

is alluding to Jean Armour, afterwards the poet's wife, and the condition to which their loves had brought her, and thus questions and answers :—

“ Here we ask you who may be reading these pages, to pause for a little, and consider with yourselves, what up to this time Burns had done to justify the condemnatory judgments that have been passed upon his character as a man by so many admirers of his genius as a poet? Compared with that of men of ordinary worth, who have deservedly passed through life with the world's esteem, in what was it lamentably wanting? Not in tenderness, warmth, strength of the natural affections; and they are good till turned to evil. Not in the duties for which they were given, and which they make delights. Of which of these duties was he habitually neglectful? To the holiest of them all next to piety, to his maker, he was faithful beyond most—few better kept the fourth commandment. His youth though soon too impassioned had been long pure. If he were temperate by necessity and not nature, yet he was so as contentedly as if it had been by choice. He had lived on meal and water with some milk, because the family were too poor for better fare; and yet he rose to labour as the lark rises to sing.

In the corruption of our fallen nature he sinned, and, it has been said, became a libertine. Was he ever guilty of deliberate seduction? It is not so recorded; and we believe his whole soul would have recoiled from such wickedness: but let us not affect ignorance of what we all know. Among no people on the face of the earth is the moral code so rigid, with regard to the intercourse of the sexes, as to stamp with ineffaceable disgrace every lapse from virtue; and certainly not among the Scottish peasantry, austere as the spirit of religion has always been, and terrible ecclesiastical censure. hateful in all eyes is the reprobate—the hoary sinner loathsome; but many a gray head is now deservedly revered that would not be so, were the memory of all that has been repented by the Elder, and pardoned unto him, to rise up against him among the congregation as he entered the house of God. There has been many a rueful tragedy in houses that in after times ‘seemed asleep.’ How many good and happy fathers of families, who were all their past lives to be pictured in ghastly revelation to the eyes of their wives and children, could never again dare to look them in the face! It pleased God to give them a long life; and they have escaped, not by their own strength, far away from the shadows of their misdeeds that are not now suffered to pursue them, but are chained down in the past no more to be let loose. That such things were is a secret none now live to divulge; and though once known they were never emblazoned. But Burns and men like Burns showed the whole world their dark spots by the very light of the genius; and having died in what may almost be called their youth, there the dark spots still are, and men point to them with their fingers, to whose eyes there may seem but small glory in all that effulgence.

* With regard to the religion of Burns the Essayist believes that he went beyond the common run of men, even them who may have had a more consistent and better considered creed. “He viewed the Creator chiefly in his attributes of love, goodness, and mercy.”

“An avenging God was too seldom in his contemplations—from the little severity in his own character—from a philosophical view of the inscrutable causes of human frailty—and most of all, from a diseased aversion to what was so much the theme of the sour Calvinism around him; but which would have risen up an appalling truth in such a soul as his, had it been habituated to profounder thought on the mysterious corruption of fallen nature.”

Let us now turn to some things said concerning the society with which the poet mingled. “Before his visit to Edinburgh, he had at all times and places been in the habit of associating with the best men of his order, the best in everything, in station, in manners, in moral and intellectual character. Such men as William Tell and Hofer, for example, associated with in Switzerland and the Tyrol.” The more questionable persons, such as smugglers and their adherents, whom he sometimes met with, but not to make habitual companions of, were “men of spunk, and spirit, and power, both of mind and body.” “As a poet Burns must have been much the better of such temporary associates; as a man, let us hope, notwithstanding Gilbert’s fears, not greatly the worse.” Further—

“Burns’s friends, up to the time he visited Edinburgh, had been chiefly his admirable brother, a few of the ministers round about, farmers, ploughmen, farm-servants, and workers in the winds of heaven blowing over moors and mosses, cornfields and meadows beautiful as the blue skies themselves; and if you call that low company, you had better fling your copy of Burns, *Cottar’s Saturday Night*, *Mary in Heaven*, and all into the fire. He the noblest peasant that ever trod the greensward of Scotland, kept the society of other peasants, whose nature was like his own; and then, were the silken-snooded maidens whom he wooed on lea-rig and ‘mang the rigs o’ barley, were they who inspired at once his love and his genius, his passion and his poetry, till the whole land of Coila overflowed with his immortal song,—so that now to the proud native’s ear every stream murmurs a music not its own, given it by sweet Robin’s lays, and the lark more lyrical than ever seems singing his songs at the gates of heaven for the shepherd’s sake as through his half-closed hand he eyes the musical mote in the sunshine, and remembers him who ‘sung her new-wakened by the daisy’s side,’—were they, the blooming daughters of Scotia, we demand of you on peril of your life, low company and unworthy of Robert Burns?”

Every one knows with what composure, unaffected dignity, and remarkable equanimity he bore himself among the magnates of Edinburgh and the members of the Caledonian Hunt; proving himself to the privileged sons of men one of nature’s aristocracy. “Select Society,” to be sure, was not sought after by him, nor chiefly relished. And well it was so; for in such society there is neither power to paint pictures, so as to lay bare and open man’s being for the benefit of man, nor materials to be painted, “nor colours to lay on, till the canvas shall speak a language which all the

world as it runs may read." Shakspeare, Scott, and Wordsworth found their best themes among the people and unsophisticated nature, as did the Ayrshire Ploughman.

Relative to the convivial songs of Burns, and also the encouragement which it is alleged many of his pieces lend to intemperance, the Professor's comment is nice as well as powerful. But it must be read entirely to be appreciated or even understood. However, we may state that he thinks it doubtful if any poetry can become popular, of which the prevalent spirit is not in accordance with that of the people, "as well in those qualities we grieve to call vices, as in those we are happy to pronounce virtues." People may be moved against their will for a time by a poet circulating better sentiments than those with which they have been long familiar; but it seems necessary that the will shall go along with their sympathies to preserve them perhaps from being turned into antipathies; "and that is not likely to happen, if violence be done to long established customs and habits, which may have acquired not only the force, but something too of the sanctity of nature." A poet must deal with the manners and morals of a people in the spirit of truth; "and that he may do so, he must not only be conversant with their condition, but wise in knowledge, that he may understand what he sees, and whence it springs—the evil and the good." Again, "Latent virtues in such poetry as Burns's are continually revealing themselves to readers, whose condition is felt to be uncertain, and their happiness to fluctuate with it." And to such persons is his poetry mainly directed; with such he could most intensely sympathise. "Adversity puts to the test our opinions and beliefs, equally with our habits and our practices; and the most moral and religious man that ever worked from morning to night, that his family might have bread—daily from youth upwards till now he is threescore and ten—might approve of that Song, feel it in all its fervour, and express it in all its glee, in which age meeting with age, and again hand and heart linked together, the 'trusty feres,' bring back the past in a sun-burst on the present, and thoughtless of the future, pour out unblamed libations to the days 'of auld lang syne!'"

Such are some snatches of the Professor's philosophizings concerning one of the most wonderful beings that ever was created,—concerning Peasant—Poet—Man, all in one. The analysis ought not to be called dreamy, but nice and subtle,—the portraiture not over-flattering for a genial critic and hearty interpreter of wayward genius. It is of a being we are hearing, "though when his heart burned within him, one of the most eloquent of men that ever set the table in a roar or a hush, was always a modest, often a silent man, and he would sit for hours together, even in company, with his broad forehead on his hand, and his large lamping eyes sobered and tamed, in profound and melancholy thought. Then his soul

would 'spring upwards like a pyramid of fire,' and sent 'illumination into dark deep holds,' or brighten the brightest hour in which Feeling and Fancy ever flung their united radiance over the common on-goings of this our commonplace world and every day life." He is said to have had a liking to be what is vulgarly called "cock of the company." But "in what company, pray, could not Burns, had he chosen it, and he often did choose it, have easily been the first? No need had he to crow among dunghills. If you liken him to a bird at all, let it be the eagle, or the nightingale, or the bird of Paradise." And "was this the man to desire, with low longings and base aspirations, to shine among the obscure, or rear his haughty form and giant stature among pigmies? He who

'Walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain-side;'

he who sat in glory and in joy at the festal board, when mirth and wine did most abound, and strangers were no more strangers within the fascination of his genius, for

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;'

or at the frugal board, surrounded by his wife, and children, and servants, lord and master of his own happy and industrious home—the frugal meal, preceded and followed by thanksgiving to the Power that spread his table in the barren places?"

In a similar strain of eloquence and of poetic fire does the critic and the philosopher traverse the world of Burns's fitful life and matchless works. Every species of composition which he has left, every mood of mind is analyzed, commented upon, illustrated with better than redundant power—with ever-accumulating beauty and truth—with exhaustless richness like the Ploughman's own. We have now scarcely room for any, even the shortest specimens of Wilson's skill and taste in testing and demonstrating the achievements of genius. Still we can hardly dismiss the Essay without plucking some choice morsels, some fadeless flowers from the comments on one of Burns's most finished, yet whimsical and original pieces:—

"One day between breakfast and dinner he composed 'Tam o' Shanter.' The fact is hardly credible, but we are willing to believe it. Dorset only corrected his famous 'To all ye ladies now on land, we men at sea indite,' the night before an expected engagement, a proof of his self-possession; but he had been working at it for days. Dryden dashed off his 'Alexander's Feast' in no time, but the labour of weeks was bestowed on it before it assumed its present shape. 'Tam o' Shanter' is superior in force and fire to that Ode. Never did genius go at such a gallop—setting off at score, and making play, but without whip or spur, from starting to winning post. All is inspiration. His wife, with her weans a little way aside among the broom, watched him at work as he was striding up and down the brow of the Scaur, and reciting to himself like one *demented*,

'Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!'

"His bonnie Jean must have been sorely perplexed—but she was familiar with all his moods, and like a good wife left him to his cogitations. It is 'all made out of the builder's brain;' for the story that suggested it is no story at all, the dull lie of a drunkard dotard. From the poet's imagination it came forth a perfect poem, impregnated with the native spirit of Scottish superstition. Few or none of our old traditionary tales of witches are very appalling—they had not their origin in the depths of the people's heart—there is a meanness in their mysteries—the ludicrous mixes with the horrible—much matter there is for the poetical, and more perhaps for the picturesque—but the pathetic is seldom found there—and never—for Shakespeare we fear was not a Scotsman—the sublime. Let no man therefore find fault with 'Tam o' Shanter,' because it strikes not a deeper chord. It strikes a chord that twangs strangely, and we know not well what it means. To vulgar eyes, too, were such unaccountable on-goings most often revealed of old, such seers were generally *doited or dazed*—half-born idiots or *neer-doweels in drink*. Had Milton's Satan shown his face in Scotland, folk either would not have known him, or thought him mad. The devil is much indebted to Burns for having raised his character without impairing his individuality."

One sample more from a criticism almost as extraordinary and entertaining as the poem itself:—

"The question is *what* business? Was it a ball given on the anniversary of the Fall?

" 'There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast ;,
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large
 To gie them music was his charge :'

and pray who is to pay the piper? We fear that young witch Nannie!

'For Satan glower'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:'

and this may be the nuptial night of the Prince—for that tyke is he—of the Fallen Angels!

"How was Tam able to stand the sight, 'glorious and heroic' as he was, of the open presses?

" 'Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantraip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.'

Because, show a man some sight that is altogether miraculously dreadful, and he either faints or feels no fear. Or say rather, let a man stand the first *glower* at it, and he will make comparatively light of the details. There was Auld Nick himself, there was no mistaking him, and there were

“ ‘ Wither’d beldams, auld and droil,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an’ flinging—’

to such a dancing what cared Tam who held the candles ? He was bedevilled, bewarlocked and bewitched, and therefore

‘ Able

To note upon the haly table,
A murderer’s banes in gibbet airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen’d bairns ;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi’ his last gasp his gab did gape,

Five tomahawks, wi’ bluid red rusted ;
Five scimitars, wi’ murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife, a father’s throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o’ life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft.’

This collection has all the effect of a selection. The bodies were not placed there ; but following each other’s heels, they stretched themselves out of their own accord upon the haly table. They had received a summons to the festivals, which murderer and murdered must obey. But mind ye, Tam could not see what you see. Who told him that *that* garter had strangled a babe ? That *that* was a parricide’s knife ? Nobody—and that is a flaw. For Tam looks with his bodily eyes only, and can know only what they show him ; but Burns knew it, and believed Tam knew it too ; and we know it for Burns tell us, and we believe Tam as wise as ourselves ; for we turn Tam—the poet himself being the only real warlock of them all.

“ You know why that haly table is so pleasant to the apples of all those evil eyes ? They feed upon the dead, not merely because they love wickedness, but because they inspire it into the quick. Who ever murdered his father but at the instigation of that ‘ towzie tyke, black, grim and large ?’ Who but for him ever strangled her new-born child ? Scimitars and tomahawks ! Why, such weapons never were in use in Scotland. True. But they have long been in use in the wilderness of the western world, and among the orient cities of Mahoun, and his empire extends to the uttermost parts of the earth.”

More words from us would be vain : therefore we close with two short passages from the tear-drawing, the joy-giving Essay. “ We never think of the closing years of Burns’s life without feeling what not many seem to have felt, that much more of their unhappiness is to be attributed to the mistaken notion he had unfortunately taken up, of there being something degrading in genius *in writing*

for money, than perhaps to all other causes put together, however unsuitable that may have been to a poet. By persisting in a line of conduct pursuant to that persuasion, he kept himself in perpetual poverty; and though it is not possible to blame him severely for such a fault, originating as it did in the generous enthusiasm of the poetical character, a most serious fault it was, and its consequences were most lamentable." "All the poetry, by which he was suddenly made so famous, had been written, as you know, without the thought of *money* having so much as flitted across his mind. The delight of embodying in verse the visions of his inspired fancy—of awakening the sympathies of the few rustic auditors in his own narrow circle, whose hearts he well knew throbbed with the same emotions that are dearest to humanity all over the wide world—that had been at first all in all to him—the young poet exulting in his power and in the proof of his power—till as the assurance of his soul in its divine endowment waxed stronger and stronger, he beheld his country's muse with the holly-wreath in her hand, and bowed his head to receive the everlasting halo." These and other fragmentary sentences we have thrown into our larger type, knowing that they are worthy of being read in letters of gold; but at the same time knowing that they will be studied in whatever shape and size by many thousands and in many lands, heralding the ploughman bard with new acclamations, and embalming with sweetest incense his genius and character.

ART. XIV.—*The Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland, with Descriptive Sketches of other Parts of the Continent.* By MRS. BRAY. 3 vols. London: Longman.

MRS. BRAY, the well-known author of a number of works, her husband, the worthy vicar of Tavistock, and her nephew, Mr. A. Kempe, made a continental tour in the summer of 1839. From London they proceeded to Ostend, the untravelled parson suffering dreadfully from sea-sickness, although his wife weathered the storm like an old sailor. From Ostend they made their way by railroad to Brussels, thence by diligence to Strasburg, where hiring a *voiturier*, they were conveyed through Switzerland, from Kehl, descending the Rhine. An excursion into Holland added to their tour.

Had any one asked us what we were to expect from such a summer journey, we should have said—Nothing that has not been told and written a thousand times before; and in one sense we would have been in the right; for as to the description of scenes and localities so often admired, what can be seen or fancied that has a particle of novelty in it? If Mrs. Bray had therefore asked us, would it be worth while for her to work up her *memoranda* into a series of letters, addressed to her brother, with the view of afterwards pub-

lishing them, we should have said, decidedly, *No*, or that however interesting her descriptions might be to a family circle, or to her own relations and immediate friends, the world would not take them in such a kindly mood, especially when a great portion of the matter consists of egotistical gossip, domestic affairs, and mere family feelings and concerns. But in saying—*No*, we should have spoken rashly; for although we have sometimes yawned over the tedious and oft-recurring accounts of personal discomforts, and of my “husband’s” or my “nephew’s” proceedings, there is yet such a thorough honesty in the descriptions, such a confiding friendship in the sentiments, as if all who can or will read the work were on familiar terms with the writer, and such a piquancy in the egotism, even in the twaddle, that one not only is pleased with the book, but likes the author of it the more, the further that he reads. The *authors*, we should have said; for the vicar’s journal has contributed very considerably to the production, under the title of “*First Impressions of a Sexagenarian*,” which are interspersed, these being not unworthy of his sex and of his station. Even in the lady’s part of the work, however, there are solid things, as well as much that is lively, and sometimes what is new. Her antiquarianism is racy and rich; her criticisms are independent, although perhaps at times singular; while both husband and wife are distinctly seen and developed in what they say and think, the best of all evidences of the honesty and *naïve* simplicity of the parties; things always agreeable and worth looking upon. And then the parties are so thoroughly English, loving everything that is home-bred and that reminds them of home, and cherishing such an aversion of all that is foreign if their habitual modes are opposed or opinions departed from, that, whether it be mustachios or Catholic ceremonies, they must speak out.

There is thus reality in the work, as well as matter. There are many proofs of intelligence, of varied reading, of serious reflection, and on the part of the vicar, of classical learning. And that the writers think for themselves is abundantly shewn by the frequent departure from the rapture and enthusiasm which more commonplace and less competent tourists would indulge in. And be the singularity well or ill-founded, it is never affected. Mrs. Bray and the Sexagenarian are both too self-satisfied to be that.

We now pluck out a variety of specimens, beginning with some of the good-humoured and exceedingly self-complacent gossiping of the lady. The voyage to Ostend will furnish us with the first, during which good Mr. Bray was sorely prostrated:—

“I was compelled to find a seat on one of the benches. And now began what may truly be called the horrors of the passage. One after the other, every passenger on board, excepting a very few among the gentle-

men, and myself amongst the ladies, became sick. Not only were the berths and sofas in the several cabins filled, but even the floors of those apartments were covered with the sick. My nephew, on first feeling ill, betook himself to his berth. My husband remained where he was, sitting by my side on the fixed bench on deck, but in such a state as to render all attempts on my part to give him the least assistance perfectly useless. He was so ill, he seemed more dead than alive, and to be quite indifferent to the spray of the sea, which, as the weather grew worse towards sun-down, increased upon us, and came in such showers, that had not the captain, who complimented me on being the best sailor he had amongst the passengers, lent me a watch-coat, as thick and rough as a bear's hide, I must have been wet through. But for the illness of Mr. Bray, I should, notwithstanding all this, have enjoyed the closing in of the day, amid such a wild waste of waters, a scene of such utter desolation as that which presented itself on every side when we lost sight of land. But his illness made me wish for nothing but the port at Ostend; for though I wrapped him up, and chafed his hands, he continued as cold as death; and, I fancied, to a certain extent, stupefied; for, although he every now and then raised his head, as well as he could, and looked at so fine a sight as that presented by the waves (as they rolled on dashing themselves against the sides of the steamer, in a sheet of boiling foam, and, receding, left us in the very hollow they had made), yet he seemed scarcely excited by the spectacle; and only some slight remark, uttered in so feeble a tone I could scarcely hear it, escaped his lips."

Let us next have a morsel of the Vicar's experience as communicated by his own pleasant pen. His sleepings and beddings concerned him considerably:—

"My passport describes me truly as *six pieds Anglais de taille*: now most of the beds I have been in on the Continent are, I believe, an inch or two short of it. It is supposed that, by the relaxation of the nerves and sinews, we measure more asleep than when awake; judge, therefore, how little I could be at ease in a bed of such dimensions. The only chance of lying at my full length was by putting myself in a diagonal direction. It is true that, by the elevation of the bolster and a large square pillow, the body may be placed in a kind of recumbent posture, as that of Theseus in the Elgin marbles; but it is not to be expected that every Englishman will take lessons of a French posture-master, or that, if he did, his body would be so supple as that of his neighbour's. As thus I lay, I could only compare myself to an Egyptian figure cut in granite, equally stiff and immovable. The bed at Ostend, indeed, was more like an Egyptian sarcophagus than it was like what we call a bed in England; and the super-structure had no small resemblance to a pyramid, though by no means of so durable a nature. My wife says that, when she first visited France, she happened to seat herself upon one of the curtains, and drew down upon her head the pole, canopy, and all together. In a posture less easy than that of an armed Templar, my toes were at right angles with my heels; and as this is the attitude in which I am sometimes forced to place myself, in order to get rid of the cramp, it reminded me but too frequently (did I but occasionally forget it) of my

cramped position ; and, to add to my discomfort, the sole of my foot came more than once in contact (from the impossibility of tucking in the clothes) with the foot-board of the bed, rendered still colder by French polish."

Anent beds Mrs. Bray tells us that the chambermaids on the continent have, for the most part, a master-key, so that they can at all times enter your apartment. The beds are as various as the imagination can conceive : sometimes you sleep on feathers, sometimes on wool, sometimes on horse-hair, or it may be upon straw. " I have seen mattresses of this kind in Switzerland, with a couple of holes left in them, into which the chambermaids thrust their hands, in order to shake up the straw, and so you have your bed." The sheets, should you happen to have them, are never mangled. " You have them smelling like spermaceti (so offensive is the soap), and just as they were dried, after washing in the river." We now give a slight notice of " my nephew," and a touch of classicism. The vicar writes :—

" We left Brussels in the diligence, being fortunate enough to get the *coupé* to ourselves. This, excepting the difficulty of getting into it, is as comfortable as a post-chaise ; indeed, in point of room, more so. It was the first time I had ever been drawn by three horses abreast. I compared this clumsy machine to one that probably was still more clumsy, namely, a triumphal car. ' If so,' said my wife's nephew, who was seated in the middle, ' I have the greatest pretensions to be considered the conqueror.' ' Yes,' I replied, ' while your aunt is the victory to crown you with laurel, and I the slave to remind you that you are mortal.' "

The tea which they got was most detestable, but yet the uncle for a time, and Alfred throughout, drank it with avidity. Says Mrs. Bray, of one occasion :—

" I was so faint with fatigue and hunger, I preferred taking supper with Mr. Bray to tea with my nephew ; and, indeed, nothing but such a determined taste for everything that bore but the form of tea could have induced him to swallow such infusions of gooseberry and other leaves as he managed to get down under the name of that most pleasant drink. I soon found that a *potage* (that is, a kind of milk-soup with vermicelli in it) was the best substitute I could hit upon when fatigued and hungry of an evening, as I really could not swallow the messes of tea over which my nephew and Mr. Bray used to regale themselves ; till, at last, the latter gave it up, but the former never did. The preparation for it was formidable ; there used to be such a difficulty, frequently such an impossibility, of getting the waiters to understand that it was absolutely necessary to make the water boil before my nephew could make his imaginary tea ; and then there was such a set of crazy and perilous tea-urns and kettles, and such substitutes for those utensils ; and once he had his hot water ladled out of a great cauldron by an old woman who might have passed for one of the witches in ' Macbeth.' Not

unfrequently, stove, kettle, and all, were brought into the room in a machine, in shape something like a portable Roman altar ; yet even where there was this apparatus, there was difficulty, and disappointment, and delay, in attempting to accomplish the object of boiling the water : and if that operation proved successful, it generally only drew out the stronger the detestable flavour of the compound of dry leaves intended to represent the tea. On such occasions I never spared my nephew, for I had been very earnest with him to induce him to purchase some small stock before we left England. But he, putting more faith in the 'Handbook' than in my experience, slighted my counsel : and on the faith of Mr. Murray's assurance that good tea would be found in Switzerland, he went on expecting to meet with it every where, but found it nowhere after he left Brussels."

Mrs. Bray frequently quotes Murray's "Hand-book," and not always to corroborate its statements. Here is an instance in addition to the one just seen :—

"Our landlord of the Crown was a young, and really, for his station, quite a gentlemanly person ; he spoke German, French, and English ; he said he had been in England for some time, in the family of a clergyman in Kent. The apartments we occupied at his house were elegantly furnished, remarkably nice, and we fared well at a very moderate cost. We found our host in great distress of mind on account of his inn being almost universally shunned by the English. This arose from a censure passed upon it in the 'Hand-book of Switzerland.' How this happened he declared he could not even conjecture, unless it might be that some enemy had misrepresented him to Mr. Murray. His father told me, with tears in his eyes, that it had nearly ruined the house ; and when I informed him that I knew Mr. Murray very well, that both that gentleman and his family were friends I highly esteemed, and that on my return to England I would lose no time to lay the case of the Crown at Schaffhausen before him, the gratitude of both father and son seemed to know no bounds."

Hand-books and *Guides*, we may hence gather, carry authority with them beyond what we think we ourselves would fully trust to, seeing that the describer must generally speak from his own experience, probably being of the shortest or most inadequate duration, of some special occasion, or perhaps only from random hearsay. We may suppose, however, that these books and the fear of their publication put the keepers of houses for the reception of travellers upon their mettle.

Our next extract will exhibit Mrs. Bray as a portrait-painter. The character was a German waiter (*commissionaire*) of an hotel ; "a little man, about thirty years old, well dressed, had shrewd features, a dark complexion, a small sharp voice, and a halt in his gait." He was a votary of Apollo, and "might, possibly, be indebted for the lameness of his leg to that of his verses." He had a most voluble tongue. Mrs. Bray could compare it to nothing but

"the flow of steam as I had seen it pour itself forth, with such uncontrollable fury, from the engine, on board the boat to Ostend." His *Anglo-mania*, too, was extraordinary. This is the account of his flow of eloquence, and his ardent admiration of the English he seemed to be labouring under:—

"A very midsummer madness in whatever referred to our country or people; for though his office, style, and title was that of guide at the Zähringer, to no other people than the English would he do the honour of exercising any part of his vocation. To such a height had he carried this frenzy, that when the Grand Duke of Baden had come to Friburg, and was desirous of being shewn about the place, the guide could not be found; he had purposely concealed himself, because he would not be called upon to conduct a *German*, though he was a prince, to see the curiosities of his own town and minster! Such was the rapidity of this man's discourse, that nothing checked it—nothing caused a pause,—not even the necessity of breathing; for he seemed to have acquired the art of speaking with that *continuation* which requires neither pause, nor full stops, nor subject; *words* being all-sufficient, and one rambling thought rushing in after another without the slightest direction of the judgment, as to connexion or arrangement, or any of those impertinences that trammel a genius of an order less original in discourse. I confess I was quite overpowered with astonishment, and could only look and smile in wonder at such a curious and eccentric character; entertaining no small respect for the perseverance and the talent which had enabled a man, in his sphere of life, to instruct himself, acquire such a knowledge of our language, and to do what was yet more difficult—to compose in it both prose and verse. There was also, notwithstanding all that was comic and ludicrous in his address, something of generosity in what he called the *sentiments of his character*, that made you respect the right feeling of the man, though you could not help laughing at the manner in which he gave it expression. He would have been a rich subject for Mathews, had he been disposed to give a picture of German sentimentality in an English dress. Scarcely had we obtained a breathing space in the discourse, scarcely had we recovered from the first feeling of wonder into which we had been surprised, when our man of letters, like one of those poets of whom we have Pope's well-known assurance, that—

They rave, recite, and madden round the land—

gave us new cause for admiration by reciting, off-hand, a considerable portion of his poem, called '*The Storm*;' pulling out of his pocket, as he did so, a couple of pamphlets, being printed copies of the same, one of which he handed to my nephew and the other to myself."

We must allow room for specimens of the waiter, and Cicerone's poetry as well as prose. Here is an extract from the opening scene:—

"World's stormy scenes, the unmeasured fields on high,
Rolling their diversified struggles by,

Say, Muse, high throned ! the howling storms impart,
 All-wise, thou knowest the secrets of the heart.
 Thy superior worth, not of mortal kind,
 Glides from thy heart, and all-considering mind.
 Deep skill'd in past, present, and future fates,
 At every time hurtful wiles antedates ;
 Then with benign vote to the last unfold
 Wild tempests, strong assaults, and attempts bold ;
 The storm's furious contests, involving all,
 Contriving lofty forest-mountain's fall,
 Their convulsions in tempestuous array,
 And Schwarzwald scenes by this canto convey."

The poem concludes with a compliment to England, which for the sake of the fair dames who read the Monthly Review we copy out:—

" ' Hail, old England ! sacred for hero's breast—
 Revered for freedom, and with freedom blest ;
 Where generous feeling and virtue prevail,
 And trade and valour around her isle sail ;
 Where sense of honour guides Britains with smile,
 And freemen protect her sea-begirt isle.
 No hostile intruding power hurts the laws,—
 Laws of freedom, and every righteous cause.
 E'en when war's tumult afar did astray,
 And ruled others with arbitrary sway,
 Thou, lone of Europe, scornst to be his slave,
 Thy all-conquering fleets kept your shores all save ;
 Blest in dear highlands, and vales, and fair lond,
 High, eminent, of valour ever fond.' "

The following is a sample of his moral sentiment and philosophy dressed in prose, the subject being the choice of a profession. Says Mrs. Bray:—

" As well as I can recollect, these were his words:—' Mild ideas of satisfaction I consider to be inconsistent with arbitrary basenesses and iniquity that hurt other good natured men's better feelings, as I say in my summary treatise of the minster and steeple of Friburg in Baden—(the lady has got my treatise). We may advance in moral policies from cruel rivalships and discordant jealousies to a conduct of decency in concordance with ingenious amateness and the love of man ; and avoid prodigal dilapidations of the social orders, by not interfering with systematic good, in other men's getting their bread by the different ways in which they advance, by the means of persuasive industry, to do the rights of all mysterious trades and occupations in the businesses in which they set up. I never could conciliate it to my own sensations of the simplicity of our forefathers' hospitality and

exemplary virtues, having attained the zenith of perfection, as they did, in the super-abundance of constructions of Gothic architecture in the minster and steeple of Friburg in Baden, to give degenerating wounds, and to awake cruel frauds, in taking up any path of life where others, shunning the pathless wilderness of vices and follies (as I have said in my treatise, in the last page)—I never could do these selfish brutalities. And so, anxious to promote ingenious happiness, and parsimoniously leading an ever kind life for the love of man, I thought that to learn English, &c."

We must now rise as regards the weight and value of the matter, which consists of criticism the reverse of being hackneyed, for even the celebrated cathedral of Strasburg is subjected to severe scrutiny, and far from complimentary remark. Then who would dare to speak of the Rhine in the following strain, unless it were one capable and desirous of forming an unbiassed opinion, and also of distinctly giving reasons for the judgment? The description, besides, is good:—

"First, then, although the banks are in many places of vast height, yet are they generally too sloping to produce a striking effect. There are very few precipitous rocks, and none of those are of the fine forms and colour of our Morwel rocks in Devon, which are not half so high. Indeed, one great defect in the rock scenery of the Rhine is its want of good colour. There is in it little of variety, and still less of richness—no woods on the sides of the eminences above the mighty river, but a never-ending succession of low, stunted, unpicturesque vineyards; and these rendered more disagreeable to the eye by an additional formality—that of walls to divide or bank them up. The earth, we are informed, having in very many places been brought to the spot to make a bed of soil for the vineyards, needs such support, or it would fall down the slopes of the eminences."

We follow the critic and the painter into Holland, which:—

"Has not even the slightest approach to the picturesque in any of its objects. Canals, often like ditches in character and smell, run in straight lines for miles and miles, together on every side. Sometimes they are completely covered with duck-weed. Long rows of mop-stick trees frequently adorn both them and the road-side. Every now and then you see a Dutch villa, or a country-house situated near the road as you pass along; and in these I invariably observed that the summer-house which decorates their gardens is placed close to the side of the duck-weeded ditches, frequently overhanging them; so that the company who are seated in these retreats may have the best possible opportunity of enjoying the smell which arises from the green and stagnated waters beneath. However as the Dutch are the greatest smokers on the face of the earth, (though my husband thinks the Germans equal them), the fumes of tobacco may in some measure overcome those of the nuisance whose precincts they seem to delight in with a taste so unique.

"In their gardens may often be seen Chinese bridges crossing some

minor or connecting canal. Cupids made of lead, fat, winged, and punchy, are likewise now and then observed standing on one foot and lifting up the other, as if these attempts at a flying motion had suddenly been converted into a fossil state, for nothing can appear of a more fixed or immoveable nature than such heathen gods of Dutch fashioning. Flower-beds in stiff rows, and flower-pots, no less formally arranged, are also conspicuous adornments in the garden of Mynheer. All is, of course, very neat, for I am convinced the flowers themselves would be scrubbed and dusted would they admit such rough handling."

Again,—

"As you drive on you see the speckled cows of Paul Potter and Berghem grazing on every side in low marshy fields, one field being divided from another, not by hedge-rows as in England, but by ditches and canals. Cows and pasturage are most abundant; yet I never once tasted butter in Holland that I could eat, accustomed as I had been to the excellent butter of Devonshire. Considering the quantity of fine grass there is in this country, I never could comprehend how this could be, till it was by chance explained to me soon after our return to England. My husband held a court, as lord of the manor of Cudlipp town, near Tavistock, and I went with him to keep the feast: many farmers were present; from one, a most intelligent old man, who had a great knowledge of cattle, I learned, that experience had proved to him beyond all question, that the excellence of the cream from which butter is made, and on which the flavour of butter entirely depends, arises solely from the purity of the water drunk by the cows: no wonder, therefore that the Dutch cows, that suck in nothing better than the impurities of ditch-water in marshy grounds and duck-weeded canals, produce a cream that becomes rancid and disagreeable when formed into butter. And I may here also remark, that the water used generally for drinking in Holland is so extremely unwholesome, that it frequently makes strangers very ill: this is more especially the case in Rotterdam."

We conclude with two anecdotes. The first keeps us still in Dutch-land:—

"The king is in the habit of speaking to his subjects with the utmost kindness and familiarity. As he was walking in one of the bye-streets of the Hague, on being overtaken by a shower of rain, he saw some children at play near the door of a poor dwelling, and asked if he might shelter himself under it. Being requested by their mother to walk in, he inquired where her husband was; when, bursting into tears, she said that he had long been buried in the field of Waterloo. The king asked her name, and, on hearing it, said he did not recollect that it was on the pension-list, and expressed his wonder that she had not presented her petition. She said that she had done so again and again, but that the minister refused to receive it. The king then took down her name, and all particulars respecting her late husband; saw the minister, and expressed his displeasure, telling him that he would discard him if he so conducted himself again, and ordered the pension, together with the arrears, to be paid to the poor

widow. His majesty once was passing by when a milk-woman fell with her barrow, and so hurt herself that she could not proceed with it. He not only helped her up, gave her more than the worth of what she had lost, but wheeled the barrow himself to the spot whither she was going."

This of Fuseli, at Zurich:—

"The following anecdote respecting Fuseli's extravagance as a painter was related to me by poor Charles Stothard:—He called one day on Fuseli, and found him very busy. A canvass so large as to fill one side of his painting room was before him—the work far advanced. In one of the lower corners might be seen a bit of the end of a boat. At the top of the picture, in the opposite corner, a bit of the top of a rock, darkness and water between. Stretched right across the whole canvas, one peaked toe just touching the boat, the uplifted arm, on the other side, just touching the rock above, was seen the flying figure of a man of proportions as colossal as the canvas, all the muscles of his form marked as strongly as if they had been bared by the dissecting knife; his eyes flaring, his mouth open, his hair standing on end. 'Mr. Fuseli,' said Charles Stothard, 'what have we here?'—'*Dat is Villiam Tell, jompping out of de boate,*' exclaimed Fuseli, in a stentorian voice, flourishing in one hand the pallet, and in the other the pencil. '*Bless me, Mr. Fuseli, where will he alight when landed?*'"

These ample specimens cannot but recommend Mrs. Bray's "*Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland*;" and shew that the work is informing as well as gossiping; and above all that it is *unique*.

ART. XV.

1. *Elegiac Extracts from Tibullus and Ovid: with English Introductions and Notes.* By WILLIAM RAMSAY. M.A. London: Nutt. 1840.
2. *Nuces Philosophicæ; or the Philosophy of Things as developed from the study of the Philosophy of Words.* By ED. JOHNSON, Esq. No. I. London: Simpkin. 1840.

THERE is an affinity in the purpose of these two publications, although they go to work in very different ways; and indeed in the competency and taste of the authors; for Mr. Ramsay is not only a ripe scholar, accurately accomplished, but a man of sound enlarged judgment, while the other is about as opinionative and superficial a person as it was ever our misfortune to encounter.

Mr. Ramsay's Extracts, he being Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, is intended for students, but addressed to them in a spirit and with an ability, as well as measured discretion, calculated to be of great service to the advanced classical scholar; while it must tend to form the taste of the generous and hearty inquirer into the principles of language and the meaning of things. And all this the book does by means of engaging the student's en-

thusiasm instead of occupying him with dry, empty, or abstract ideas; so that had boys at school or lads at college been generally habituated to Mr. Ramsay's system of reading the Latin Classics, we should have had multitudes of warm instead of pedantic scholars, and thousands of readers who, instead of regarding *words* alone in their literary repulsiveness, would have weighed and estimated them according to their intrinsic signification, as well as discovered in their etymological history curious and instructive incidents, or evidences of *things*.

The method of pursuing the study of the ancient classics has not only been absurd but unnatural, if one considers the real and useful purposes of studying dead languages, which are the parents of the living, and the treasures of bygone intelligence; for one of the consequences most generally experienced has been thorough dislike of all that has been learnt at school or college in these departments, and an unpractical waste of years. The system has been so monstrously absurd and preposterous, as not merely to hammer into boys the translations of Greek and Roman authors, before they had any accurate, not to say warm knowledge of their mother tongue, but before they were capable of understanding the philosophy of language, or the beauty of investiture which the human mind is capable of bestowing upon its natural thoughts. And as if to render the study the more repulsive and unprofitable, the system has been to confine boys or students to what appear to them to be arbitrary rules of declension and conjugation, construction and syntax, rather than to enliven their minds with lessons and illustrations on the genius of the language, its remarkable indexes of thought, and its consanguinity, with all other expressions of mind and meaning in the student's own tongue, and the tongues of other nations.

Now Professor Ramsay has gone to work in a way totally different from the hackneyed and repulsive system of our schools and public seminaries, and in a rational as well as engaging manner too; for while he analyzes and pursues interesting researches in an interesting style, generalizing at the same time, he brings home the instance and the lesson to our moral as well as our intellectual appreciations, shewing also how relatively and in the wide fields of association every word, idea, and thought is combined, ramified and rendered suggestive.

We may outline Mr. Ramsay's method as well as purpose by saying that in his Introductions and annotations he has sought, in a manly and rational spirit, and, as if deeply sensible that he was addressing thinking and associating beings, to make the student take an interest in the life as well as in the literary remains of his choice authors; bringing also to his illustrations and comments a rich variety of kindred proofs and authorities, so as not merely to exhibit the meaning and value of words, but the manner in which they have

been transmuted and employed by different writers. Besides thus explaining words and phrases and fortifying their derivative as well as primitive meanings, the Professor has made his instances and quotations to illuminate the reader as respects the *mythology*, the *antiquities*, the *philosophy*, the *coincidences with Scripture*, &c. In thus illustrating customs, allusions, and doctrines, the student is led to read and appreciate cognate authors, and take delight in kindred and diversified thought; at the very moment too, becoming more and more acquainted with the principles of language, special and universal, the meaning of terms, the forms of construction, and the several styles and states of mind. The study, according to the Professor's instances and indications is both individual and general, positive and relative, direct and diffuse. He deals with reasons as well as with facts; and although he may have to encounter uncertainties, he never misses to educe serviceable instruction.

But what is Mr. Johnson's purpose, and what his execution? His purpose appears to be to arrive at the meaning of words by pursuing them to their roots, and also to prove that every word had at first one distinct meaning, was significant of one distinct thing. We quote two or three passages:—

"I look upon language as a dish of nuts, every word being a nut, and having a little bit of moral philosophy for its kernel. A word is the shell of the nut, and the meaning of the word its kernel. And as every shell contains its own proper kernel, so every word contains its own proper meaning. And as shells which contain no kernels are of no earthly use, save to amuse children, so words having no fixed signification, serve no other purpose than to amuse 'children of a larger growth,' unless it be to afford them matter of contention.

"This being my opinion of words, it follows that we have only to crack these nuts, and the gross sum of all the kernels will give us the gross sum of all moral and political knowledge. But let me further illustrate, by another fable, the fact that words used in an arbitrary sense—words not having a fixed, universal, and determinate meaning not only *do*, but of necessity *must* produce error, confusion, and mischief."

"If the legislators of a country would but first settle among themselves, what is to be uniformly understood by such words as right, wrong, good, bad, better, justice, improvement, reform, honour, dishonour, law, principle &c. &c., I think it is clear that much sound knowledge would take the place of much ridiculous opinion, that good argument would succeed to a mere noisy jargon, and confusion and much misery be superseded by good order, and an increase of human happiness. It would no longer happen as it does now, that the morality of one man is heinous in the eyes of another—that the 'right' of to-day is the 'wrong' of to-morrow—that what one man considers improvement, another believes to be deterioration—that justice often becomes injustice—honour, dishonour—principle, no principle at all—and law itself unlawful."

Speaking of a positive *standard* by which the meaning of words may be regulated and universally established, Mr. Johnson says that he means—

“A standard by which all men, not only OUGHT to regulate the meanings of the words they use, but by which they MUST regulate them, or else MUST pay the penalty of that confusion, discord, mismanagement, and jarring interests, which we see everywhere pervading the great family of mankind; just as certainly as confusion, mismanagement, and failure, must be the lot of any fleet where the signals used to regulate the conduct of the ships are not understood by those who use them, or by those for whose information they are exhibited. In either case it is not a matter of doubt—but a matter of absolute and inevitable necessity.”

“I mean that the word and its meaning are *naturally*, and *necessarily*, not *arbitrarily*, so associated in the mind, that whenever the word is pronounced, it instantly excites in the mind the idea or ideas of which that word is the signal. I say that this *association* in the mind is the *reason* of that word having been *made the sign* of that or those *ideas*, and no other. I say that every word carries with it its own meaning, and that if it do not, it has *no meaning at all*. I say that the meaning of a word is not and cannot be arbitrary, but is inherent and intrinsic—that the word and its meaning are inseparable—that the meaning of a word belongs to it as a part of itself—that the word is given to the meaning and not the meaning to the word—that they are to each other in the relation of cause and effect, and the meaning is the cause of the word—that there is, therefore, a natural relation between the sign and the thing signified, from which the word results—and that this natural relation is indestructible so long as the word remains a word, for as soon as that relation is destroyed, there is no longer any *reason* why a particular word should be made the sign of any one idea or set of ideas more than another, unless indeed it be universal consent, which can only be obtained with regard to the very commonest sensible objects—and, there being now no longer any reason why that particular word should represent any one particular idea, or set of ideas, more than another, it will soon be made the sign of fifty different ideas by fifty different people—and as soon as this happens, it ceases to be a word, having lost the great attribute of words, viz. the power of communicating ideas, and becomes a mere empty and senseless sound, meaning anything which he who uses it may choose to attach to it, and, therefore, meaning nothing at all to others, since it is manifest that a word which may mean anything, does, in reality, mean nothing.’

He says, in reference to the study of moral metaphysics, that—

“The ignorance and error, in which the subject is wrapt, have chiefly arisen from the ignorance and error which prevail with regard to the nature, the uses, and significations of words.

“The earlier writers on language taught first that words are the signs of things, and afterwards that they are the signs of ideas; from which men have jumped to the conclusion that each separate word is the sign of a se-

parate idea, which being a fallacy, has given birth to whole hosts of fallacious opinions—‘has caused’ as Horne Tooke says, ‘a metaphysical jargon, and a false morality.’ In the very infancy of language, it is indeed highly probable, that every single word was the sign of some single sensible object, and these words were sufficient for *the bare purpose of communicating ideas*. But as men multiplied—as the number of their *ideas* increased—as their wants became more numerous—as their intercourse with each other became more frequent—as their occupation became more various, and important, and consequently their time became more precious, it became necessary *not only that they should be able to communicate their ideas* but that they should *also be able to do so with expedition and rapidity*. Necessity is the mother of invention. Accordingly, contrivances have been discovered whereby much time is saved in the communication of ideas. Words have been invented which are not themselves the signs of separate ideas, but of a vast number of ideas at one time; or, if you prefer it, words which are the signs of other words. Thus in order to communicate the idea of a house, it would be sufficient to call it a thing consisting of bricks and mortar, and tiles, and timber, and floors, and stoves, and chimneys, and windows, and doors, &c. &c. But this would be exceedingly inconvenient, and would occupy far too much time. We therefore use the word *HOUSE* and make that word *HOUSE* stand for all the ideas of the several things of which a house is composed; or, if you prefer it, the word *HOUSE* stand as the sign of all those words which a man must use in order to describe the several parts of which a house is composed. Thus, apart from the ideas of the several things composing a house—that is, apart from the ideas of bricks, and mortar, and windows, and roof, &c., we have, of course, no idea conveyed by this word *house*. When the word *HOUSE* was first invented it did not bring to us a single idea which we had not before. What would you say of a man who should talk, and argue, and quarrel about the idea of a house, as an idea existing in his mind distinct and apart from the ideas of the several matters and things which constitute a house? You would say unhesitatingly that the man had in his mind no such idea—that it was impossible—and that he was, in fact, disputing about a word, a mere sound, and not about an idea. For when the ideas of the bricks, and the mortar, and the wood-work, and the tiles, and the iron-work are removed from the mind, what has become of the idea of the house? Of course it also has vanished. So of the words *beauty*, *charity*, &c.”

What is to be done to cure this ignorance and this error?—

“Let moral philosophers study the laws to which men, in common with all other living beings, as well vegetable as animal, owes his general nature, so to speak, and also those other laws to which he owes his individual or characteristic and distinctive nature—let them, like the chemist, take these laws for their guide—and the science of chemistry, and the result of the study will be, not opinion, but knowledge. And it will be far less difficult. For the chemist requires a laboratory, and instruments, and furnaces, and machinery, and an almost infinite variety of substances upon which to experiment. The moral philosopher needs none of these. All his experi-

ments can be made upon himself. He has only to study his own nature—to watch the operations of his own mind. He who would solve a problem in algebra must first study the nature of numbers; and he who would solve a problem in moral philosophy must first study the nature of man. The grand distinguishing attributes of the nature of man are the faculty of speech, and its result—the multiplication of ideas. And as he who would become master of the science of algebra must study not only the nature of numbers but also first make himself thoroughly acquainted with the nature and use of algebraical signs, and figures which represent numbers; so he who would become master of the science of moral philosophy must study not only the nature of ideas, but also the nature and use of those signs and figures of ideas, viz. words.

It seems to me that legislators and popular instructors have almost entirely overlooked this subject—the study of human nature—or else have avoided it as not relevant to the object in view. Thus hundreds of books have been written, and thousands of speeches spoken, without once stopping to enquire into the nature of that being towards whose welfare they are anxious to contribute. They have sought to benefit him without stopping to enquire what is calculated to do so, and what not.

Another reason why the study of moral philosophy has been so generally avoided as a science, is on account of the heaps of learned lumber with which it has been encumbered. Men are afraid to approach a study, the language of which is so loaded with learned, mysterious, and unintelligible terms. The writers on this subject have felt their own ignorance, and have sought to conceal it under the mask of erudition—to mystify those whom they could not instruct—and to inspire into the minds of men a notion of superiority, as understanding things which nobody else can understand. Thus men have acquired an idea that it is an exceedingly dry and uninteresting study. But it is only dry and uninteresting because it is not understood. For the same reason the study of mathematics has acquired the double character of being the driest of all possible studies, and also the most fascinating. Those who understand it have given it the one character, while it has only received the other from those who do *not* understand it. Why do all the world so much admire simplicity both of language and manners? Because simple language is so easily understood; and we love simplicity of manners because we can easily understand the actuating motive of those whose manners are unaffected, but not to those whose manners are artificial. Any science, therefore, may be made interesting by treating it in such a manner as to make it readily understood, and by the use of language which is simple, and a phraseology unencumbered with useless learning."

Without stopping to inquire whether all of these assertions are exactly correct, or whether they be wholly consistent with one another, we remark, that they are almost pure assertions, that they are but the repetition of what has been often said before, that verbosity and dogmatism are their characteristics, and that much practical use, as respects the "*Philosophy of Things*," is not likely to result from our author's manner and developments, or even from

that of any other person who confines himself to mere verbal distinctions and definitions, instead of regarding customs in things, and obdurate prejudices of thought.

We deny that the laws of language or those of the constitution of man's mind and its expression are, as Mr. Johnson seems to assert, as cognizable, and indeed as readily subjected to experiment, as the objects or materials with which the chemist has to deal. All the experiments of the moral philosopher, he declares, "can be made upon himself;" and he also with equal positiveness asserts, that these experiments are therefore the more easy and simple. The *therefore* we interpret in quite an opposite manner; and for this among other reasons,—because the moral philosopher has neither the adequate instruments, the settled and fixed phenomena, nor the power of manipulation in the use of these instruments and their application to these phenomena, which the chemist can command. The one has not the laboratory, the furnaces, the machinery, nor the tangible substances of the other.

We need not, however, pursue these manifest distinctions and departures from analogy; but at once pronounce that the difference and the difficulty are demonstrated by the very fact that ignorance and error prevail in the one department, while certainty, truth, and unanimity predominate in the other; and this is not merely the real but the natural result.

With regard to Mr. Johnson's competency of judgment and extent of preparative knowledge and acquirements for the performance of the task he has set himself to perform, perhaps the following passage relative to the studies of theologians may shed some light:—

"He has stored his mind with the wisdom of the ancients! Has he so? I will thank any one to tell me wherein the wisdom of the ancients consisted. Was it in their belief of witchcraft and divination, auguries and oracles? Was it in their belief of countless numbers of presiding deities? In the doctrine of the Monad, Duad, Triad, and Tetractys? In the dreams of the theorists and speculations of the Sebastikoi? I will thank any one who has Plato and Aristotle by heart, and the Greek historians and tragedians at his fingers' ends, to inform me of any one *philosophical truth* which he has derived from them. With the sole exceptions of geometry, and something *approaching* the truth in astronomy, what knew they of the laws of nature—the sole foundation of all knowledge? Their history is a fable, and their philosophy a farce."

We do not attempt to argue, where argument is needless and facts are triumphant and notorious. But we may observe that this *indicative* passage is from a Dedication to "the members of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association," Mr. Johnson being one of the number, comparing in a fulsomely flattering and self-congratulatory style his own profession with those of Theology and

Law ; his reiterated assertion being that the two latter are greatly inferior to the former one, not merely as respects the sphere of study, but the powers and habits of mind which it engages, develops, and matures. We quote some of his words :—

“ What then are the intellectual treasures which the young *Christian* divine can derive from his study of the *heathen* writers ?

Secondly, he must make himself acquainted with the rhetoric, and the logic, and the metaphysics of the schools. That is to say, he must learn to reason, not according to *truth*, but according to *rule*. Thirdly, he is expected to be well read in the early Theologians, the Fathers, and their commentators—large portions of whose works are devoted to the discussion of such knotty points as—whether Eve was created *within* or on the *outside* of Paradise—whether angels can, under any circumstances, eat, drink, and speak—whether angels had any share in the creation of Adam and Eve—whether virgins alone be admitted ‘*ad collegium angelorum*’—how many angels can stand, at one time, on the point of a fine needle (one of them calculate the exact number)—whether angels illuminate each other, &c. &c. See Treatise on the Celestial Hierarchy, by Dionysius the Areopagite—the question ‘*De cognitione Angelorum*’ of St. Thomas—the Thesaurus of Cocceius, &c. Much that has been written by these authors could not be tolerated in the present day as sufficiently decorous for publication. See Tertullian—the Pædagogus of Clemens Alexandrinus—and Chrysostom, as quoted by La Mothe le Vayer in his *Hexameron Rustique*, *Journee Seconde*. This may be learning, but it is not knowledge.

“ Finally, whatever be the attainments which the student in divinity brings with him from college, they are but borrowed plumage which he cannot claim as his own. The thoughts and opinions which he has derived from the ancients are the thoughts and opinions of others—not his own. His own mind is merely the warehouse in which other men’s knowledge is garnered—if that can be called knowledge, which is but vague, speculative, and questionable *opinion*.

And what are the intellectual attainments necessary to qualify the law-student for the exercise of his profession ? To have (if it were possible) the *statutes at large* by heart—to store his memory with acts of parliament, and all such other writings as define the laws—and to have on the tip of his tongue, ready on all occasions, to hang a thief or save a thief, the previous decision of previous judges, which can be brought to bear on doubtful cases. Here again the faculty of the mind called into operation is *still the memory only*. The knowledge of the most profound lawyer consists solely in his recollection of the *opinions and writings* of other men, whether in the shape of acts of parliament or of adjudged cases—or rather, it is not knowledge at all—it is but fallible *opinion*, and consequently may be, and much of it has already been, *proved to be false*. To the law-student also, three years are, as I believe, the allotted period of study. Nor am I questioning either the propriety of this term, or the necessity of law-learning. I am only showing that it does not require a high order of intellect to master it, nor any large endowment of philosophical knowledge to become a profound lawyer.

"Three years are also allotted by law for prosecuting the study of medicine and surgery. But how are these three years employed by the medical student? Not in loading the mind with heaps of *mere opinions*, and calling it knowledge. Not in learning by heart what other men have said and thought, and appropriating it as his own. But in observing and contemplating the laws and operations of nature for himself. In finding out for himself **THAT WHICH IS**—which is the sole foundation and '*ultima linea*' of all human knowledge—which is, in fact, *knowledge itself*. Every other species of so-called knowledge may be, and is disputed, and often controverted, while **THIS ALONE** remains immutable, eternal, and incontrovertible. And what is the nature of his principal studies? Having first acquired a respectable share of classical learning (and but little is sufficient of that which is *merely ornamental*), the student in medicine and surgery is not considered by the law competent to administer a dose of rhubarb to an infant until he has devoted three years to the study of anatomy, surgery, chemistry, pharmaceutics, physiology, pneumatics, botany, the doctrines of light, heat, and electricity, and indeed nearly the whole round of philosophical learning. Nor is he even now considered competent. He must prove, by examination, that he has not only *studied*, but that he has *acquired*. And in his examination there is scarcely one of the sciences in which he may not be questioned, and *rejected* if he answer improperly. A student only the other day narrowly escaped rejection for not being able to tell on the instant the exact ratio according to which the intensity of heat increases from the earth's circumference towards its centre.

"A respectable share of classical learning!" Why, there is not one in ten of medical practitioners who have obtained a respectable share of classical learning, much less of philosophical, or even of mechanical. The fact is notorious too, that a great proportion of them are mere sciolists in theological studies and religious opinions,—materialists, in short, just as if their acquaintance with the wonderful conformation of the human frame, entitled them to pronounce it the nicest and the most perfect, the *ne plus ultra* of Divine creation, power and wisdom. But to bring the matter to a positive conclusion and in a single sentence by one test, let the reader and impartial comparer ask and answer this question—in the republic of letters, do the monuments and remains of medical men constitute one tithe of those which proclaim and have handed down to us the names and works of Theologians and Lawyers, not merely in England, but in every civilised country in ancient and modern times.

It would have given us pleasure had it been consistent with our opinions, to have spoken of Mr. Johnson's "*Philosophy of Things*" in a different strain. We may hereafter, as the work proceeds, which is to appear in *monthly* parts, find reason to speak more favourably; for assuredly the field chosen admits of extensive culture and curious illustration. But even although cultivated and illustrated, we do not expect that the produce will have such practical value as the author anticipates. One thing certainly will not be

the result, though fondly contemplated by Mr. Johnson—it will never “supply the place of the *Pickwick* and *Nickleby* literature of the present day,” whatever be the morsels of substantial food which the author promises to furnish; for these must be comparatively dry, even although he had the power and taste to render them rich, sound, and highly flavoured.

NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*The Second Funeral of Napoleon; in Three Letters to Miss Smith, of London. And the Chronicle of the Drum.* By MR. M. A. TITMARSH. London: Cunningham.

OUR serio-satirical friend Titmarsh has here, by pen and pencil, given a good yet sarcastic account, of the theatrical pageant that so recently turned the heads of the French at the re-interment of Bonaparte's bones. His narrative of the event is historically correct, in the first place, beginning at St. Helena, and ending at Paris. But, secondly, his mode of moralizing, and the matter of his comments, are new and philosophic, although not always extremely happy. Touches and bits, however, are excellently well pointed;—his taste, his feelings, and principles, prevent him from ever giving offence by a mockery of the real solemnities of death and the tomb, or of natural grief and decent mourning. We must give samples of these letters, where it only on account of the celebrated Miss Smith, of London, whose name we delight to keep before the public. Take some Titmarshish remarks on history:—

“It is no easy task in this world to distinguish between what is great in it, and what is mean; and many and many is the puzzle that I have had in reading history, (or the works of fiction which go by that name,) to know whether I should laud up to the skies, and endeavour, to the best of my small capabilities, to imitate the remarkable character about him whom I was reading, or whether I should fling aside the book and the hero of it, as things altogether base, unworthy, laughable, and get a novel, or a game of billiards, or a pipe of tobacco, or the report of the last debate in the House, or any other employment which would leave the mind in a state of easy vacuity, rather than pester it with a vain set of dates relating to actions which are in themselves not worth a fig, or with a parcel of names of people whom it could do one no earthly good to remember.”

His reflections upon *history* and *humbug* are not limited to what we have now quoted; and they are too sage and original to be summarily dismissed:—

“Madam, historians for the most part know very little; and, secondly, only tell a little of what they know. As for those Greeks and Romans whom you have read of in sheep-skin, were you to know really what those monsters were, you would blush all over as red as a hollyhock, and put down the history-book in a fury. Many of our English worthies are no

better. You are not in a situation to know the real characters of any one of them. They appear before you in their public capacities, but the individuals you know not. Suppose, for instance, your mamma had purchased her tea in the Borough, from a grocer living there by the name of Greenacre; suppose you had been asked out to dinner, and the gentleman of the house had said, 'Ho! François; a glass of champagne for Miss Smith;' Courvoisier would have served you just as any other footman would; you would never have known that there was anything extraordinary in these individuals, but would have thought of them only in their respective public characters of grocer and footman. This, madam, is history; in which a man always appears dealing with the world in his apron, or his laced livery, but which has not the power, or the leisure, or, perhaps, is too high and mighty, to condescend to follow and study him in his privacy. Ah, my dear, when big and little men come to be measured rightly, and great and small actions to be weighed properly, and people to be stripped of their royal robes, beggars' rags, generals' uniforms, seedy out-at-elbowed coats, and the like, or the contrary,—nay, when souls come to be stripped of their wicked, deceiving bodies, and turned out stark-naked as they were before they were born, what a strange startling sight shall we see, and what a pretty figure shall some of us cut. Fancy now we shall see Pride, with his Stultz clothes and padding pulled off, and dwindled down to a forked radish! Fancy some angelic virtue, whose white raiment is suddenly whisked over his head, shewing us cloven feet and a tail. Fancy humility, eased of its sad load of cares, and want, and scorn, walking up to the very highest place of all, and blushing as he takes it. Fancy—but we must not fancy such a scene at all, which would be an outrage on public decency. Should we be any better than our neighbours? No, certainly; and as we can't be virtuous, let us be decent. Fig-leaves are a very decent, becoming wear, and have been now in fashion for four thousand years. And so, my dear, history is written on fig-leaves: would you have anything further? O fie! Yes, four thousand years ago that famous tree was planted. At their very first lie, our first parents made for it, and there it is still, the great HUMBUG PLANT, stretching its wide arms, and sheltering beneath its leavess, as broad and green as ever, all the generations of men. Thus, my dear, coquettes of your fascinating sex cover their persons with figgery, fantastically arranged, and call their masquerading modesty. Cowards fig themselves out fiercely as 'salvage men,' and make us believe that they are warriors; fools look very solemnly out from the dusk of the leaves, and we fancy in the gloom that they are sages; and many a man sets a great wreath about his pate, and struts abroad a hero, whose claims we would all of us laugh at, could we but remove the ornament, and see his numskull bare."

Another sample will enhance the reader's admiration of Mr: Michael Angelo Titmarsh's humour. It is upon the armorial bearings of Napoleon's generals, displayed in the Church of the Invalides:—

"*Ventrebleue*, Madam! what need have *they* of coats of arms and coronets, and wretched imitations of old, exploded, aristocratic gewgaws, that they had flung out of the country, with the heads of the owners in them sometimes,—for, indeed, they were not particular,—a score of years before? What business, forsooth, had they to be meddling with gentility, and aping its

ways, who had courage, merit, daring, genius sometimes, and a pride of their own to support, if proud they were inclined to be? A clever young man, (who was not of a high family himself, but he had been bred up genteelly at Eton, and the university,) young Mr. George Canning, at the commencement of the French revolution, sneered at 'Roland the Just with ribbons in his shoes;' and the dandies, who then wore buckles, voted the sarcasm monstrous killing. It was a joke, my dear, worthy of a lucky, or of a silly, smart, *parvenu*, not knowing the society into which his luck had cast him, (God bless him; in later years they taught him what they were!) and fancying in his silly intoxication that simplicity was ludicrous, and fashion respectable. See, now, fifty years are gone, and where are shoe-buckles? Extinct, defunct, kicked into the irrevocable past off the toes of all Europe! How fatal to the *parvenu* throughout history has been this respect for shoe-buckles! Where, for instance, would the empire of Napoleon have been, if Ney and Lannes had never sported such a thing as a coat of arms, and had only written their simple names on their shields, after the fashion of Desaix's scutcheon yonder! The bold republican who led the crowning charge at Marengo, and sent the best blood of the holy Roman empire to the right-about, died before the wretched, misbegotten, imperial heraldry was born that was to prove so fatal to the father of it. It has always been so; they won't amalgamate. A country must be governed by the one principle or the other; but give in a republic an aristocracy ever so little chance, and it works, and plots, and sneaks, and bullies, and sneers itself into place, and you find democracy out of doors. Is it good that the aristocracy should so triumph? That is a question that you may settle according to your own notions and taste; and, permit me to say, I do not care twopence how you settle it. Large books have been written upon the subject in a variety of languages, and coming to a variety of conclusions. Great statesmen are there in our country, from Lord Londonderry down to Mr. Vincent, each in his degree maintaining his different opinion. But here, in the matter of Napoleon, is a simple fact: he founded a great, glorious, strong, potent republic, able to cope with the best aristocracies in the world, and perhaps to beat them all; he converts his republic into a monarchy, and surrounds his monarchy with what he calls aristocratic institutions,—and you know what becomes of him. The people estranged, the aristocracy faithless, (when did they ever pardon one who was not of themselves?) the imperial fabric tumbles to the ground. If it teaches nothing else, my dear, it teaches one a great point of policy,—namely, to stick by one's party."

We have given it as our opinion in another article, that there is a great deal of nonsense, cant and humbug constantly uttered relative to our alliance with the French, and are glad to have such high authority to back us as that of a Michael Angelo. He says:—

"The French hate us. They hate us, my dear, profoundly and desperately; and there never was such a hollow humbug in the world as the French alliance. Men get a character for patriotism in France merely by hating England. Directly they go into strong opposition (where, you know, people are always more patriotic than on the ministerial side), they appeal to the people, and have their hold on their people by hating England in common with them. Why? It is a long story; and the hatred may be

accounted for by many reasons, both political and social. Any time these eight hundred years this ill-will has been going on, and has been transmitted, on the French side, from father to son: on the French side, not on ours; we have had no (or few) defeats to complain of,—no invasions to make us angry. But you see that to discuss such a period of time would demand a considerable number of pages; and for the present we will avoid the examination of the question. But they hate us,—that is the long and short of it."

The "Chronicle of the Drum" is in verse that sounds and beats as if it had been written during a roll-call. It is spirited and pithy. The Chronicler relates the feats that have been achieved to the rattle of his drum, from Henry of Navarre's time down to those of the re-intombed Emperor. Here are specimens:—

"Brought up in the art military
For four generations we are;
My ancestors drummed for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
And as each man in life has his station
According as Fortune may fix,
While Condé was waving the baton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.
Ah! those were the days for commanders!
What glories my grandfather won,
Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders,
The fortunes of France had undone!
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—
What foeman resisted us then?
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.
He died, and our noble battalions
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook;
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to King Louis;
Corbleu! how his majesty swore,
When he heard they had taken my grandsire,
And twelve thousand gentlemen more!

* * * * *

"I looked when the drumming was o'er,
I looked, but our hero was gone;
We were destined to see him once more,
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.
The Emperor rode through our files;
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn;
The lines of our warriors for miles
Stretched wide through the Waterloo corn.
In thousands we stood on the plain,
The red coats were crowning the height;
'Go scatter yon English,' he said;

'We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.'
 We answered his voice with a shout !
 Our eagles were bright in the sun ;
 Our drums and our cannon spoke out,
 And the thundering battle begun.
 One charge to another succeeds,
 Like waves that a hurricane bears ;
 All day do our galloping steeds
 Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.
 At noon we began the fell onset,
 We charged up the Englishman's hill ;
 And madly we charged it at sunset.—
 His banners were floating there still.
 Go to ! I will tell you no more ;
 You know how the battle was lost.
 Ho ! fetch me a beaker of wine,
 And, comrades, I'll give out a toast.
 I'll give you a curse on all traitors,
 Who plotted our Emperor's ruin ;
 And a curse on those red-coated English,
 Whose bayonets helped our undoing.'''

ART. XVII.—*The Domestic Management of the Sick Room, necessary in Aid of Medical Treatment for the Cure of Diseases.* By A. T. THOMSON, M.D. Longman.

DR. THOMSON has brought the results of extensive observation to bear upon certain philosophic or scientific principles in this important work : so as to teach nurses and others who have not any regular medical knowledge how to second the prescriptions of the physician, by regulations and treatment in respect of air, aliment, light and darkness of the sick chamber, exercise, &c., the patient himself, in many cases, having the power of self-management. The doctor communicates valuable information and throws out striking suggestions with regard to the regulation of the mind and its passions ; while his observations relative to the training of the young from their birth to puberty, so as to invigorate the constitution, are not less important and sensible. Many directions are given, too, respecting specific diseases ; and when it is understood that Dr. Thomson's subject embraces everything which it seems needful to say concerning the furniture proper for a sick room, cleanliness, the application of leeches, &c., the preparation of poultices, &c., the use and kinds of baths, the choice of nurses, and many such means of cure, it will be at once perceived that the subject of his book is broad, varied, and interesting ; and that it admits of learned as well as copious elucidation.

Having in a former paper called attention to the subject of Medical Reform, we shall here quote a passage to show how inoperative and practically deficient may be all the improvements suggested by Dr. Sinclair, Mr. Hawes, or Mr. Warburton, unless great care be taken in the matter of treatment in the sick room.

"When all the arrangements are completed in the sick room, little benefit can be anticipated if a proper nurse be not obtained to render them available to the invalid. Before describing the qualifications requisite to constitute an efficient nurse, I cannot avoid embracing this opportunity of mentioning the great difficulty of procuring properly-instructed nurses in this country. It is, indeed, to be greatly lamented, that amidst the numerous improvements which characterise the present æra, the females who assume to themselves the character of sick-nurses, and are employed as such, are still left to acquire information respecting the important duties which their office demands, from imperfect experience, or from accident. We expect that the skill of our medical attendants shall be certified by diplomas and licences before they are permitted to practice; but we leave their orders to be executed by the ignorant and the prejudiced, who not only too often fail in performing what they are ordered, but who, with the usual temerity of ignorance, presume to oppose their own opinions to those of the physician. Every female who wishes to act as a sick-nurse, should be obliged to serve a certain time as an assistant nurse in one of the public hospitals, and to receive a certificate of her efficiency before she leaves the establishment. The advantages which the public would derive from a body of nurses educated in this manner, must be obvious to every one who has had opportunities of observing the miserable working of the present system. We should no longer have to lament the neglect of cleanliness, inattention to ventilation and temperature, an obstinate and presumptuous opposition to the orders of the medical practitioner in reference to diet: we should no longer hear of doses of medicine being given hazardous to life, or of patients poisoned by topical applications administered as internal medicines, and of numerous other evils which are now, unhappily, of daily occurrence."

Hear how the imagination may influence the effects of medicines:—

"Peculiar effects of medicines sometimes depend on the imagination of the invalid, sometimes on preconceived prejudices respecting the action of the medicines. Many instances of these influences might be mentioned; but three will suffice to demonstrate their power. The late Dr. James Gregory had ordered an opiate to a young man, to relieve sleepless nights under which he had suffered in convalescence from fever. He informed the patient that he had prescribed an *anodyne*, to be taken at bed-time; but the invalid being somewhat deaf, understood him to say an *aperient*. Next morning, on the doctor inquiring whether he had slept after the anodyne, he replied, 'Anodyne! I thought it was an aperient; and it has, indeed, operated briskly.' A female lunatic was admitted into the County Asylum at Hanwell, under Sir William Ellis: she imagined that she was labouring under a complaint which required the use of mercury; but Sir William, finding that the idea of the existence of that disease was an insane delusion, yet considering that flattering the opinion of the lunatic to a certain degree would be favourable to the recovery of her reason, ordered *bread pills* for her, and called them mercurial pills: after a few days she was salivated, and the pills were discontinued; on again ordering them after the salivation had subsided, she was a second time affected in the same manner; and this again happened on the recurrence to the use of the pills a third time. A lady, who was under the author's care, assured him that opium in any form

always caused headache, and restlessness, and vomiting on the following morning: and on prescribing laudanum for her under its usual name, 'tinctura opii,' he found that her account of its effects was correct; but on prescribing it under the term 'tinctura thebaica,' which she did not understand (she read every prescription), it produced its usual salutary effect; and was continued for some time without inducing the smallest inordinate action. The author has also met with instances where similar prejudices respecting particular medicines were as readily overcome. Nostrums owe the beneficial powers which they occasionally display to this influence of the imagination.

ART. XVIII.—*An Essay on the Congress of Nations for the Adjustment of International Disputes without Recourse to Arms.* By WM. LADD. Ward.

THIS Essay contains the substance of a number of others on the same subject, a reward having been offered by the American Peace Society for the best that should be produced. About forty were sent in, but the judges were unable to decide which one out of five of them, ought to gain the prize. After various proceedings, it was determined that the President of the Society, Mr. Ladd, should take upon himself the task of extracting "all the matter from the rejected essays worth preserving." This he set himself to do; and the volume before us is the fruit of his labour.

It is a respectable volume both as regards thought and feeling. Even its literary execution is creditable, and by no means pie-bald or apparently patched and dovetailed; for Mr. Ladd seems to have digested well the substance of the contributions submitted to him, and no doubt added considerably from his own independent mint; thus producing unity of doctrine, and uniformity of manner.

The course recommended in the Essay is that two congresses be instituted,—one legislative and the other judicial. The duty of the former ought to be that of forming an international code of laws, so as to set at rest the still disputed points; and that of the latter to decide upon such cases of dispute as might from time to time arise between particular states. Each of our readers will judge for himself relative to the practical power, and efficiency of such institutions.

ART. XIX.—*What can be done to suppress the Opium Trade.* By WILLIAM GROSER. Richardson.

MR. GROSER, who styles himself Secretary to the Anti-Opium Society, of course, strongly reprobates the Opium Trade; says, it is within the power of the East India Company to repress it; and that if the Leadenhall Street sovereigns neglect or refuse to perform that which humanity and morals so imperiously call for, then the British public, who can do it, must abolish the devastating evil without delay.

ART. XX.—*The Works of Josephus. Part VII. Virtue.*
THE "Antiquities" are concluded in this Part; and "The Wars of the Jews; or the History of the Destruction of Jerusalem," is commenced.

ART. XXI.—*Canadian Scenery. Part 8. Virtue.*

PERHAPS it is because this part is the last of these Illustrations into which we have looked, that we think its plates the most clear, the points the best defined, and the harmony the most perfect that we have yet discovered even in this exquisite work. We have not had leisure to look into the letter-press.

ART. XXII.—*An Index of Prohibited Books, by Command of the Present Pope Gregory XVI., in 1835; being the latest Specimen of the Literary Policy of the Church of Rome.* By the REV. JOSEPH MENDHAM, M.A. Duncan.

THE title of this book is a misleading one, for it contains an old index of works prohibited some centuries ago, although later Popes may have proved their literary policy to be far behind the spirit of their age, by renewals of an absurd, a blind, and what must generally be an idle and despised expression of authority. We do not, however, think that Mr. Mendham has manifested so much of sound discretion and liberality as of zeal on the present occasion; for the index is made use of as a text for a violent and virulent assault on Catholicism, and of certain Catholic publications as well as writers.

ART. XXIII.—*Antippery.* By JOHN ROGERS.

THIS is a new, or rather a remodelled edition of a curious volume by Mr. Rogers, that was noticed by us on its first appearance. The author on the former occasion attacked other churches and sects, but now confines himself to the Scarlet Lady: and certainly he neither wants will nor ability to strike hard. His learning and reading, too, are considerable; but what is more, he is an originalist. The subject of his book, and the nature of the controversy forbid us entering into any scrutiny of the author's arguments. The Rev. Joseph Mendham should be applied to by Mr. Rogers, if a review written in a congenial spirit is earnestly desired.

ART. XXIV.—*The Accidence and Principles of English Grammar.* By B. H. SMART.

A VALUABLE work,—an excellent purpose ably carried out; for Mr. Sharp has not only perceived, but clearly illustrated that grammar is regulated by rational principles, and that it is closely allied to other and high departments of science as well as art; and also that words are to be regarded as the signs of things or of ideas.

ART. XXV.—*Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, with Appendices and Plans of School-Houses.*

PROGRESS after all is being made, although long deferred was the practical beginning, in behalf of National Education; and what is still more encouraging that which has already been done or suggested by the Committee of Council, appears to be so judicious and so necessary the moment that it is

understood, that much of the alarm and the heat which so long prevailed with regard to the Government plan and experiment is settling down into a temperate state ; so that the probability is that ere long, an almost unanimous demand will be made for education to all, and to be superintended by some one national board formed upon a liberal and comprehensive basis. From the "Minutes" we shall now quote one short passage referring to play-grounds, which are with the most obvious propriety recommended to be attached to school-houses. After stating that the absence of such accommodation is a serious defect, for it renders the street the resort of the children after school-hours, it is remarked,—

"If the master be unprovided with an exercise-ground, he is without the most effectual means of ascertaining, by being a spectator, or joining in their sports, the characters of the children under his care, and of training their habits. At the best, the teacher of a day-school cannot hope altogether to correct the effects of evil example at the child's home ; and therefore to increase the beneficial influence of his own more elevated mind on the thoughts and habits of his scholars, he should possess the means of attracting them to spend a large portion of the time devoted to exercise in the neighbourhood of the school-house, where the development of character may proceed under his better than paternal care. The physical training of the children may therefore be usefully provided for on other grounds than its tendency to develop the muscular powers, and to render the scholars robust and vigorous. The physical exercises of the play-ground extend the moral influence of the teacher, by encouraging the children to remain under his care during the hours of recreation."

ART. XXVI.—*Erro, a Romantic Poem.* By EDWARD NOYCE BROWNE.
London : Hodgson.

A GRIEF-SHADOWED pilgrim, an old man, wanders about, and is made to take a share, more or less in the stories told, which, if the public reception of the two before us be favourable, are to be increased in number. We, however, see nothing in the plan or in the execution, so far as Mr. Browne has yet gone, to make us long for more ; nor anything much better or worse than hundreds of maidens and young men are constantly surfeiting us with, in the shape of verse.

ART. XXVII.—*A Present from Germany ; or the Christmas-Tree.* Translated from the German by EMILY BERRY. London : Fox.

A CHILD'S book, containing a diversity of little tales, charged with lessons and sentimentality, sometimes peculiarly German, of a moral and religious nature. The descriptions of external nature will reach and interest a child's mind, and guide to pleasurable and profitable observation.

ART. XXVIII.—*Wild Flowers from the Glens.* By E. J. J. Dublin : Curry and Co.

TALKS of a romantic cast, illustrative of the superstitions of the Glens of Antrim, and descriptive of the scenery. The authoress is not only young

but unassuming, modest but gifted,—a natural alliance. More experience will cure her, probability, of a tendency to over-lay her Wild Flowers with those of words, and also lend her a deeper insight into character. But a warmer enthusiasm for nature and country, and a more amiable or pious spirit we do not look for, and can hardly desire.

ART. XXIX.—*Fisher's Historic Illustrations of the Bible. Division II.*

The "Descent from the Cross" in this portion of these Illustrations, is not only, in a pecuniary view, worth double the price charged for the "Division," but the purchaser will experience much difficulty in procuring an engraving of this celebrated work by Rubens, at all equal to the one before us. When we mention that there are others from pictures and designs by West, Guercino, and N. Poussin, we need not say more than that all the prints are remarkably good, considering the scale and price of the publication.

ART. XXX.—*The Child and the Hermit: or a Sequel to the Story without an End.* By C. M. Darton and Clarke.

WHEN we say, and it is not more than the truth, that the Sequel is worthy of being joined to Goethe's Story, what higher praise can we bestow? The author has not only imbibed the spirit of the great prototype in the gladdening and sacred work of directing, conducting, and enlarging the child's mind and tastes throughout the realms which that beautiful and wondrous school, nature, furnishes; but we think we discover exquisite touches of instructive sentiment and of tender appeals, which feminine feeling can alone contribute. The wood-engravings are suitable and fine.

ART. XXXI.—*Dictionary of the Art of Printing, No. 9.* By WILLIAM SAVAGE. London: Longman.

THIS number begins with a continuation of the article *Imposing*, and ends with abbreviations of *Law Authorities*. The article *Ink*, of course, is included, and is not without a popular interest; while that of *Irish*, we imagine, must be of importance to the Trade, at the same time that it deals with curious specimens in the history of alphabets and of letters—the signs of sounds.

ART. XXXII.—*Religion and her Name. A Metrical Tract; with Notes.* By JOHN SEARCH. London: Ridgway.

JOHN SEARCH, is a searching, pungent, and learned writer, and in a novel shape, manfully stands up in behalf of education for the poor, besides lashing anomalies disgraceful to professors of religion, as well as to the history of churches.

ART. XXXIII.—*A Catalogue of Books.* HENRY C. BOHN. 1841

THERE certainly never was a catalogue of books published in any country that could be compared to this, either as to size or the number of works

which it names. It contains upwards of 2000 octavo and closely printed pages, the actual outlay, towards the compilation of it, Mr. Bohn tells us, having been upwards of 2000 pounds, besides his own trouble, which must have been prolonged for years, and laborious.

The catalogue is intended to represent Mr. Bohn's celebrated and select stock, either in actual possession or accessible. The prices are mentioned, the best editions are chosen, and various particulars are generally stated, so as to inform and satisfy the collectors of splendid or rare books. We should say that the portly volume must be eagerly sought after and perused by every one smitten with Biblio-mania, and also that it will bring a remunerating list of purchasers to Mr. Bohn's magnificent stocked shelves.

ART. XXXIV.—*Jest and Earnest: a Series of Essays.* Cunningham. THESE Essays are evidently by a juvenile writer: and will, we are convinced, meet such a reception as must encourage him in the walks of literary composition. There is matter in the pieces, point and terseness in his diction, and considerable humour in his fancy, although of a serious rather than a broad or bitter character. We could, however, point out deficiencies, and perhaps affectations in the course of the pieces. For instance there is not merely a sameness and a sketchy slightness in the snatches of character and circumstances which he gives, but we fancied that we discovered a self-satisfying idea of his expertness in that way. There is however good promise in him.

ART. XXXV.—*The Seer; or, Commonplaces Refreshed.* By LEIGH HUNT. In two Parts. Part I. and II. London: Moxon. ESSAYS reprinted from different periodicals, and therefore, new to many of our readers. They are in the author's best peculiar style, full of sympathy with everything in nature and simple character around him, however plain, ordinary, or unobtrusive; working from, or bestowing upon them floods of sentiment, or of playful grace, both of fancy and expression, to the astonishment and delight of the reader. Just go forth with him on a "Dusty Day," or if you prefer moisture, on a "Rainy;" pluck up or lend a few moments, thought with him upon a "pebble;" or if you have a relish for character, take him for a limner of yonder "Butcher;" and then say if there is anything so common that you may not deck it with a rich garniture of thought, so homely as not to appeal to a heart-moving speculation. But originality and subtle refinement are required for these things, which Leigh Hunt possesses and luxuriates in, with unsurpassed tenderness and suggestive glee. In the *second* part "The Piano-forte" appears, and a more beautiful or pleasing paper was never written even by Hunt himself; one richer in thought, sound sense, and poetry.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1841.

ART. I.

- 1: *Notes of an Overland Journey through France and Egypt to Bombay.* By the late MISS EMMA ROBERTS. With a Memoir. London: Allen and Co.
2. *Memoir on the Countries about the Caspian and Aral Seas.* London: Madden and Co.
3. *The East India Year-Book for 1841.* London: Allen and Co.

THE greater part of Miss Roberts's volume relates to the Overland Journey, for she did not live to complete her design. In fact the work is posthumous, the authoress having died at Poona, near Bombay, to which she had gone for the purpose of comparing that Presidency and the condition of Western India, with Calcutta and Bengal, which have been so vividly and ably described in her "*Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan*," a work which excited an unusual degree of interest in this country, and which indeed made its readers more fully acquainted with the every-day sights and life of India and its inhabitants, native and European, than any preceding publication had done. It has also dispelled a great deal of delusion which prevailed amongst us concerning the luxuries of the East, the fortunes which are now to be made, even in the "city of palaces;" and especially were the temptations shorn of their splendour which had been wont to attract the fair who resorted to India with marriage speculations in their heads. The work therefore has been of practical value, while its sketches had all the attractions which an observant and accomplished female could be expected to convey, in a field so wide and susceptible of distinct delineation. We remember still the picture she gave of Anglo-Indian life, and as vividly as if it had been perused yesterday; and such were its merits and truth-speaking views that it quite turned the fashion of the stories told of the golden and gorgeous East.

Owing to the writer's lamented death, the volume before us does not enable the reader to perceive very precisely the differences between Bombay and Calcutta; and perhaps had she even lived to complete her design, the work might have been inferior to the

former, owing to the considerable degree of sameness of the scenes and the characteristics to be described; but still more from the inherent and actual defects and inferiorities of the West, for we learn from the few papers devoted to the subject of comparison to which we refer, that Bombay presents the appearance of provincialism as contrasted with metropolitan activity and refinement of the other quarter. This volume, however, is far from being either useless or uninteresting. In fact it has attractions and a value which are not anywhere else to be met with; for with the writer's peculiar grace and spirit, and with her quickness of apprehension as well as skill as an author,—which qualities in her were rather remarkable, while her views were more than ordinarily enlarged even as compared with travellers in general,—she describes a journey from England to India, completely and continuously, and as performed by steam, almost without a break by means of the intervention of land; or when such an intervention occurs, it is made the theme of lively, engaging and informing matter. Accordingly France, Malta, Alexandria, and the desert of Suez, are with an artist's power brought before us; for even when the writer was proceeding with steam rapidly, she had the ability and the taste to seize characteristic points, and of course more leisure was proportionally well employed. But independent of a capacity and of habits which look like natural qualities, and not merely as the result of a design to make a book, Miss Roberts was superior to most travellers, because she had the eye of a cosmopolite, and was a liberal as well as penetrating interpreter of forms and people, although much removed from English standards. Indeed she makes one very clearly to perceive the prejudices and faults which characterize the majority of our people whenever they leave home. Then, as to the sort of accommodation afforded by the steamers, which ply along the comparatively short route between Egypt and India, if her account does not produce an alteration, it is likely to diminish the popularity of the line, at least for passengers to whom speed is not of extreme importance; for according to that account it is probable, had it been left to the choice of the writer, that she would have returned by the Cape, rather than to have been subjected again to the inconvenience and the neglect, if not the rudeness, which she experienced in the course of the outward passage. At least such was the uncomfortable state of matters, owing to bad or inadequate arrangements a twelvemonth ago. It appears, besides, that while the steam voyage from Egypt to Bombay is far from being tempting, *that* from the latter place to Calcutta is almost as formidable as the whole line by the Cape. In the Government steamers the officers are either haughty to the passengers; or, if otherwise, their control over the motley crew of servants is defective, in regard to their attendance upon passengers; while the Company seem to

have studiously contrived some of the inconveniences of their vessels. The plain-speaking Miss Roberts says that the more she had seen of the Government-ships, the more she was convinced that they were not adapted to carry passengers. The authorities have acted as if they thought "that people ought to be too thankful to pay an enormous price for the worst species of accommodation." Hear also what sort of comforts were prepared for Miss Roberts and her companion's voyage:—

"Upon repairing to our cabin, Miss E. and myself were surprised and disappointed at the miserable accommodation it afforded. The three cabins allotted to the use of the ladies had been appropriated, in two instances, to married couples; and we were obliged to put up with one of smaller size, which had the additional inconvenience of opening into the public saloon. There were no Venetian blinds to the door; consequently, the only means of obtaining a free circulation of air was to have it open. A locker with a hinged shelf, which opened like a shutter, and thus afforded space for one mattress to be placed upon it, ran along one side of the cabin, under the port-hole; but the floor was the only visible means of accommodation for the second person crammed by Government-regulation into this den. There was not a place in which a wash-hand-basin could be put, so awkwardly were the doors arranged; to one of which there was no fastening whatsoever. Altogether, the case seemed hopeless; and as cock-roaches were walking about the vessel by dozens, the prospect of sleeping on the ground was anything but agreeable, especially with the feeling that we were paying at the rate of four pounds a day for our accommodation."

Really, according to the account before us, and that of Mrs. Ashmore's of the "Outward-bound and Homeward-bound Ships," appended to her "Three Months' March in India," there is no agreeable way of proceeding to, or returning from, India; so that with the glut or the poverty of the Indian marriage-market, the "griffs" had better think twice, or their mammas for them, ere they decide on speculating in that field. We believe we neglected to name in our recent review of the latter lady's work that a good deal of her sensible and practical remarks upon life in India, native and Anglo-Indian, had been given in effect in the volumes of the former, and that therefore the information which she communicated was neither so new to the English reader as she fancied, nor gathered from extensive and minute observation. Still the corroboration was worthy of welcome, and ought to be borne in mind as confirming useful lessons.

Miss Roberts having been prematurely prevented, speaking after the manner of men, from pursuing her observations in Western India, we shall not further draw from the pages devoted by her to that sphere than to say, that she represents the state of native education there, and indeed throughout British India, to be as yet not

merely exceedingly defective, but that the march of improvement has almost entirely to be set about ; attributing, at the same time, the impediment chiefly to woman. A few of her sentences on this point will not merely serve to exhibit her opinion and doctrine, but to afford a test by which to judge of her penetration and philosophic sagacity. She says,—

“It is the women of India who are at this moment impeding the advance of improvement : they have hitherto been so ill-educated, their minds left so entirely uncultivated, that they have had nothing to amuse or interest them excepting the ceremonies of their religion, and the customs with which it is encumbered. These, notwithstanding that many are inconvenient and others entail much suffering, they are unwilling to relinquish. Every departure from established rule which their male relatives deem expedient they resolutely oppose ; employing the influence which women, however contemned as the weaker vessel, always do possess, and always will exert, in perpetrating all the evils resulting from ignorance. The sex will ever be found active either in advancing or retarding great changes ; and whether this activity be employed for good or for evil, depends upon the manner in which their intellectual faculties have been trained and cultivated.”

Sir Robert Peel, who has lately taken not only to public lecturing, but to the propagation of liberal doctrines relative to education, has in his “Addresses on the Opening of the Tamworth Library and Reading-Room,” now revised, corrected, and published, so well-expressed a kindred sentiment to that contained in the latter part of the above extract, that we shall be excused if we insert his words in this place. He thus expressed himself in one passage :—

“We propose that the institution shall be open to the female as well as the male portion of the population of this town and neighbourhood ; because we consider that we should have done great injustice to the well-educated and virtuous women of this town and neighbourhood, if we had supposed that they were less capable than their husbands or their brothers of benefiting by the instruction which we hope to give, or if we had supposed that they were less interested in the cause of rational recreation and intellectual improvement. We propose, also, that they shall have equal power and equal influence in the management of this institution with others ; being well assured that the influence which a virtuous woman can hold (if it be necessary to call it into action) will always be exercised in favour of whatever is sound and profitable in respect to knowledge, and whatever is decorous and exemplary in respect to conduct.”

Having said that the Right Honourable Baronet *thus expressed* himself, we may also state that we hail with no inconsiderable degree of hope for the cause of general education,—although we presume that his Addresses must contain damping matter to the

ultra-conservatives,—many passages uttered on the same occasions. For example, he warmly approved of the admission of some working men into the Committee of Management, which is to be “wholly composed of laymen,” along with “gentlemen of ancient family and great landed possessions;” declaring at the same time that by uniting all gradations of society, new bonds of no ordinary strength would be formed. He also argued that the advanced state of society required a higher education; that every man should not only read but study books and subjects distinct from those which were merely connected with his immediate secular calling; and that not only were literary and intellectual studies compatible with attention to, and the highest proficiency in, worldly pursuits, but that they were by no means inimical to religion. It may be said that he comes late into the popular field which Brougham so long ago occupied; and that, as in the case of the Catholic claims, he did not step forward until he saw that the doctrines advocated by him were about to be realized whether he would or would not; and therefore that, with his usual cunning policy, he is at all hazards to his party, and to Church and State connexion and conservatism, determined to carry off the honours which Whigs and Radicals have been so anxiously striving after. Be all this as it may, we most gladly welcome the advocacy of such an influential personage, whatever may be his motives. The promise or hope of further concessions too is hence held out; so that we may ere long find Sir Robert recommending and supporting a great and liberal plan of national education, without the restrictive and offensive machinery and clauses which High churchmen have so pertinaciously stuck to down to this moment. In fact the Baronet expressed himself frequently, and with marked emphasis, with respect to certain regulations that either virtually or pointedly excluded ecclesiastical influence from the management of the Tamworth new literary institution; as well as denouncing everything that depended upon, or was swayed by, party feelings, religious, political, or local. The liberal-minded Miss Roberts herself could not have spoken more plainly on these and kindred points, or with more apparent sincerity.

Having steamed it from London to Havre, and thence towards Paris; having from Lyons descended the Rhone by a similar sort of conveyance to Marseilles, there was of course no obstacle to the same mode of proceeding for Miss Roberts to the place of destination, but what occurred in the territory governed by Mchemet Ali; the journey across the desert to Suez being rendered by her pen the reverse of barren or monotonous, dull or dry. And then think of a party of ladies, and an infant only a few months old, without husbands, fathers, brothers, or sons,—without any male attendants but hired natives, travelling such a region not only, with safety but with ease and delight. Here is a notice of the aspect of the

Desert, and of the writer's feelings both on entering it and in the journey across it:—

"In first striking into the desert, we all enjoyed a most delightful feeling of delight; everything around appeared to be so calm and tranquil, that, especially after encountering the noises and multitudes of a large and crowded city, it was soothing to the mind thus to emerge from the haunts of men, and wander through the vast solitudes that spread their wastes before us. To me there was nothing dismal in the aspect of the desert, nor was the view so boundless as I had expected.

"In these wide plains, the fall of a few inches is sufficient to diversify the prospect; there is always some gentle acclivity to be surmounted, which cheats the sense with the expectation of finding a novel scene beyond; the sand-hills in the distance also range themselves in wild and fantastic forms, many appearing like promontories jutting out into some noble harbour, to which the traveller seems to be approaching. Nor were there wanting living objects to animate the scene; our own little *kafila* was sufficiently large and cheerful to banish every idea of dreariness, and we encountered others much more picturesque."

The following is the account of their equipages and mode of travelling:—

"We found the equipages in which we were to cross the desert waiting for us at the City of Tombs. They consisted of donkey-chairs, one being provided for each of the females of the party, while my friend Miss E. had also an extra donkey, with a saddle, to ride upon occasionally. Nothing could be more comfortable than these vehicles: a common arm-chair was fastened into a sort of wooden tray, which projected in front about a foot, thereby enabling the passenger to carry a small basket or other package; the chairs were then slung by the arms to long bamboos, one upon either side; and these, by means of ropes or straps placed across, were fastened upon the backs of donkeys, one in front the other behind. Five long and narrow vehicles of this kind, running across the desert, made a sufficiently droll and singular appearance, and we did nothing but admire each other as we went along. The movement was delightfully easy; and the donkeys, though not travelling at a quick pace, got on very well. Our cavalcade consisted besides of two stout donkeys, which carried the beds and carpet-bags of the whole party, thus enabling us to send the camels ahead: the three men-servants were also mounted upon donkeys; and there were three or four spare ones, in case any of the others should knock up upon the road. In this particular, it is proper to say that we were cheated; for had such an accident occurred, the extra animals were so weak and inefficient that they could not have supplied the places of any of those in use. There were eight or ten donkey-men and a boy; the latter generally contrived to ride, but the others walked by the side of the equipages."

We have read many notices of the Desert; but none of them ever conveyed so clear an idea of the scene in so few words as Miss

Roberts has imparted ; or excited such a touching interest in its features and about the persons who formed the escort and attendants of the travellers. Perhaps the ladies were peculiarly fortunate in their servants, for some of them, the writer's own Janissary and servant, for instance, appear to have been both, as to intelligence and feelings, of a superior order of men. Still her account of the Egyptians generally who came under her notice is upon the whole favourable, education in their case as in that of people further east, and still more ignorant, being the grand desideratum in her view. But concerning her servants let us listen to some particulars :—

"The Janissary spoke very tolerable English ; and after sunset, when we seated ourselves outside the cabin-door, he came forward and entered into conversation. He said that he had been in the service of several English gentlemen, and had once an opportunity of going to England with a captain in the navy ; but that his mother was alive at that time, and when he mentioned his wishes to her she cried, and therefore he could not go. The captain had told him that he would always repent not having taken his offer ; but though he wished to see England, he was glad he had not grieved his mother. He had been at Malta, but had taken a dislike to the Maltese, in consequence of a wrong he had received, as a stranger upon landing.

"Amongst the noblemen and gentlemen whom he had served, he mentioned the Marquis of Waterford. We asked him what sort of a person he was ; and he immediately replied, 'A young devil.' Mohammed, who had been in various services with English travellers, expressed a great desire to go to England : he said that if he could once get there, he would 'never return to his dirty country.' Both he and the Janissary apparently had formed magnificent ideas of the wealth of Great Britain, from the lavish manner in which the English are accustomed to part with their money while travelling.

"We inquired of Mohammed concerning the magician whose exploits Mr. Lane and other authors have recorded. At first he did not understand what we meant ; but upon further explanation, told us that he thought the whole an imposture. He said that when a boy, about the age of the Arab captain's son, who was on board, he was in the service of a lady who wished to witness the exhibition, and who selected him as the medium of communication, because she said that she knew he would tell her the truth. The ceremonies, therefore, commenced ; but though anxiously looking into the magic mirror, he declared that he saw nothing ; afterwards, he continued, 'A boy was called out of the bazaar, who saw all that the man told him.' But while Mohammed expressed his entire disbelief in the power of this celebrated person, he was not devoid of the superstition of his creed and country ; for he told us that he knew of another who really did wonderful things. He then asked us what we had called the Mughreebee whom we had described to him ? We replied, a magician ; and he and the Janissary repeated the word over many times, in order to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with it. In all cases they were delighted with the acquisition of a new word ; and were very thankful to me when I corrected their pro-

nunciation. Thus, when the Janissary shewed me what he called *hundergo* growing in the fields, and explained that it made a blue dye, and I told him that we called it *indigo*, he never rested until he had learned the word, which he repeated to Mohammed, and Mohammed to him. I never met with two more intelligent men in their rank of life, or persons who would do greater credit to their teachers; and, brief as has been my intercourse with the Egyptians, I feel persuaded that a good method of imparting knowledge is all that is wanting to raise them in the scale of nations."

Our readers may at first suppose that a desert, with all their associations about sand and scorching heat, was not the most tempting region for infant or lady travellers. But they will be pleased to learn that the performance of the journey was not even trying to the youngest of the party, and that she enjoyed it amazingly:—

"We were, as usual, rather late the following morning. Our dear little plaything, the baby, bore the journey wonderfully; but it seemed very requisite that she should have good and unbroken sleep at night; and we found so little inconvenience in travelling in the daytime, that we could make no objection to an arrangement which contributed so much to her health and comfort. It was delightful to see this lovely little creature actually appearing to enjoy the scene as much as ourselves; sometimes seated in the lap of her nurse, who travelled in a chair, at others at the bottom of one of our chairs; then in the arms of her male attendant, who rode a donkey, or in those of the donkey-men, trudging on foot: she went to everybody, crowing and laughing all the time; and I mention her often, not only for the delight she afforded us, but also to show how very easily infants at her tender age—she was not more than seven months old—could be transported across the desert."

But even the baby was of service, both as a passport and a protector, to the female cavalcade. Behold her among crowds of strangers and in the land of Egypt:—

"Our boat was moored in front of a narrow strip of ground between the river and a large dilapidated mansion, having, however, glass windows in it, which bore the ostentatious title of *Hôtel du Mahmoudie*. This circumscribed space was crowded with camels and their drivers, great men and their retainers passing to and fro, market-people endeavouring to sell their various commodities, together with a multitudinous collection of men, dogs, and donkeys. I observed that all the people surveyed the baby as she was carried through them, in her native servant's arms, with peculiar benignity. She was certainly a beautiful specimen of an English infant; and in her pretty white frock, lace cap, and drawn pink silk bonnet, would have attracted attention anywhere: such an apparition the people now assembled at Atfee had probably never seen before, and they were evidently delighted to look at her. She was equally pleased, crowing and spreading out her little arms to all who approached her."

One touch more of the lamented lady's description and sentiment:—

"During our progress up the river, I had been schooling myself, and endeavouring to keep down my expectations, lest I should be disappointed at the sight of the pyramids. We were told that we should see them at the distance of five-and-thirty miles; and when informed that they were in view, my heart beat audibly as I threw open the cabin-door, and beheld them gleaming in the sun, pure and bright as the silvery clouds above them. Far from being disappointed, the vastness of their dimensions struck me at once, as they rose in lonely majesty on the bare plain, with nothing to detract from their grandeur, or to afford, by its littleness, a point of comparison. We were never tired of gazing upon these noble monuments of an age shrouded in impenetrable mystery. They were afterwards seen at less advantage, in consequence of the intervention of some rising ground; but from all points they created the strangest degree of interest."

We recommend the posthumous volume to all who have a taste for elegant description and humanizing sentiment, as well as to those who take a special interest in the eastern countries to which the "Notes" immediately relate. By persons meditating a similar journey, the book of course will be eagerly read; and not a few of its hints will be found profitable. The disposition and manner of the writer are worthy of close imitation.

The publication second on our list has no very near relationship to the subjects or the manner of the first; and yet it is hardly possible to utter the word East, or any of the countries approaching the nearest limits of our Indian empire, without some common ideas being suggested; such, for example, as those concerning the prospects of British dominion in Asia, or the dangers to it threatened by Russian aggression and jealousy. Nor is there one special region in that quarter of the globe that has recently been the scene of more grasping ambition and encroachment, on the part of the Northern Autocrat, than Khivah and the territories in its neighbourhood, which the pamphlet before us very clearly delineates and illustrates, in the course too of a few pages. In fact, as announced in the title-page, the publication is intended to illustrate the late expedition against Khivah, having been translated from the German of Lieut. Carl Zimmermann by Capt. Morier, R. N. The author has consulted carefully all the best sources of information, such as Humboldt's pages, regarding the very imperfectly known country in question; and the whole is brought more perspicuously before the reader's eye, by means of a map by Arrowsmith, of the geographical points described. What we extract from the Memoir conveys some distinct and precise notions concerning the natural productions of the country, and also its inhabitants, not only of the human species, but the range which the zoology of the territory embraces. First as to this range of inferior animals, we are told—

"It is to be remarked in general, of the zoology of the steppes of the Crimea, on the banks of the Volga, and throughout the low land of the Caspian, that the zoography of Pallas (completed in 1811, and first published in 1831), has been considerably augmented by Eichwald, Steven, Menetries, Rathke, Eversmann, Krynich, and Nordmann. Among the mammiferous animals in the steppes, the *Rodentia*, which exist by gnawing and nibbling the bulbs of the liliaceous plants (*arctomys bobac*, *dipus jaculus*, *spalax typhlus*, *cricketus arenarius*, &c.), are the most numerous. Wolves inhabit caverns of the gypsum mountains, the Barsuk, and the sandy districts; the *Canis Corsac* roams among herds of the antelope Saiga. Horses are the most valuable domestic animals in almost all the grassy steppes of Iran, Turan, and Siberia. Amongst these, the beautiful race of *Argamats* from Bokhara supply the cavalry of Khivah. Camels and sheep, frequently of a good breed for their wool, and some of them with fat tails, together with oxen and goats, constitute the wealth of the wandering hordes. The fine wool goats which Amadée Jaubert purchased in the steppes near Gouriev, and which were transported to Marseilles, by the route of Odessa and Constantinople, on the account of M. Ternaux, were of the Kirgiz breed. They are, however, very different from the shawl goat of Thibet, whose native country is at a distance of 2000 miles, and no etymological arguments can be adduced to demonstrate the descent of the Kirgiz goats from those of Ladak. Fine wool goats are also bred in Bokhara. The royal tiger (youl bar of the Kirgiz) roams from Cape Comorin to the latitude of Berlin and Hamburg—a remarkable fact in the geography of animals. According to Ehrenberg's 'Researches,' the northern Siberian tiger is of the same species with that of Bengal. West of the Caspian, in the forests of Lenkarak, in lat. $38\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N., the tiger is described by Eichwald as being not inferior in size to those of Bengal; and yet the thermometer in winter at Elizabetopol, situated a little more to the northward, in lat. 40° , sinks 7° to 8° of Réaumur below zero. The tiger even roams at times in the neighbourhood of Tiflis, in latitude $41^{\circ} 40'$. MM. Nordmann and Menetries prove, however, that the Caucasus proper is free of this animal. In October and December, 1839, a tiger was killed at Sentovsk, not far from Büsh, north of the Altaï, lat. $52^{\circ} 18'$; and also in Altaï. He is likewise shot in the vicinity of the Aral, near the Sir and the Kuvan, and found even on the banks of the Ob. Spasky observes, in 'The Siberian Journal,' that a tiger was killed near the river Aléa, not far from the manufactories of Loktev. Seals inhabit the Caspian and Aral Seas, and the Baïkal, but are not found in the smaller lakes. M. de Nordmann is convinced that the seal (*phoca vitulina*) of the Caspian does not differ from that of the Black Sea. According to Burnes (ii. p. 189), the water of the Aral is so little salt, that it is, like the water of the Baïkal, drinkable. The lake is very seldom frozen; though the Oxus is, on the contrary, frequently so, even in lat. 38° . A species of crocodile, three or four feet in length, exists on the eastern shores of the Caspian, which Eichwald was the first to describe, and which would certainly have been mentioned by the ancients if it had been known to them. It is a monitor, or more likely a psammosaurus, according to Fitzinger's system. Of the chase or hunted animals of the steppes, besides the furry tribe, we will only mention the wild boar. It is found in

great numbers in the vicinity of all the rivers. The mouse of the Irgiz Steppes. Dog-geese, so called from their brooding in earth-holes. The *falco chrysaëtos* builds its nest in the Kirgiz Steppes, and may be the bird berkut, which is trained for hunting the wolf. Sturgeon and hansen fishery is carried on in the Caspian, on the Ural as far as Uchung near Uralsk, and in the Aral."

We leave out several notes to the text, as well as names of authors and particular books quoted in the Memoir.

After observing that, as a general rule, the phenomena of the flora and the fauna of the poor and barren region described, mark very distinctly the transition from the natural productions of Iran or Persia proper, to those of the Ural district of Siberia, and that those productions are but few in number, and of little consequence, we have the following notices of the portion of the human family that distinguishes the country :—

"Numerous tribes of two Turkish nations have wandered over the barren steppes east of the Ural and the Caspian Sea for many centuries past. (1.) The lesser Kirgiz horde of freebooters, who have not so much Mongol blood as the other two hordes. (2.) The Turkomans, with even much less of Persian blood than the other races, which wander over the rich grass mountains of Iran. Such an unmixed population can only exist for any length of time amidst wastes and deserts. (3.) The Oasis of Khivah, therefore, contains a population of freemen and slaves, composed of people from all surrounding countries, and of those wanderers who, as merchants or slaves, are spread over the extensive space. These are Armenians, Indians, Nogaians, Sarts, Arabians (2000 according to Falk), Oïghurians, Kājars, Gipsies, Negroes. The Uzbeks, of Turkish origin, which subjected nearly all Turan, govern this mixed people, among whom the Tajiks, Sarts, are not sufficiently numerous to make their language (a dialect of the Persian) predominate as it does in Bokhara. The Khivah language is in fact a dialect of the Turkish. The people of Khivah profess the Sunnite doctrine, which tends to widen the line of separation between them and the Persians. (4.) Since the destruction of the fortress of Conrad, the people of the Aral wander among the many ramifications of the delta of the Amu to the south of the Aral Sea, in summer and winter. They are composed of runaways belonging to all the surrounding races, and probably also of a remnant of the fishermen, originally the inhabitants of those coasts. As in Afghānistān and in other hilly districts, it is not uncommon for different tribes to settle in each other's vicinity, without losing their separate distinctions; in the same manner also the inhabitants of sea-coasts, as well as those of the islands of a delta, have collected together from the surrounding districts, without entirely obliterating the Autochthons, or original inhabitants of such localities (*e. g.* Egypt.) (5.) East of the Aral, a branch of the lower Karakalpaks found shelter in the delta of the Sir, after this Turkish tribe was pressed back from the Volga. Similar traditions say, that the Kirgiz were driven back from the Euphrates, to the Mongols on the Yeniseï. Russia, Persia, and Khivah, exercise a very doubtful influence

over these intractable nomades. The protection of Russia is acknowledged as far as the Emba and the Sir. South of these rivers commences the ascendancy of Khivah. The Turkomans of Manglishlak also acknowledge the supremacy of the Khan of Khivah, for the sake of trade; whilst those only in the Gurgan delta and the mountains of Khorasan are subject to Persia. This range of heights, remarkably open on the Tedjen, forms the present boundary of Iran and Turan. Herat lies on this, its weak side. The wars of the Khivans, as of all independent nomades, are avowedly plundering parties."

When the inhospitable nature of the climate, the barrenness of the soil, and the character of the people of Khivah are considered, Russia will find that the establishment of her iron sway over the country is a much more remote conquest than the revilers of Lord Palmerston's eastern policy are ready to admit.

We now come to the last of the publications before us, which is published "under the superintendence of the British India Society," and which is the first of a proposed series of yearly volumes of the same miscellaneous character; being a compilation from a great variety of sources, official and others, and containing a large amount of minute details, and even much that may be consulted as a commercial directory, in a condensed form. The general distribution of these contents is thus stated in the work itself;—1st. Explanations of the Celestial changes and Natural Phenomena of India. 2nd. Information on subjects of Geography and Statistics connected with India. 3rd. Information on subjects connected with the Government of India, both Home and Local. It is admitted in the Preface, however, that the volume has been prepared under considerable disadvantages. Still the errors and the imperfections may be considerably diminished in every succeeding year. It is also quite clear that even while defective, it must, if anything like adequate care be taken in its compilation, contain much that is useful both to the English at home and in India, and to inquiring natives of Hindostan. We extract a few paragraphs, as a specimen of the multitudinous details in the volume, and to show that while much is known of our eastern empire to impress the mind with vast ideas, a great deal has yet to be accomplished in the history of its statistics, and still more of course in the improvement of the immense territory and its millions of inhabitants. First, as to certain estimates of territory and the Indian states dependant on, or connected with, British power:—

"In 1833, Captain Sutherland, private secretary to the vice-president of India, estimated the line of our Indian coast, from Negrais to Sindé, at 3,622 English miles, and the breadth of Hindostan, from Silhet to Surat, at 1,260 miles—noble lines for the engineer to operate upon, both by sea and land; and he classed the Native States of India as foreign, frontier, or

internal. The foreign states are Persia, Kabul, Senna, Arabia, Siam, and Acheen; the frontier are Ava, Nepal, Lahore, Sinde; and the internal states, surrounded by British territory, amount to thirty-five, all of which have relinquished political relations with each other, and with all other states. Moreover, he subdivided these internal states into six classes, according to their dependence upon British power:—*First*, Treaties, offensive and defensive, right on their part to claim protection, external and internal, from us; right on our part to interfere in their internal affairs: *Second*, Treaties, offensive and defensive; right on their part to claim protection, external and internal, from us; and to the aid of our troops to realize their just claims on their own subjects, but no right on our part to interfere in their internal affairs: *Third*, Treaties, offensive and defensive; states mostly tributary; acknowledging our supremacy, and promising subordinate co-operation with us, but supreme rulers in their own dominions: *Fourth*, Guarantee and protection; subordinate co-operation, but supremacy in their own territory: *Fifth*, Amity and friendship: *Sixth*, Protection, with right on our part to control their internal affairs.

"Besides these allied states, some inferior rajahs and jaghiredars are dependent on the protection of Britain; namely, Chota Nagpur, Sirguja, Sambhalpur, Singbhum, Oudipur, Manipur, Tanjore, the Bareich family, Ferozpur, Mereich, Tansgaon, Nepani, Akulkote, and those of the Sagar and Nerbudda country, also Sikkim and the states of the northern hills.

"Towards the close of the year 1831, the Company stated, that, since the year 1814, the meridional arc had been extended, by Colonel Lambton and Captain Everest, from Daumergidda to Seronj, being six degrees of latitude, and that those surveyors had also triangulated about thirty thousand square miles of the Nizam's territory; besides which, a chain of triangles had been carried from Seronj to within fifty miles of Calcutta, a distance of about twelve degrees of longitude, for the purpose of connecting Calcutta with the meridional arc. The position of all the principal towns in the line of route had also been determined."

After remarking that a great deal of the information recorded by the indefatigable and intelligent surveyors of India has been buried in record offices these twenty years, and kept out of sight until obsolete, it is stated,—

"At the same time, Parliament called for a schedule describing and distinguishing the provinces or places in which the different systems for collecting the land revenues at present prevail, and the Company presented a return shewing, that in Bengal, the thirty-four districts of Bengal, Behar, and Benares, are permanently settled, whilst the other twenty-three north-western districts are not permanently settled; in Madras, the five districts of Ganjam, Vizagapatam, Rajahmundry, Masulipatam, and Guntoor, are permanently settled, but the other fifteen districts are not permanently settled, being chiefly under the ryotwar system of fiscal administration; and all the eleven districts of Bombay are under systems of temporary revenue administration. The province of Cultack is omitted in this return.

"British India is divided into presidencies, or governments, and subdivided in various modes for each separate department of government, so that its judicial and police divisions often differ from its fiscal districts, and the military divisions differ from both. Its ecclesiastical dioceses and parishes are but yet in embryo. Hence there is scarcely any well-defined ancient district upon which to base any species of statistical information. Achar's doomsday book is quite out of date and unserviceable, except as a record of the ability of his minister.

"The last time Parliament turned its attention towards the empire in India, it naturally enough wished to be able to form some idea of the extent of that territory, and also of its population; but the materials presented were so very vague and imperfect, that they serve rather to bewilder than to direct. However, they shew that the Company held a landed estate more than five times as large as the United Kingdom. Still more recently in India, at the seat of the supreme Government, the curious experiment of Captain Sutherland affords us a palpable proof of the very vague knowledge we have of our Eastern empire; for the military secretary to the governor-general, or, in other words, the minister of the war department, had recourse to cutting out a map of each state, and weighing the piece of paper in order to ascertain the extent of its territory."

Again,—

"The order of the House of Commons for a return of the area and population of each district under the Company was answered by the Company stating the area of each of the districts as measured on a map of India, and adding that they had not any documents from which the population of any of the provinces can be stated prior to the year 1822; and, even after that period, only on the authority of memoranda and rough calculations, the accuracy of which cannot be confidently relied on, but which are probably not far wide of the truth. For ninety thousand square miles the Company does not even hazard a guess; and the Commons' order for a return of the population of the principal cities and towns under their sway was met with a blank report. Even the order for a return of the number of Europeans in India was merely filled up from an old almanac published in India."

With regard to the languages of India, we have the following compiled particulars:—

"Adrien Balbi, in his *Atlas Ethnographique*, published at Paris in 1826, describes India as embracing a part of Eastern Persia, all Hindostan, Assam, Arracan, Ceylon, the Maldives; nearly all being subject to Britain, at least as vassals or as tributaries.

"All the languages spoken in this region may be divided into two principal branches; namely, the languages which form the Sanscrit family, and those which are not of that family. It is necessary to distinguish the dead languages, or those which are no longer spoken, from the living languages. The dead Sanscrit languages are the Sanscrit and Pali. The Sanscrit has much analogy to the Slavonic, the Malay, and other languages, and much greater with the Zend, Persian, Greek, Latin, and all the Germanic idioms,

especially with the *Mæso-Gothic* and the *Icelandic*. Its grammar is very regular, offering few anomalies in its rules; but, although as ancient as the Chinese, Sanscrit literature is inferior to the Chinese in all that relates to history, geography, and the physical sciences. After the literature of China, Arabia, and Persia, the Sanscrit is the richest in Asia, being distinguished especially by its works on philosophy, morality, grammar, arithmetic, astronomy, and poetry. Its most ancient books are the Vedas, and their antiquity has been perhaps exaggerated. They embrace all the branches of human knowledge, from theology even down to music: then, the laws of Menou, and the epic poems of the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*; the former containing the most important events in the history of India. The Sanscrit alphabet, called *Devanagari*, is composed of fifty-two letters and a great number of signs; it is written from left to right, and it is the model after which are formed several alphabets peculiar to different idioms of the peninsula, as well as the alphabet of Thibet, and the alphabets which are used in writing several of the Indo-Chinese languages. Of late years, the conviction of the importance of the Sanscrit language has led to the institution of classes, where it is publicly taught in France, Prussia, Russia, and England. Sanscrit appears to have been spoken, in ancient times, in the greater part of India; but for many ages it is no longer spoken, and at present, only the most learned brahmins acquire it. It is the language of religion, of the laws, and of a great number of books; and even yet the most learned brahmins compose their highest literature in Sanscrit.

"The Pali language may be considered as a sister to Sanscrit. In ancient times, it was spoken in Bahar, the cradle of Buddha. Prior to the birth of Christ, it was spread extensively in India, but, when the Buddhists were expelled from India this language became extinct and for many ages Pali has ceased to be spoken. Even yet it is the language of the liturgy and of the literature of the great islands of Ceylon, Bali, Madura, and Java, as well as of all the indo-Chinese countries, and it is also the sacred language of the innumerable worshippers of Buddha, both in China and in Japan. The Pali language has the strength, richness and harmony of the Sanscrit. Its literature is very rich, and learned people acquire it: it is, however, very little known to European scholars. Its various dialects in different countries are written with alphabets derived from the *Devanagari*.

"The living languages of the Sanscrit Family are thirty-eight in number; some learned Indians call them *Pracrit*. In some, one half of the words are pure Sanscrit, and the rest are derived either from foreign sources, especially Persia, or else from Sanscrit corrupted by a regular system of permutation.

"The particular languages which do not belong to the Sanscrit family, are all involved in the deepest mystery, even the names of them being scarcely known to us. They are all spoken by tribes who are more or less uncultivated, several of whom appear to be the aboriginal inhabitants of the fertile countries of India: those which seem to merit the most particular attention are eight in number."

Dr. Gilchrist, whose death at an advanced age has been lately announced, was one of the first Europeans who excited an interest in

the languages of India, far beyond what had been previously deemed necessary for mere official purposes, or for the government of the country. Since the commencement of his exertions, great progress has been made in the study of its literary antiquities, and its philology; nor, in closing this paper are we unwarranted when connecting his name with that of Miss Roberts as eminent benefactors of millions of the human race.

ART. II.—*The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore.* Vols. III and IV. London: Longman.

WE just had time to notice the publication of the third volume of these collected works before the last sheet of our January number went to press; and although like its immediate predecessor, we have found it to be more sparing of anecdote and autobiographical matter, in its prefaces and notes, than was to be wished from such a charming gossip, a poet so eminent and popular, and a man whose opportunities and experience have been so various and rich, yet there are enough of novelty and striking things in that portion of the collection to occasion a recurrence to its pages.

Our readers on turning to our former brief announcement will see that the third volume contains "Corruption," "Intolerance," and "The Sceptic," satires which Mr. Moore talks of as attempts in "the stately Juvenalian style;" and other pieces, generally of a lighter or more brilliant and graceful character. The wit in the more dignified style is often not less happy, while it is more weighty, than what distinguishes the sparkling thrusts; but still the small sword told better, or at least, its execution was more admired and has been longer remembered by the public, by those who quote pungen-
cies, than the onslaught on Royalty, the Court, the Government, and rampant Toryism, dealt by his claymore. In the latter species too the poet, although he were not more effective on account of force, appears to have, for the most part, written when in a more serious mood, when more indignant, and moved by emotions of nationality less under his controul than when he scattered his small shot. Still it was proper that he should make most use of the lighter missiles, and of what he calls "squib-warfare," seeing that these hit the keenest; while, considering the temperament of the writer, his scorn, and his bitter wrath, he naturally sought utterance in lightsome looking ridicule, an overflow of playfulness, and the exhaustless resources of glittering fancies. How often too is there pathos in apparent levity, and terrible earnestness in him that laughs!

To be sure the poet himself tells us, in his preface to the third volume, that in most instances he wrote his satires with an "un-embittered spirit," and with a "freedom from all real malice." It may have been so with many of the lighter missiles which he launch-

ed, although we may suppose that the mellowing effect of time, and the obliterations in a buoyant nature wrought by lapse of years, must have modified his judgment and his recollections. At any rate from his graver and more stately attempts, it is easy to extract passages which could not possibly be conceived by such a sensitive person, but when his heart was swelling, and his soul ready to burst with the sentiments he utters ; and were the condition of Ireland at this day as desperate, as deeply scored with wrong, as she was when the following lines were written, we believe that the poet would rehearse them with unabated energy and accumulated bitterness :—

“Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but near me now,
To see how Spring lights up on Erin's brow
Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
Even through the blood-marks left by C—md—n there,—
Could'st thou but see what verdure paints the sod
Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
And seems by all but watchful France forgot—
Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy Pittite heart
Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,
And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly,—yet so devilish too ;
Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books and with whips,
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next* !
Your R—desd—les, P—rc—v—ls,—great, glorious Heaven,
If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey ;
Which, grasping human hearts with double hold,—
Like Danæ's lover mixing god and gold,—
Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheist's passport into both ;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know,
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here :

But no—far other faith, far milder beams
 Of heavenly justice warms the Christian's dreams ;
His creed is writ on Mercy's page above,
 By the pure hands of all-atoning Love ;
He weeps to see abused Religion twine
 Round Tyranny's coarse brow her wreath divine ;
 And *he*, while round him sects and nation's raise
 To the one God their varying notes of praise,
 Blesses each voice, whate'er its tones may be,
 That serves to swell the general harmony."

Mr. Moore cherishes not only a Hibernian warmth of patriotism, but he is evidently, like the best specimens of his countrymen, remarkably placable and forgiving ; and to the ascendancy at the moment of writing his notes of any one of these characteristics may, perhaps, be attributed certain apparent contradictions in his explanations in the volume still in question. It would be, however, a thankless task were we to attempt pointing out such inconsistencies. or to enter upon the office of reconciliation, when such delightful explanations and anecdotes as the poet has illustrated even this volume are at hand. Take a few sentences of the sort :—

" In the numerous attacks from the government press, which my volleys of small shot against the Court used to draw down upon me, it was constantly alleged, as an aggravation of my misdeeds, that I had been indebted to the Royal personage thus assailed by me for many kind and substantial services. Luckily, the list of the benefits showered upon me from that high quarter may be despatched in a few sentences. At the request of Lord Moira, one of my earliest and best friends, his Royal Highness graciously permitted me to dedicate to him my Translation of the Odes of Anacreon. I was twice, I think, admitted to the honour of dining at Carlton House ; and when the Prince, on his being made Regent in 1811, gave his memorable fête, I was one of the crowd—about 1500, I believe, in number—who enjoyed the privilege of being his guests on the occasion. There occur some allusions, indeed, in the Twopenny Post Bag, to the absurd taste displayed in the ornaments of the Royal supper table at that fête ; and this violation—for such, to a certain extent, I allow it to have been—of the reverence due to the rites of the Hospitable Jove, which, whether administered by prince or peasant, ought to be sacred from such exposure, I am by no means disposed to defend. But whatever may be thought of the taste or prudence of some of these satires, there exists no longer, I apprehend, much difference of opinion respecting the character of the Royal personage against whom they were aimed."

We quote a few particulars more, with an anecdote, connected with the " volleys of small shot" :—

" One of the first and most successful of the numerous trifles I wrote at that period, was the Parody on the Regent's celebrated Letter announcing

to the world that he 'had no predilections,' &c. This very opportune squib was, at first, circulated privately; my friend, Mr. Perry, having for some time hesitated to publish it. He got some copies of it, however, printed off for me, which I sent round to several members of the Whig party; and, having to meet a number of them at dinner immediately after, found it no easy matter to keep my countenance while they were discussing among them the merits of the Parody. One of the party, I recollect, having quoted to me the following description of the state of both King and Regent at that moment,—

A straight-waistcoat on *him*, and restrictions on *me*,

A more limited monarchy could not well be,

grew rather provoked with me for not enjoying the fun of the parody as much as himself."

Now, we like this easy, self-complacent gossipry; and could every writer of verses, however indifferent these might be, enlarge his volumes with such pleasant talk, we should be thankful to him. Mr. Moore wittily jokes upon this same note-writing practice, saying that it "appears to me rather a happy invention; as it supplies us with a mode of turning dull poetry to account; and as horses too heavy for the saddle may yet serve well enough to draw lumber, so Poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading."

The Fourth volume contains the "Irish Melodies," the first numbers of which appeared in the Third, the whole of the "National Airs," and "Sacred Songs;" a collection of the sweetest and most highly polished lyrics that ever appeared. Search all the volumes in our language, and we question if there could be culled from them an equal number of beautiful and popular effusions. Certainly no one poet ever approached Mr. Moore in the number of fascinating verses married to national music; although excelled by Burns in depth and variety of power. Still, there was this in common between them,—love of country inspired both, without which to write national songs would be an impossibility, an absurdity. Both also were imbued with the essence and the perfection of national character: each was best adapted for his own sphere, and yet possessed so much of the universal, that every soul must respond with alacrity to the charmer, whatever be the land of the reader's birth, whatever his years, or era.

While the volume is the sweetest in respect of lyrical poetry, the most sparkling and brilliant in respect of imagery and finish, it is by far the richest of the four of this edition that have yet been published, in respect of prefatory matter, anecdote, and autobiographical notices. It is not alone that we are made acquainted with the circumstances which directed the minstrel to the music of his country, and with the origin and occasions of his lyrics; or that we

behold the progress of development of his genius as a poet ; for we are also made to see the growth and nature of his principles as a man, and a member of society, in times of great trial and excitement ; nay, the glimpses which the reader obtains of his domestic hearth in early years are touching and instructive.

Our poet's reminiscences in carrying us back to the year 1797, illustrate in a most interesting manner, how song and patriotism were linked, how they reciprocated, in his history. We are led to feel as if we were placed along side of him, and about to witness how an earthquake was to dispose of both ; almost to behold him a convicted conspirator, a doomed man. But we must not keep our readers any longer at the threshold. We therefore follow the narrator, falling in with him when he is between seventeen and eighteen, and when he first became acquainted, through Mr. Bunting's first publication, with the old national airs, so fanciful, tender, pathetic, or arousing, as to have called forth the kindred impulses of Moore's genius. Says he,—

“ A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies. About the same period I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the university ; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the Debating Society,—a sort of nursery to the authorised Historical Society,—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners.

“ Of the political tone of this minor school of oratory, which was held weekly at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion,—one of which, I recollect, was, ‘ Whether an Aristocracy or a Democracy is most favourable to the advancement of science and literature ? ’ while another, bearing even more pointedly on the relative position of the government and the people at this crisis, was thus significantly propounded :—‘ Whether a soldier was bound, on all occasions, to obey the orders of his commanding officer ? ’ On the former of these questions, the effect of Emmet's eloquence upon his young auditors was, I recollect, most striking. The prohibition against touching upon modern politics, which it was subsequently found necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced ; and Emmet, who took of course ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts, proceeded lastly, to the grand and perilous example, then passing before all eyes, the young Republic of France. Referring to the circumstance told of Cæsar, that, in swimming across the Rubicon, he contrived to carry with him his Commentaries and his sword, the young orator said, ‘ Thus France wades through a sea of

storm and blood ; but while, in one hand, she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature unsullied by the ensanguined tide through which she struggles.' In another of his remarkable speeches, I remember his saying, ' When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power, perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case ? What, but to pull the government *up* to the people ? ' "

While Moore was making himself master of Bunting's collection of national airs, he was also making progress as a patriotic orator, and even as a zealous political writer ; and therefore at a period of dark despotism when certain tunes were denounced, he was both as a poet and a spouter treading upon delicate, even frightful ground. We shall see how circumstances, and his own prudence, together with clever tact, preserved him from martyrdom in the patriotic cause, that his life and his lyre might achieve far better things for his country and for his own fame. Let us again observe how love of liberty and love of song were united :—

" I have already adverted to the period when Mr. Bunting's valuable volume first became known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the pianoforte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me when I was thus engaged ; and I remember one day starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the Red Fox,* and exclaiming, ' Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air ! ' "

" How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad, but proud feeling ; † or that another of these mournful strains ‡ would be long associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her § who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer."

Mr. Moore uniformly speaks of Emmet in the warmest terms of regard ; yet he admits that the ramifications of rebellion were so widely spread, and so deeply contrived as well as rooted, that harsh and inquisitorial measures were not without some degree of justice ; such as when the extra legal examination by Lord Clare, during a visitation of the University, was enforced, of which we shall learn something in a few seconds.

We have alluded to Moore's political writings while his sym-

* " Let Erin remember the days of old."

† " Oh, breathe not his name."

‡ " She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

§ " Miss Curran.

pathies were strengthening in behalf of the regenerating party. He had attacked the big wigs of the University, in the form of an Ode upon Nothing, by Trismegistus Rustifustius, D.D. But he afterwards contributed some papers to a newspaper called "The Press," which at the time excited a great sensation. We must copy out a fine sketch here of domesticity as well as of other indications :—

"Towards the latter end of the year 1797, the celebrated newspaper called *The Press* was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmett, and other chiefs of the United Irish Conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis now fast approaching. This memorable journal, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent : the bold letters written by Emmett, (the elder,) under the signature of 'Montanus,' being the only compositions I can now call to mind as entitled to praise for their literary merit. It required, however, but a small sprinkling of talent to make bold writing at that time palatable ; and from the experience of my own home, I can answer for the avidity with which every line of this daring journal was devoured. It used to come out, I think, twice a week ; and on the evening of publication I always read it aloud to our small circles after supper.

"It may easily be conceived that, what with my ardour for the national cause, and a growing consciousness of some little turn for authorship, I was naturally eager to become a contributor to these patriotic and popular columns. But the constant anxiety about me which I knew my own family felt—a feeling more wakeful far than even their zeal in the public cause— withheld me from hazarding any step that might cause them alarm. I had ventured, indeed, one evening, to pop privately into the letter-box of *The Press*, a short fragment in imitation of Ossian. But this, though inserted, passed off quietly ; and nobody was, in *any* sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I was soon tempted, however, to try a more daring flight. Without communicating to any one but Edward Hudson, I addressed a long letter, in prose, to the * * * * * of * * * *, in which a profusion of bad flowers of rhetoric was enwreathed plentifully with that weed which Shakspeare calls 'the cockle of rebellion,' and in the same manner as before, committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected my prose would be honoured with insertion, when, lo, on the next evening of publication, when, seated as usual in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my select auditory, there was my own letter staring me full in the face, being honoured with so conspicuous a place as to be one of the first articles my audience would expect to hear. Assuming an outward appearance of ease, while every nerve within me was trembling, I contrived to accomplish the reading of the letter without raising in either of my auditors a suspicion that it was my own. I enjoyed the pleasure, too, of hearing it a good deal praised by them ; and might have been tempted by this to acknowledge myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of the article was considered by both to be 'very bold.'

"I was not destined, however, to remain long undetected. On the follow-

ing day, Edward Hudson, the only one, as I have said, intrusted with my secret, called to pay us a morning visit; and had not been long in the room, conversing with my mother, when looking significantly at me, he said, 'Well, you saw—' Here he stopped; but the mother's eye had followed his, with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. 'That letter was yours, then?' she asked of me eagerly; and without hesitation, of course I acknowledged the fact; when in the most earnest manner she entreated of me never again to have any connexion with that paper; and as every wish of hers was to me law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required.

"Though well aware how easily a sneer may be raised at the simple details of this domestic scene, I have yet ventured to put it on record, as affording an instance of the gentle and womanly watchfulness—the Providence, as it may be called, of the little world of home—by which, although placed almost in the very current of so headlong a movement, and living familiarly with some of the most daring of those who propelled it, I yet was guarded from any participation in their secret oaths, counsels, or plans, and thus escaped all share in that wild struggle to which so many far better men than myself fell victims."

We have alluded to certain University proceedings which were conducted by Lord Clare, Vice-Chancellor; for the Government was vigilant, lynx-eyed, and inquisitorial. The proceedings of the young patriots had not escaped notice. Some were traitors, and perhaps told voluntarily all they knew of their conspiring companions; others afraid of expulsion, which involved exclusion from all the learned professions, answered every question that was put to them. One had such moral resolution and bore such fidelity to the cause he had espoused, that he refused to answer certain questions, most probably from their tendency to involve or inculcate others; and the consequences were that his prospects were blighted for ever. Was it not time then for the patriot melodist, the political scribe, to tremble? But hear himself:—

"I well remember the gloom, so unusual, that hung over our family circle on that evening, as, talking together the events of the day, we discussed the likelihood of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest advisers came, was that, overwhelming as the consequences were to all their plans and hopes for me, yet, if the questions leading to criminate others, which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor***** alone had refused to answer, I must, in the same manner and at all risks, return a similar refusal. I am not quite certain whether I received any intimation, on the following morning, that I was to be one of those examined in the course of the day; but I rather think some such notice had been conveyed to me; and at last my awful turn came, and I stood in the presence of the formidable tribunal. There sat, with severe look, the Vice-Chancellor, and by his side the memorable Doctor Duigenan, memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the Catholics. The oath was

proffered to me. 'I have an objection, my Lord,' 'to taking this oath.' 'What is your objection?' he asked, sternly. 'I have no fears, my Lord, that anything I may say would criminate myself; but it might tend to involve others; and I despise the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates.' This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day; and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. 'How old are you, sir?' he then asked. 'Between seventeen and eighteen, my Lord.' He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him, in an under tone of voice. 'We cannot,' he resumed, again addressing me, 'suffer any one to remain in our University who refuses to take this oath.' 'I shall then, my Lord,' I replied, 'take the oath, still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just described.' 'We do not sit here to argue with *you*, sir,' he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself on the witnesses' chair."

Who does not quake for the young poet? But the examination!—

"The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. After adverting to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, 'Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings, for the purchase of arms and ammunition?' 'Never, my Lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposition made, in one of these societies, with respect to the expediency of assassination?' 'Oh no, my Lord.' He then turned again to Duigenan, and, after a few words with him, said to me:—'When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?' 'I have already told your Lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural.'"

The young poet was now dismissed, a lesson having been taught, which saved him when on the precipice of rebellion. The manner in which he acquitted himself, no doubt, excited the admiration of Lord Clare and the other Dons of the University; but in some minds the promptitude and aptitude of his answers, and the tokens of moral courage which he exhibited, would have shown him to be the more dangerous, and might have operated unfavourably to his future views; just as Scott, in "*Old Mortality*," has made the "*Bloody Claverse*" urge Morton's bearing, habits, and position, as reasons for summary punishment, which would instantly have sent him to sleep with his fathers, to trouble the persecutors no more.

Having quoted so copiously from the preface, we have no room for any of the notes illustrative of the lyrics. Indeed these explanations are neither so abundant in number, nor rich in quality, as Mr. Moore might have rendered them. He is really fastidiously

chary of revelation, when we cannot conceive that there remain serious causes for delicacy. However, the admirers of genius and patriotic virtue will be grateful for what they have got; and when the Ten Volumes are completed they will be prized, and for ages, in a manner, we anticipate, to exceed the author's fondest anticipations.

ART. III.—*Egypt and Mohammed Ali. Illustrations of the Condition of his Slaves and Subjects, &c.* By R. R. MADDEN, M.D. Hamilton and Co. 1841.

THIS volume consists of a series of letters written for the *Morning Chronicle*, in which newspaper they have already appeared, and therefore there is no necessity for according to them any very considerable space in our pages; especially when finding that the parts of the work which would otherwise most deeply interest the reader belong to personal sketches of the Pasha, but which have been frequently retailed of late years, till they have become generally current. To be sure Dr. Madden, who is a practised writer of books of travel, extends his remarks as well as descriptions to a variety of important points, such as the military establishment of Mohammed, the nature and results of his government, notices of his revenue, slavery in the Turkish empire and in Egypt, together with other statistical and political matters, the author bestowing some observations upon the persecution of the Jews at Damascus, and also the views of France in the East.

The Doctor's account, although we cannot place entire reliance upon it, either as being the result of careful and close examination, or as free from the colouring natural to one, who was writing for a ministerial journal, at a time when it was deemed needful to produce strong impressions, represents the Pasha's policy and prospects in a way far from flattering, or from promising lasting benefits to his family, or the country he rules. His exactions are characterized as being ruinous, while his revenue must become unequal to the expenditure required by his system. At the same time he takes care to be the great gainer by his more enlightened introductions, say, of a commercial nature; these improvements, however, being in an abstract sense, ill contrived for the people he governs. Then what if his iron sway should outlast the resources of the people? or what if Ibrahim should pre-decease his father? The consequences Dr. Madden seems to think would be commotion and distraction, which would prove most disastrous to the nation, and most inimical to the progress of its civilization.

The Doctor has been heretofore employed in the West Indies relative to emancipation; and one of his main objects in Egypt appears to have been to persuade or influence the Pasha to the

work of abolishing the slave-trade carried on under that ruler's auspices. There is in the volume an account of an expedition which invaded Nubia for the purpose of capturing slaves that deserves attention. Having indicated these things we shall now quote a few notices of the Pasha, his habits, and his state.

"Mohammed Ali is now in his seventy-second year. He is hale and strong in his appearance, somewhat bent by age; but the energy of his mind, the vivacity of his features, and the piercing lightning of his glance, have undergone no change since I first saw him in the year 1825, nearly fifteen years ago. He is about five feet six inches in height, of a ruddy fair complexion, with light hazel eyes, deeply set in their sockets, and overshadowed by prominent eyebrows. His lips are thin, his features regular, extremely changeful, yet altogether agreeable in their expression when he is in good humour. At such times, his countenance is that of a frank, amiable, and highly intelligent person. The motion of his hands and his gestures in conversation are those of a well-bred person, and his manners are easy and even dignified. He perambulates his rooms a great deal when he is at all disturbed, with his hands behind his back, and thinks aloud on those occasions. He sleeps but little, and seldom soundly: he is said by his physicians to be subject to a determination of blood to the head, attended with epileptic symptoms, which recur with violence when he is under any unusual excitement. In the late difficulties, previous to his answering the proposal of the Four Powers, these symptoms made it necessary for his physicians to bleed him in the arm and take away a pound of blood. One of these physicians had to sit up with him for some nights; and, as it is customary for the Pasha to do with his attendants, he called up the doctor several times in the night, to 'tell him something,' and the poor drowsy physician was frequently woke up with the habitual query, 'Well, doctor, have you nothing to tell me?'

"His palace at Alexandria is elegantly furnished, in the European style, with chairs and tables, looking-glasses, several pictures, and a large bust of the Viceroy himself. I noticed a magnificent four-post bed in his sleeping-chamber: both the attendants who conducted me over the palace informed me it never had been used: he continues the old Turkish habit of sleeping on a mattress on the floor. He rises early—generally between four and five: receives every one who comes to him; dictates to his secretaries; and has the English and French newspapers translated and read to him: one of the latter of which is known to be the paid organ of his political views.

"His only language is the Turkish; and he speaks it with the greatest fluency, and in the most impressive manner. In his conversation he is sprightly, courteous, and intelligent. On every subject he gives those about him the impression of a shrewd, penetrating, right-thinking man. He speaks very distinctly, (thanks to the effects of English dentistry,) and with remarkable precision. He is simple in his mode of living, eats after the European manner at table, and takes his bottle of claret almost daily. His manners are extremely pleasing, and his general appearance prepossessing: his expression, as I have before said, is that of a good humoured, amiable man; but when he is disturbed in his mind, he seems not to have the

slightest control over his feelings or over his features ; and when he is displeased, his scowl is what no man would willingly encounter twice. A medical friend of mine who had the *entré* of the palace, and had occasion to visit him at a very early hour the morning after the arrival of the Turkish fleet, which had just fallen into his power, found him at the dawn alone in his apartment, stationed at the window gazing on those vessels which were destined for the destruction of his Syrian fleet, and which were now quietly 'reposing on their shadows' in his own harbour at Alexandria ; and, as he gazed on them, very earnestly talking to himself, as if deeply engaged in conversation."

Dr. Madden's story goes to acquit Mohammed of the persecution of the Jews ; it also leads us to regard him as a lax believer in the religion of the prophet :—

"His own sagacity may have led him to perceive the defects of the Mahomedan religion ; but it is more than probable, that without the counsel and example of these men, [foreigners,] his policy would have led to his imposing himself on his people for a sincere believer in their faith ; and he would have been a strict observer of the outward rites and forms of his religion, for that reason alone. As it is, he makes no pretensions to devotion. On two occasions recently, when I have had interviews with him, in company with Sir Moses Montefiore, at the Magreb or evening hour of prayer, all the soldiers, officers, servants, and attendants of the palace, were assembled at their devotion in the large antichamber leading into his reception-room, with all the pomp and state of Oriental devotion. The devout Mussulmen were ranged in rows in front of the Imam, and a person duly appointed to perform the service chanted certain passages of the Koran and forms of prayers in a full sonorous voice, that echoed through the spacious rooms of the palace.

"The various prostrations of those assembled, their simultaneous movements and accents, and the deep solemnity of the look and manner of every individual engaged in prayer, had a very touching effect : but in the midst of all this solemnity, on one occasion the Pasha made his appearance from his own apartment, walked across the hall, took no notice whatever of those assembled at prayer, but seeing Sir Moses Montefiore and myself and two other gentlemen standing in a corner, he said, in a loud, good-humoured tone, beckoning with his hand, 'Guel, guel' (Come in, come in) ; and we had to follow him into his grand saloon, to the manifest disturbance of all those employed in prayer."

The Pasha's enforcement of reverence to him by his sons takes what in the west we would consider whimsical and inconsistent forms :—

"Mohammed Ali, a remarkably fine little boy of about nine years of age, is the fifth, and youngest, and a favourite son of the old Pasha. It is singular to see this little fellow with his father : he is permitted to take all sorts of liberties with him ; and the contrast of this freedom is very striking

compared with the solemn, formal nature of the interviews of Seid Bey, and even Ibrahim Pasha with his father. The Pasha, amidst all the reforms he has introduced, has thought proper to leave untouched the old habit of exacting the most profound submission from his grown-up children. When Seid Bey, who as yet resides in the palace of the women, or the harem of the Pasha, pays his weekly visit every Friday to his father, he enters the reception-hall with his eyes downcast, his arms folded, and dares not walk up straight to his father's presence, but makes the circuit of the divan slowly and abashed, and at length stops at a respectful distance before the Pasha, approaches and kisses the hem of his garment, retires modestly, and stands again with folded arms and downcast looks: after an interval of two or three minutes, the Pasha salutes him, beckons him to his side, and then he is permitted to talk to his august father. Strange to say, Ibrahim Pasha, old as he is, and with all his honours, goes through the same formal scene at every public interview, on each return of his from the army to Cairo or Alexandria."

We close our brief notice of the Doctor's volume, with an extract from an American work, being a narrative of a voyage around the world by an officer of the United State's navy, relative to a tribe of slaves at Rio Janeiro, seeing that the passage has more precision in it, and points to more serious results than anything which we have discovered in the pages from which we have just been quoting in reference to the negroes. The officer is speaking of a class known by the name of Minas, and says,—

"Of this class of slaves, both the men and women are remarkably stubborn, impatient and proud, but industrious and very aspiring. So proud they are, that it is said they will rather suffer death than endure any undue castigation. Many of them have been known to kill themselves when imprisoned, and deprived of other means, by turning inward the end of the tongue in such a manner, as to choke themselves to death. One instance occurred not long before our arrival. A stern Mina slave had been threatened with a severe punishment, and managed to attempt his escape into the water. He had proceeded far out towards a resting place, before he was discovered and nearly overtaken by the boat of his pursuers. He then immediately plunged beneath the waves and endeavoured to hold himself beneath by a rock, till death might release him; two or three times his hold was disengaged, by the prying oars of those above him, and as often he regained it; but when nearly drowned, his strength relaxed, and he was taken to the shore to suffer his tortures in aggravated degrees. It is from this class of slaves, that many rise to freedom and prosperity, and their young successors are the principal guards of the empire."

We are always prompt to invite attention to any novel or very remarkable circumstance in the history of slavery; and the passage now quoted is calculated to awaken speculation, and to engage the humane reader.

ART. IV.

1. *Choral Psalmody.* By F. A. HEAD.
2. *Elements of Electro-Metallurgy.* By ALFRED SMEE. London : Longman.
3. *The Tudor Library of Illustrated British Classics. The Spectator, Parts I. to V. Illustrated in Acrography.* London : Effingham Wilson.

WE propose in this paper to call the attention of our readers to some of the more striking facts connected with the present condition and prospects of several of the mechanical as well as of the fine arts, great changes and revolutions being at this moment in progress in these departments, just as in social and public matters. Indeed, it is impossible to disjoin the transition in any one branch of art, trade, or intellectual speculation, from a corresponding movement in the general feelings and modes of thinking of the community. Progression in one sphere may precede development in another ; but the relationship is inseparable between all the principles of sentiment, action and enterprise ; just as the interests of every one class of a nation depend upon, or are combined with, the well-being of all the other classes. We are taking it for granted that the transition will be that of advancement, not that of retrogression ; and that according to the nature of things as well as the spirit of the age, mankind are not to stand still, but every day proceed to achieve new conquests towards the ennobling of the species and the greater happiness of all. No doubt we are forced often to witness fallings back as well as departures from the onward and straight line ; just as we have frequently to lament that particular classes become severe sufferers when any great and sudden bound is made in discovery and national prosperity. Nevertheless we feel assured that with all the questionable innovations, or the futile experiments that are made in science or art of any kind, the general result is profitable teaching, and accelerated improvement, so as to neutralize, yea, and to turn to manifest advantage, the temporary error and backward step. We proceed to illustrate our views by adducing some facts in the recent and present condition of music amongst us.

Many of our readers must be aware, that the Cathedral Service of the Church of England has received of late a heavy blow in consequence of its parliamentary abolition, or abridgment at least ; brought about too at the instance of some of the dignitaries of the Establishment. We are not going to inquire closely what may be the motives of those who have urged the change ; nor to pretend that we have fully weighed the expediency of the measure. Still, it can hardly be denied that certain trustees of Church property have profited by an act of spoliation, and pocketed sums which were originally intended for the due and adequate support of Cathedral music. We believe too that the effect of the change has been for

some time very apparent in St. Paul's, for example ; and that it has struck at the efficiency of the Organists' as well as at the number and competency of the Vicars Choral, and also of the Minor Canons. Now, many who take a deep interest not only in the grandeur and solemnity of the Cathedral Service, but in the progress and prospects of music, social and sacred, lament that the Choirs should have been robbed, and when the value of landed property is on the increase, to enrich Deans and Chapters. We shall here quote the Memorial of a number of Cathedral Organists, addressed to the Deans and Chapters of the Cathedral and Collegiate Churches of England and Wales, which, while avoiding directly to bring accusations, very pointedly states what is required, and truly describes what would be the result of the necessary improvements. The Memorial sheweth,—

“That your memorialists view with regret the imperfect manner in which the service is at present performed in our Cathedral Churches.

“That the Choirs are inadequate to the due and solemn performance of Cathedral music; and that such improvements as the Chapters may be pleased to make in their respective Choirs will be hailed by your memorialists with gratitude.

“That they would respectfully offer the following suggestions, to the consideration of the Chapters :

“1. That for the proper performance of Cathedral music, four voices at least are required to a part, viz. four Altos, four Tenors, and four Basses, with an appropriate number of boys.

2. “That it would be desirable to have a practising-room established; in which the Choir might meet once a week, to rehearse the music for the following Sunday, and thus the sacredness of church be more religiously regarded.

“3. That the Organist, as master of the boys, should more completely direct their musical education—as indeed, according to the spirit of the several statutes, he is bound to do; by which means they would be kept in an efficient state, and be taught not only to sing at church, but also to play upon instruments, and be well grounded in the theory of music. It is, however, self-evident, that the discharge of the duties which would fall upon us were this memorial fully carried out, would involve the abandonment of that large portion of our professional employment which is utterly unconnected with our proper duties as Cathedral Organists. These engagements are at present absolutely necessary for the decent support of ourselves and families: we would gladly devote a larger portion of our time to our Cathedral duties, and can only hope that if more is required of us than when we were first appointed to our situations, we shall not be suffered to lose thereby.

“Your memorialists trust that this statement of their views and wishes will be received in the same spirit in which it is submitted to your consideration. They hope they shall not seem to be stepping out of their proper sphere if, in conclusion, they revert to the great benefit which would result to the cause of religion throughout the land, from the more decent and

solemn performance of the daily service in every Cathedral; which could not fail, among other effects, to produce a deeper feeling of the beauty of church music, and increased congregations on week-days.

“And your memorialists, &c.”

The following is the Recommendation of a number of the most distinguished of the Musical Profession :—

“We the undersigned, members of the musical profession, would view with great satisfaction the adoption of any measure similar to that recommended in the annexed memorial. We feel confident that any step which the Deans and Chapters may be pleased to take for the restoration of our noble Cathedral Service to its proper dignity and magnificence, would raise the musical taste of the people at large, and enable each organist to devote himself wholly and solely, as it is desirable he should be able to do, to the duties of his church, to the general superintendence of the choir, and to the composition and arrangement of the Cathedral music.

And this is by about 115 beneficed Clergymen :—

“We the undersigned, Clergymen of the Church of England, would view with heartfelt satisfaction the adoption of any measure similar to that recommended in the annexed memorial. We feel confident that any steps which the Deans and Chapters may be pleased to take for the restoration of our noble Cathedral Service to its proper dignity and magnificence, would gain for them the affections of the people at large, would advance in no small degree the cause of religion throughout the land, and would promote the glory of Almighty God, by fully carrying out the intentions of the founders of our Cathedrals; whose main object, it is evident, was to secure the due and solemn performance of Divine service in every Cathedral daily for ever.”

We need hardly mention that the views urged in the documents quoted have not, so far as we understand, been acceded to by the trustees of Church property; but that on the other hand, the work of abolition threatens to advance, and that in fact at this moment so greatly reduced in number and talent have been the Choirs, that in several places the performance of the sublimest services, such as Purcell's, is a miserable burlesque.

But let us now turn to a different aspect of the matter, and to the prospects of “Choral Psalmody,” as offered by Mr. Head in the publication mentioned at the top of our paper,—viz. “A Collection of Tunes to be sung in parts, without instruments, by all Village Choirs, containing 110 tunes as now sung by a choir (formed within the last year) of 24 singers in the parish church of Awlescombe, Devon; with simple rudiments and instructions annexed for teaching music on a short and easy plan, the ultimate object of which is to terminate in congregational singing.” Such is the explanatory title of a work which may emphatically be called one calculated not only to popularize music, but lead to a correct and delightful skill

in the art, so as to create a taste in it among all classes, and in the course of time to work a moral change in the character of the nation.

Mr. Head is not merely an enthusiast in what he has undertaken, but we understand he has already found his exertions amply rewarded, yet still full of more promise. Indeed, no one but an enthusiast, and yet a person of sound judgment and cool calculation, is fitted to undertake the reform required, seeing that neither in cathedrals nor choirs is there hope or help. But Mr. Head is not the only enthusiast that has been awakened on this subject, or who has gone to work with circumspection and upon right principles; for we have to congratulate the nation on the fact, that the musical education of the people, and as a necessary result, of all classes, has been set about by authority.

The Education Commissioners have taken up the subject with apparent earnestness, and a singing class for school-masters under the sanction of the Committee of Council has been commenced; Mr. Hullah, a musician every way fitted to discharge the difficult task with success, having been selected to follow out the enlightened plan.

The first thing that is to be done is to create a body of school-masters, so as that every master of a school established and superintended by the Commissioners or their deputies, shall have the knowledge necessary to enable him to teach singing as well as reading, writing, and ciphering.

The singing-class for schoolmasters was very lately the subject of congratulation at Exeter Hall, when a lecture was delivered by Mr. Hullah, explanatory of his views and plan of instruction. He also illustrated his system by certain vocal exercises performed by the boys from the establishment at Battersea,—the longest taught having been ten months a scholar, receiving instruction two hours a week, in routine with other studies. The explanations of the lecturer, and the illustrations offered, proved to the musically initiated portion of the audience, that Mr. Hullah knows of no royal or railway line to the acquisition of the art of singing; but that it must be trod carefully, patiently, according to rule founded on science. The power, for example, of reading notes as readily as words, must be acquired. And think what must the extent of skill and talent which this acquisition necessarily presupposes! Why the ability to understand the finest music in the world, of all ages and of all countries, and a capacity to sing it, must be the result. And when the youngsters that now shall be taught to sing from notes, and to make a proper use of their voices, have become fathers and mothers, what must be the taste for, and proficiency in, harmony that will then exalt the people? It will then be unnecessary to memorialize Deans and Chapters relative to Cathedral services; for musical

education will be general and good ; it will be cheaply acquired, and relished with the ardour which proficiency in every fine art begets. Is it too much to predict that when this charming engine shall come into operation as generally as steam power, the pastimes, the social and moral habits, of the people will be no less generally improved, in comparison with the old trodden ways ? However therefore organists and musical professors or amateurs may at present lament that dignitaries of the Church and that Parliament should have meddled prejudiciously with Cathedral choirs, may we not regard the injury as merely of a temporary nature, and also as in some degree the forerunner and necessary cause of the cheering impulse that seems to have been so auspiciously created ?

The "*Elements of Electro-Metallurgy ; or, the Art of Working in Metals by the Galvanic Fluid,*" is a work of merit upon a new and most interesting branch, or rather a new application of electro-magnetism to the fine and mechanical arts. Mr. Smece, who is Surgeon to the Bank of England, has given a clearly arranged and succinctly comprehensive account of everything that yet has been discovered in the novel processes, not merely for the information of the scientific inquirer, but the guidance of the operator, in the great variety of cases to which the new art may be applied, and which seems to be hastening towards perfection, whether in the sphere in which the imagination takes chief delight, or in that where commerce and manufactures engage our economical views.

We shall not attempt a description of the modes of operation to be adopted towards the various purposes for which electro-metallurgy may be turned. The account could not be made very intelligible, within a short space, to the general reader. But a hasty notice of some of the ends attained by the art will indicate how extensive and influential may become its results.

Well then, not only may this practically-scientific novelty be applied to the working in metals, so as to produce medals, coins, &c., but plates for the engraver,—plates after plates of the same subject, if required ; so that an endless number of impressions, called *voltatype* prints, may be obtained ; prints too, which artists consider to be equal, if not superior, to proof impressions. Thus then the most costly engraving may be multiplied to any amount, and at comparatively small expense. Not merely have engraved plates been copied, but wood-cuts, plaster-casts, &c., the wood, or wax, &c., requiring to be coated with a metallic film, where the copper is to be deposited. And this coating, it has at length been discovered, can be accomplished by the most simple and sufficient means, by a black-lead brush, the black-lead being the nucleus for the precipitated metal. With regard to the hopes of this art making still greater practical advances, it may in our hasty notice

be sufficient to state, that, during the last twelvemonth, it has realized a good deal of progress, and has grown in importance.

We may take the opportunity of stating, when on the subject of the wonderful discoveries and faculties which are engaging artists and various orders of ingenious men, that M. Arago, some time back, announced to the French Academy of Sciences, on behalf of M. Daguerre, that a great improvement had been made in the photogenic progress; and that by this new discovery, an image can be produced, or obtained, in a second, or less, of time; so that objects in motion and portraits are brought within M. Daguerre's empire. The reliance upon the announcement of such an important improvement, when made by such an eminent authority, to the academy, has put a complete stop to the photogenic trade in Paris, as regards the sale of the formerly used apparatus, and the demand for drawings.

But our present notices of new arts are not yet exhausted; for that of Acrography, which means *engraving in relief*, a process invented by Mr. Louis Schonberg, of Hatton Garden, the secret of which is not yet divulged by him, demands a word.

The advantages contemplated or promised by acrography may be in some measure understood by the general reader, after he is told that it surpasses lithography, in that the impressions are printed along with type by the common letter-press, as the blocks of wood-engraving are, the blocks in Mr. Schonberg's art being of metal; while its superiority over wood-engraving lies in the blocks being the designer's own work,—thus, if he be a proficient in the art of drawing, and careful to employ his master-hand, producing originals in every sense, that must exhibit characteristic spirit.

Almost any material, we are told, may be used for drawing on, which is done with an etching-point. Nevertheless a common lithographic stone is preferred; but how from the incised lines a metal cast is taken, is still kept secret. Neither as yet have we been assured that the process will supersede others as regards cheapness in the pictorial illustrations of books; or that it can be conducted with such certainty and precision as to recommend it to regular and extensive practice. At the same time we must state that in the specimens before us, although not perfect in respect of clearness, or of breadth and firmness, the drawing is of a superior character both for its accuracy and seizure of character. When we reflect, besides that the art is in its infancy, we must pronounce the present specimen as highly interesting; nor could we wish to see its greatest triumphs, or those of any other means of illustration and embellishment, better employed than in a cheap and elegant edition of the British essayists, the first volume of which is before us.

Having spoken of lithography, to which acrography is akin in several particulars,—especially in this, that by both processes the impression is derived from the drawing of the artist;—let us bear in mind that the elder of these branches presented at first exceedingly coarse and defective specimens, compared with the beautiful finish and force of its late efforts; and that therefore similar triumphs may be achieved in the younger department. It will not therefore be out of place, at the close of our paper, if we cite the account of the process and history of lithography from a useful and interesting work just published, written by T. H. Fielding, and which treats of the “*Art of Engraving*,” in each of its departments, and according to all its methods, in a plain and sufficient manner. He says:—

“The process of lithography depends on the facility with which some kinds of stone absorb either grease or water, and on the natural antipathy which grease and water have to each other. An even surface having been given to the stone, a drawing is made upon it with a greasy chalk, the stone is then wetted, and the printer passes over it a roller covered with printing-ink, which adheres to those parts only which are drawn upon with the chalk; a damp paper is then pressed upon it, and receives an impression of the drawing.

“Lithography was accidentally discovered about the year 1792, by Alois Senefelder, the son of a performer at the Theatre Royal of Munich. He was a Student of Law at the University of Ingoldstadt, and after his father's death tried a theatrical life, but without success. He then became an author, but being too poor to publish his work, tried various methods of writing on copper in order that he might print them himself, and soon found that a composition of soap, wax, and lamp-black formed an excellent material for writing, capable when dry of resisting aqua-fortis. To obtain facility in writing backwards, as copper was too expensive, he procured some pieces of calcareous stone, which when polished served him to practise upon.

“His mother having one day desired him to take an account of some linen she was sending to be washed, he wrote it out on a piece of this stone with his composition of soap and wax. It afterwards occurred to him, that by corroding the surface with acid the letters would stand out in relief, and admit of impressions being made from them. He tried the experiments and succeeded, and soon found that it was not absolutely necessary to lower the surface of the stone, but that simply wetting it was sufficient to prevent the printing ink from adhering to any parts except those which were marked with the composition.”

Such was the invention of lithography, and Senefelder continued to pay unremitting attention to the improvement of the art.

“In 1796 pieces of music were printed, and it was perhaps the first time that lithography became of real use. The difficulty of writing backwards

brought about the invention of transfer paper. In 1799 Senefelder took out a patent at Munich, and soon after entered into partnership with a Mr. André of Offenbach, who proposed to establish presses and take out patents in London, Paris, and Vienna. He came to London in 1801, with a brother of Mr. Offenbach, and communicated the new art, then called polyautography, to many of our best English artists, who tried it; but the continual failures through want of skill in the printing, and the difference between German and English materials, caused it to be abandoned. Having separated from Mr. André, Senefelder went to Vienna, where he tried to apply lithography to the printing of cottons, but apparently without success, and he returned to Munich in 1806, in which year the professor of drawing at the public school at Munich, Mr. Mitterer, succeeded in multiplying copies of his drawings for his pupils by lithography. He is also said to have invented the composition for chalk as now made. In 1809 we find Senefelder inspector of the royal lithographic establishment at Munich, and engaged in printing a map of Bavaria, and soon after invented the stone paper, which, however, did not succeed: it was exhibited in 1823 at London, by a partner of Senefelder, but its liability to crack by being wet and the pressure of the press rendered it useless. Little was done in England after 1806, till its revival in 1817, since which time it has been gradually improving, till lately it has acquired still greater powers by the means of employing a second stone, by which is obtained a perfect imitation of drawings made on tinted paper, having the lights laid on with white."

Now, and to conclude, we have only to observe, that although it may be impossible to measure the amount of influence which every new element in the mechanical or more refined arts produces, be assured that every such increase has an important influence, and in this remarkable way,—it becomes the generator and direct occasion of many more. Lithography, we know, has done much in this way, not only by affording scope for the ingenuity of multitudes, in new spheres, but by producing new calls for what had long been known and done. And so may acrography become a parent as well as a useful and admired servant.

ART. V.

1. *Retrospect of a Military Life.* By JAMES ANTON. London: Highley. 1841.
2. *Two Years before the Mast. A Personal Narrative of Life at Sea.* London: Moxon. 1841.

MR. ANTON'S *Military Life* extended over "the most eventful Periods of the Last War," besides other less noted years in the history of British arms; and at length he has retired after gaining the post of Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Forty-second, or Royal Highlanders.

The military reminiscences of the "Last War" have been so

numerous and so similar, that the announcement of any additional contribution of the kind has, of late years, rather excited disparaging or surfeiting anticipations, than lively and welcoming expectancies. From subalterns inclusive and upwards, even to royalty, numbers who drew the sword in the same fields where James Anton served, have, since the piping times of peace set in, also like him wielded the pen, and told us many a tough story, thereby endeavouring to earn a renown which never belonged to their real achievements in castle or camp, in battle or in discipline. Even feather-bed soldiers have been known to figure valiantly upon paper, and generals by courtesy more than by conquest or merit have hired expert penmen to celebrate their heroism in portly octavos, or, it might be, in ponderous quartos.

But even the half-college bred lads who saw service sufficient to make them veterans in experience by the time their chins were well clad, were naturally so prone to exalt their merits and exaggerate what they had witnessed, and to perpetrate authorship, when the mania for book-making took the place of war's alarms, that there was a wondrous identity in what all of them told, especially as when the military scribe or journalist confines himself to facts and to what he can alone truthfully speak, by flood or field, there must be a general sameness of topics and scenes. Then there is for the most part such an egotism and professional slang about mess and companionship in the details which our gallant defenders are ready to fall into, that we confess the retrospects of military life have long ago grown stale, and almost every detail of the kind, especially if highly varnished, tiresome.

If, however, anything of the sort is likely to bespeak favour it is when the writer belongs to a grade in the service, the members of which have seldom obtruded their reminiscences upon the public, but who must often have suffered and seen more that is worth relating than their superiors, and whose ordinary experience may be readily supposed to be more varied and racy. And when on perusal of such a man's retrospect the reader finds, as in the instance before us, that the narrator is a plain, unostentatious, unromantic, and sensible man; that he has no marvellous adventures to record; or at least that he does not consider his experience,—whatever a sprig of gentility might have felt, if subjected to similar casualties, or said if describing them,—much out of the common way, at the same time that his story furnishes a truth-looking and excellent picture of a common soldier, or a non-commissioned officer's life, the book must be welcomed not merely as in some respects a novelty, but as containing an instructive narrative. A few particulars culled from the autobiography, and an extract or two, will be sufficient to indicate the character of the author as a man, and themoral or lessons to be derived from the work.

James Anton is a Scotch peasant by birth, and therefore his breeding was likely to be the very best, both as regarded hardihood and frugality, for the soldier who had to *rough it* "during the most Eventful Periods of the Last War." He first figured as a military man in the Militia, where he saved upwards of forty pounds; without forgetting his mother and his duty to her out of his miserably small pay. In 1813 he volunteered into the line, and soon after was sent upon actual service in the Peninsula. We now find him a corporal, but what was no doubt better, he had before leaving home got married. After hearing what the regiment was into which he volunteered it is needless to particularize the actions in which he was engaged. Since the establishment of peace, and the return from France, his duty has been divided chiefly between Ireland, Malta, and Gibraltar, having been promoted at length to the enviable rank of Quarter-master-Sergeant.

From the time at which Anton entered the Militia, he was in the habit of keeping a journal. But we must let himself explain the nature of this record, and some of the casualties to which it was subjected. He says,—

"From 1803 until 1811, I kept a journal of what I thought worthy of recording. This journal I composed in rhyme; and to tell the truth, I thought it poetry. In 1811, I purchased a grammar; and after studying it a little, I was enabled to discover that I had trespassed against every rule of the art. And although there was nothing indelicate or offensive in my work, yet I was vexed that I had been so silly as to show it to men of learning, and committed it to the flames. Still I was bent on journalizing; and having once commenced in rhyme, I felt no inclination to discontinue, more particularly so as my transfer of service to the Line would doubtless enable me to witness events more worthy of record. Having burned my former journal, I commenced my new one on my landing in Spain in 1813, and carried it on until 1816."

But this was not all the sacrifice which Mr. Anton was doomed to make; for he tells us that,—

"In 1827, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a gentleman who had an excellent library at his command, and by him was favoured with the perusal of some excellent books. I now began to see my rhyming journal from 1813 to 1816 in almost the same contemptible light as I had done the preceding one which I had burned, and I set to remodel my manuscript. I therefore had only to transpose the subject of my rhyme to prose, and then question myself which of the two was the better."

Now if these be not proofs of candour, perseverance, and sound judgment, we know not what our readers would desire. But when one comes to observe the contentedness which reigns through his retrospect, the perfect feeling of obedience to superior authority, the

earnestness with which he regards regularity and strict discipline, and the patience with which he underwent hardships, arising from inclement weather, excessive fatigue, miserable accommodation, want of proper sustenance, and even the sufferings and scenes inseparable from the battle-field, surely we must pronounce the Quarter-master Serjeant to have been made of the best sort of metal that even a Wellington ever commanded.

The account which our journalizer gives of the principal actions in which he has been engaged, and also his sketches of character, as well as of minor scenes, are good, as far as distinctness goes, although not very highly worked up, as we have already intimated. But as we consider the best, the most novel, and the most characteristic pictures in the book to be those which artlessly exhibit the life of the common soldier, we shall confine the extracts now to be offered to one or two passages belonging to Mr. Anton's experience. The first finds him at home many years ago :—

"I shall here mention our usual meals (with which we were perfectly contented) during the time we were in quarters, as they differ so widely from what soldiers now-a-days are accustomed to ; premising that we had our provisions, without contract, at our own purchasing. We breakfasted about nine in the morning, on bread and milk ; dined about two in the afternoon, on potatoes and a couple of salt herrings, boiled in the pot with the potatoes ; a bottle of small beer, (commonly called *swipes*,) and a slice of bread served for supper, when we were disposed to take that meal, which soldiers seldom do. On the whole, I am certain our expenses for messing, dear as markets were, did not exceed three shillings and sixpence each weekly : and to do our landlady justice, she was not anxious to encourage extravagance in preparing and cooking our meals, particularly such as required fuel and attention ; and in these matters we were far from being troublesome or particular. Our obliging landlady would, when requested, bring us a pennyworth of soup, called *kale*, for our dinner, instead of herring ; and if we had a little cause to remark on the want of cleanliness in the dish or its contents, she jocosely replied, 'It tak's a deal o' dirt to poison sogers.'"

Let us now observe him and his wife far from home and in a land where war was raging :—

"After having seen the provisions distributed, I set about looking out for some accommodation for my wife ; for we had not as yet been accustomed to lie on the open field, as in bivouac, nor even seen the like, and the tent was far from comfortable to a poor wearied young woman : I shall not mention delicacy, for that would be out of place—we must submit to circumstances. The names of seventeen men were on the tent besides myself ; so it may be easily seen how crowded it must have been, had the whole been off duty, but this was seldom the case. However, as no other shelter was to be had, we took a berth under it. Eleven soldiers lay in it that night along with us, all stretched with their feet to the centre, and their heads to the cur-

tain of the tent, every man's knapsack below his head, and his clothes and accoutrements on his body; the one-half of the blankets under and the other spread over the whole, so that we all lay in one bed. Often did my poor wife look up to the thin canvas that screened her face from the night-dew, and wish for the approaching morn. It was announced at last, before day-break, by an exclamation of 'Rouse!' which passed from tent to tent along the lines, when every man started up, folded his blanket, and strapped it on the back of his knapsack, ready for a march."

We have seen that our *soger* was satisfied with spare diet and frugal meals at home, and therefore he was the better prepared to encounter such scantiness and privations abroad, as those which we now hear of:—

"We were paying at this time, two shillings and sixpence for a loaf of bread between two and three pounds weight, termed a *Pampalonia*; the same price was asked for a pound of brown sugar; a pound of soap was the same price; and an English pint of milk was tenpence, but that could rarely be obtained. Coffee and tea were scarce articles, and beyond the reach of a soldier's purse. We toasted the biscuit to serve as a substitute for coffee, and when a little wheat could be obtained it was preferred: we also considered wheat a very good mess, when boiled in water and left a few minutes to cool and swell."

We have only to remark, on closing the Quarter-master Sergeant's volume, that its pages exhibit evidences that he still cherishes some calf-love after his rhymes.

If we have in common, as we believe with the majority of the reading public, got tired long ago of the ordinary cast of military reminiscences of the "Last War," certainly there appear still stronger reasons for yawning over those naval fictions which, without an exception, may be said to have been written by persons who have gained their experience as Naval officers, or mere passengers, but never by such as have had experience of the common seaman's life, or as have been brought into constant and close contact with those who alone can speak truly from the fore-castle. Again, the imaginative writers of whom we speak seldom profess to depict any but men-of-war's men; and it is universally known that the discipline, habits, and system in the merchant service differ widely from those established in the navy. But even in the naval service, say that of America, or of Great Britain, an officer, remarks the author of the Narrative now before us, "Who goes to sea as a gentleman, 'with his gloves on,' (as the phrase is,) and who associates only with his fellow-officers, and hardly speaks to a sailor except through a boatswain's mate, must take a very different view of the whole matter from that which would be taken by a common sailor."

Independent, however, of the injustice to common sailors and seamen done by the novelists in question, by misrepresentation

and false colouring, there are narratives of a nautical character, genuine and authentic, which are far more arresting, on account of their obvious reality and right feeling, than the majority, or perhaps any one of the romances of Cooper or Marryat. It will not be easy, for example, to name a fiction of the kind meant, even of those which appeared before the public had a surfeit of the school, that will excite an equal interest to that which the simple, earnest, and benevolent work now before us must awaken ; while, as regards the good which its circulation in a cheap yet handsome form will produce, it must outweigh all the benefit to be derived from a whole library of imaginary stories. Mr. Moxon has indeed advanced new claims upon the gratitude of all, but especially of that important class of persons who man our ships and endure the burden of the toil, by republishing the *Personal Narrative* in a style uniform with his cheap editions of such works as those of Basil Hall, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and others, whose productions breathe a benign influence upon mankind, and enlighten the soul through appeals to the heart, as well as by pictures of truth, and admirably framed facts.

The Publisher says, he has been induced to bring this American work before the English public from the favourable opinion entertained of it by officers of long standing in the British Navy. From its unpretending form and internal evidences everywhere, it is manifestly an authentic and accurate detail of real circumstances, whether bright or dark ; the same being fully ascertained, as stated by Mr. Moxon, from other sources. All we have now therefore to do, is to present some samples of a Narrative in which an admirable spirit of humanity, and a dignity or manliness of sentiment combine, so as to render the particulars described, however limited in their scope, or trifling in themselves, impressive and touching.

The writer, whose name is not given, the Editor feeling that it would not be right "to extend the liberty that has been taken with his work to an unauthorized intrusion upon that privacy within which he has thought fit to remain," commences with his reasons for publishing the book. He says, "In the following pages I design to give an accurate and authentic narrative of a little more than two years spent as a common sailor before the mast, in the American merchant service. It is written out from a journal which I kept at the time, and from notes which I made of most of the events as they happened ; and in it I have adhered closely to fact in every particular, and endeavoured to give each thing its true character. In so doing, I have been obliged occasionally to use strong and coarse expressions, and in some instances to give scenes that may be painful to nice feelings ; but I have very carefully avoided doing so, whenever I have not felt them essential to giving the true character of a scene. My design is, and it is this which has induced

me to publish the book, to present the life of a common sailor at sea as it truly is,—the light and the dark together.”

He soon afterwards lets us know that he changed “the tight dress coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an under-graduate at Cambridge, to the loose duck trousers, checked shirt,” &c. of a jack tar; that the voyage, which was to be in the “brig Pilgrim, on her voyage from Boston round Cape Horn to the western coast of North America,” was undertaken, to cure, if possible, a weakness of the eyes, which had obliged him to relinquish his pursuits, and which no medical aid seemed likely to cure. The determination was not less spirited, than the motive was urgent; but what appears to us to claim still more marked notice, was the manner in which such a youth bore himself through trials of uncommon severity. And yet but for what he resolved to do, what he witnessed, and what he endured, the world would have been without his striking representations and appeals, for the benefit of a very numerous and indispensable class of men, whose condition has begun to excite some attention among lands-people, but who are still lamentably far from awakening that deep and manly sympathy which the Undergraduate experiences and would fain beget. But now for some special reminiscences, scenes and events.

The first day the author passed at sea he had a good specimen of the manner of a sea-captain, in a short characteristic speech, while “walking the quarter-deck, with a cigar in his mouth, and dropping the words out between the puffs.” The speech and the author’s first experiences of a seaman’s life we must copy:—

“ ‘Now, my men, we have begun a long voyage. If we get along well together, we shall have a comfortable time; if we don’t, we shall have hell afloat.—All you’ve got to do is to obey your orders and do your duty like men,—then you’ll fare well enough;—if you don’t, you’ll fare hard enough,—I can tell you. If we pull together, you’ll find me a clever fellow; if we don’t, you’ll find me a *bloody* rascal.—That’s all I’ve got to say.—Go below, the larboard watch!’

“I being in the starboard or second mate’s watch, had the opportunity of keeping the first watch at sea. S——, a young man, making, like myself, his first voyage, was in the same watch, and as he was the son of a professional man, and had been in a counting-room in Boston, we found that we had many friends and topics in common. We talked these matters over,—Boston, what our friends were probably doing, our voyage, &c., until he went to take his turn at the look-out, and left me to myself. I had now a fine time for reflection. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter-deck, where I had no right to go, one or two men were talking on the fore-castle, whom I had little inclination to join, so that I was left open to the full impression of everything about me. However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember

that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did then and afterwards take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was leaving.

"But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead; and I could plainly see by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say, that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes eight bells were struck, the watch called, and we went below. I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage, in which I lived, was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our cloths upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. There was a complete 'hurrah's nest,' as the sailors say, 'everything on top and nothing at hand.' A large hawser had been coiled away upon my chest; my hats, boots, mattress and blankets had all *fetched away* and gone over to leeward, and were jammed and broken under the boxes and coils of rigging. To crown all, we were allowed no light to find anything with, and I was just beginning to feel strong symptoms of sea-sickness, and that listlessness and inactivity which accompany it. Giving up all attempts to collect my things together, I lay down upon the sails, expecting every moment to hear the cry of 'all hands ahoy,' which the approaching storm would soon make necessary. I shortly heard the rain-drops falling on deck, thick and fast, and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the accompaniments of a coming storm. In a few minutes the slide of the hatch was thrown back, which let down the noise and tumult of the deck still louder, the loud cry of 'All hands ahoy! tumble up here and take in sail,' saluted our ears, and the hatch was quickly shut again. When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience was before me. The little brig was close hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The topsail haliards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and, to me, unintelligible orders constantly giving and rapidly executed, and the sailors 'singing out' at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains. In addition to all this, I had not got my 'sea legs on,' was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything, and it was 'pitch dark.' This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef top-sails.

"How I got along, I cannot now remember. I 'laid out on the yards, and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the topsail yard. Soon all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below. This I

did not consider much of a favour, for the confusion of everything below, and that inexpressible sickening smell, caused by the shaking up of the bilgewater in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold, wet decks. I had often read of the nautical experiences of others, but I felt as though there could be none worse than mine; for in addition to every other evil, I could not but remember that this was only the first night of a two years' voyage. When we were on deck we were not much better off, for we were continually ordered about by the officer, who said that it was good for us to be in motion. Yet anything was better than the horrible state of things below. I remember very well going to the hatchway and putting my head down, when I was oppressed by *nausea*, and always being relieved immediately. It was as good as an emetic.

"This state of things continued for two days."

Wednesday morning arrives, and we again read as follows :—

"There is something in the first grey streaks stretching along the eastern horizon and throwing an indistinct light upon the face of the deep, which combines with the boundlessness and unknown depth of the sea around you, and gives one a feeling of loneliness, of dread, and of melancholy foreboding, which nothing else in nature can give. This gradually passes away as the light grows brighter, and when the sun comes up, the ordinary monotonous sea day begins.

"From such reflections as these, I was aroused by the order from the officer, 'Forward there! rig the head-pump!' I found that no time was allowed for day-dreaming, but that we must 'turn-to' at the first light. Having called up the 'idlers,' namely, carpenter, cook, steward, &c., and rigged the pump, we commenced washing down the decks. This operation, which is performed every morning at sea, takes nearly two hours; and I had hardly strength enough to get through it. After we had finished, swabbed down, and coiled up the rigging, I sat down on the spars, waiting for seven bells, which was the sign for breakfast. The officer, seeing my lazy posture, ordered me to slush the main-mast, from the royal-mast-head, down. The vessel was then rolling a little, and I had taken no sustenance for three days, so that I felt tempted to tell him that I had rather wait till after breakfast; but I knew that I must 'take the bull by the horns,' and that if I showed any sign of want of spirit or backwardness, that I should be ruined at once. So I took my bucket of grease and climbed up to the royal-mast-head. Here the rocking of the vessel, which increases the higher you go from the foot of the mast, which is the fulcrum of the lever, and the smell of the grease, which offended my fastidious senses, upset my stomach again, and I was not a little rejoiced when I got upon the comparative terra firma of the deck. In a few minutes seven bells were struck, the log hove, the watch called, and we went to breakfast. Here I cannot but remember the advice of the cook, a simple-hearted African. 'Now,' says he, 'my lad, you are well cleaned out; you haven't got a drop of your 'long-shore *swash* aboard of you. You must begin on a new tack,—pitch all your sweat-meats overboard, and turn-to upon good hearty salt beef and sea bread, and I'll promise you, you'll have your ribs well sheathed, and be

as hearty as any of 'em afore you are up to the Horn.' This would be good advice to give to passengers, when they speak of the little niceties which they have laid in, in case of sea-sickness.

"I cannot describe the change which half-a-pound of cold salt beef and a biscuit or two produced in me. I was a new being. We had a watch below until noon, so that I had some time to myself; and getting a huge piece of strong, cold, salt beef from the cook, I kept gnawing upon it until twelve o'clock. When we went on deck I felt somewhat like a man, and could begin to learn my sea duty with considerable spirit. At about two o'clock we heard the loud cry of 'Sail ho!' from aloft, and soon saw two sails to windward, going directly athwart our hawse. This was the first time that I had seen a sail at sea. I thought then, and have always since, that it exceeds every other sight in interest and beauty. They passed to leeward of us, and out of hailing distance; but the captain could read the names on their sterns with the glass. They were the ship *Helen Mar*, of New York, and the brig *Mermaid* of Boston. They were both steering westward, and were bound in for our 'dear native land.'"

Already the reader perceives that the Undergraduate's feelings respond with attractive freshness to the language of nature, that his soul vibrates keenly and healthfully. But yet his moral resolution and his manly tone are no less conspicuous; while he had the heroism to school his emotions when the expression of them, such as those of indignation, would have been totally unavailing, or must have compromised his own safety, so as to preserve himself from insult and sore oppression.

Landsmen are apt to judge of a sailor's life at sea by what they may have seen of it of a summer's day on shore, and through the colouring which poetry and romance have lent to the sailor's character and existence. Our author corrects such dreams. He says:—

"Nothing is more common than to hear people say—'Are not sailors very idle at sea?—what can they find to do?' This is a very natural mistake, and being very frequently made, it is one which every sailor feels interested in having corrected. In the first place, then, the discipline of the ship requires every man to be at work upon *something* when he is on deck, except at night and on Sundays. Except at these times, you will never see a man on board a well-ordered vessel standing idle on deck, sitting down, or leaning over the side. It is the officer's duty to keep every man at work, even if there is nothing to be done but to scrape the rust from the chain cables. In no state prison are the convicts more regularly set to work, and more closely watched. No conversation is allowed among the crew at their duty, and though they frequently do talk when aloft, or when near one another, yet they always stop when an officer is nigh.

"With regard to the work upon which the men are put, it is a matter which probably would not be understood by one who has not been at sea. When I first left port, and found that we were kept regularly employed for a week or two, I supposed that we were getting the vessel into sea trim, and that it

would soon be over, and we should have nothing to do but to sail the ship ; but I found that it continued so for two years, and at the end of the two years there was as much to be done as ever. As has often been said, a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair. When first leaving port, studding-sail gear is to be rove, all the running rigging to be examined, that which is unfit for use to be got down, and new rigging rove in its place : then the standing rigging is to be over-hauled, replaced, and repaired, in a thousand different ways ; and wherever any of the numberless ropes or the yards are chafing or wearing upon it, there 'chafing gear,' as it is called, must be put on. This chafing gear consists of worming, parcelling, roundings, battens, and service of all kinds—both rope-yarns, spun-yarn, marline and seizing stuffs. Taking off, putting on, and mending the chafing gear alone, upon a vessel, would find constant employment for two or three men, during working hours, for a whole voyage.

"The next point to be considered is, that all the 'small stuffs' which are used on board a ship—such as spun-yarn, marline, seizing stuff, &c. &c.—are made on board. The owners of a vessel buy up incredible quantities of 'old junk' which the sailors unlay, after drawing out the yarns, knot them together, and roll them up in balls. These 'rope yarns' are constantly used for various purposes, but the greater part is manufactured into spun-yarn. For this purpose every vessel is furnished with a 'spun yarn winch ;' which is very simple, consisting of a wheel and spindle. This may be heard constantly going on deck in pleasant weather ; and we had employment, during a great part of the time, for three hands in drawing and knotting yarns, and making spun-yarn.

"Another method of employing the crew is, 'setting up' rigging. Whenever any of the standing rigging becomes slack, (which is continually happening), the seizings and covering must be taken off, tackles got up, and after the rigging is bowsed well taught, the seizings and coverings replaced ; which is a very nice piece of work. There is also such a connection between different parts of a vessel, that one rope can seldom be touched without altering another. You cannot stay a mast aft by the back stays, without slacking up the head stays, &c. &c. If we add to this all the tarring, greasing, oiling, varnishing, painting, scraping, and scrubbing which is required in the course of a long voyage, and also remember this is all to be done in *addition* to watching at night, steering, reefing, furling, bracing, making and setting sail, and pulling, hauling and climbing in every direction, one will hardly ask, 'What can a sailor find to do at sea ?'

"If, after all this labour—after exposing the lives and limbs in storms, wet and cold,

"Wherein the cub-drawn bear would crouch ;
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their furs dry ;—"

the merchants and captains think that they have not earned their twelve dollars a month, (out of which they clothe themselves,) and their salt beef and hard bread, they keep them picking oakum—*ad infinitum*. This is the usual resource upon a rainy day, for then it will not do to work upon rigging ; and when it is pouring down in floods, instead of letting the sailors stand in sheltered places, and talk, and keep themselves comfortable, they are separated

to different parts of the ship and kept at work picking oakum. I have seen oakum stuff placed about in different parts of the ship, so that the sailors might not be idle in the *snatches* between the frequent squalls upon crossing the equator. Some officers have been so driven to find work for the crew in a ship ready for sea, that they have set them to pounding the anchors (often done) and scraping the chain cables. The 'Philadelphia catechism' is,

'Six days shalt thou labour and do all thou art able,
And on the seventh—holystone the decks and scrape the cable.'

Our author states, with regard to the manner in which sailors eat on board ship, that there are neither tables, knives, forks, nor plates, in a fore-castle. But he admits that the want of these things are not looked upon as hardships, and may in fact be considered as matters of choice, since sailors, in American merchantmen, furnish their eating utensils; and he even sees convenience, considering the mode of life and the sudden calls which may be made on the eaters, in being unencumbered with much apparatus. But what is the want of knives and such like utensils for civilized men, or even the toil upon the deck and the *ad infinitum* picking of oakum, to the danger of being lost, and the constant watchfulness necessary in all weathers, lest the seaman may tumble from the rigging, or otherwise encounter sudden death, or terrible injury? A day in November is signalized in the manner now to be quoted:—

"At seven o'clock in the morning, it being our watch below, we were aroused from a sound sleep by the cry of 'All hands ahoy! a man over-board!' This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of every one, and hurrying on deck, we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding-sails set; for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback. The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter-boat, and I got on deck just in time to heave myself into her as she was leaving the side; but it was not until out upon the wide Pacific, in our little boat, that I knew whom we had lost. It was George Ballmer, a young English sailor, who was prized by the officers as an active and willing seaman, and by the crew as a lively, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate. He was going aloft to fit a strap round the main topmast-head, for ringtail halyards, and had the strap and block, a coil of halyards, and a marline-spike about his neck. He fell from the starboard futtock shrouds, and not knowing how to swim, and being heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately. We pulled astern, in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew that there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour without the hope of doing anything, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned the boat's head and made towards the vessel.

"Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and 'the mourners go about the streets;' but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which give to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an *object* and a *real evidence*; but at sea, the man is near you—at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a *vacancy* shows his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you *miss* a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the forecabin, and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss.

"All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shown by the officers to the crew, and by the crew to one another. There is more quietness and seriousness. The oath and the loud laugh are gone. The officers are more watchful, and the crew go more carefully aloft. The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with a sailor's rude eulogy—'Well, poor George is gone! His cruise is up soon! He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good shipmate.' Then usually follows some allusion to another world, for sailors are almost all believers; but their notions and opinions are unfixed and at loose ends. They say,—'God won't be hard upon the poor fellow;' and seldom get beyond the common phrase which seems to imply that their sufferings and hard treatment here will excuse them hereafter,—'*To work hard, live hard, die hard, and go to hell after all, would be hard indeed!*' Our cook, a simple-hearted old African, who had been through a good deal in his day, and was rather seriously inclined, always going to church twice a day when on shore, and reading his Bible on a Sunday in the galley, talked to the crew about spending their Sabbaths badly, and told them that they might go as suddenly as George had, and be as little prepared.

"Yet a sailor's life is at best but a mixture of a little good, with much evil, and a little pleasure with much pain. The beautiful is linked with the revolting, the sublime with the commonplace, and the solemn with the ludicrous."

We have got but a very short way into the Narrative, and yet we can hardly afford space for any considerable extracts more. But one scene cannot with justice be overlooked in our pages. It hardly admits of abbreviation. The captain had for some days been very much out of humour.

"But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy-moulded fellow from the Middle states, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor, and always seemed to do his best; but the captain took a dislike to him, thought that he was surly and lazy; and 'if you once give a dog a bad name'—as the sailor-phrase is—'he may as well jump overboard.' The captain found fault with everything this man did, and hazed him for dropping a marline-spike from the main-yard, where he was at work. This, of course, was an accident, but it was set down against him. The captain was on board all day Friday, and everything went on hard and disagreeably. 'The more you drive a man, the less he will do,' was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late Friday night, and were turned to early Saturday Morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore. John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate, or one of the crew, I could not tell; and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear.

" 'You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?' No answer; and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. 'You may as well keep still, for I have got you,' said the captain. Then came the question, 'Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?'

" 'I never gave you any, sir,' said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard, though low and half choked.

" 'That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?'

" 'I never have been, sir,' said Sam.

" 'Answer my question, or I'll make a spread eagle of you! I'll flog you, by G—d.'

" 'I'm no negro slave,' said Sam.

" 'Then I'll make you one,' said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate—'Seize that man up, Mr. A——! Seize him up! Make a spread eagle of him! I'll teach you all who is master aboard!'

" The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

" 'What are you going to flog that man for, sir?' said John, the Swede, to the captain.

" Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

" 'Let me alone,' said John. 'I'm willing to be put in irons. You

need not use any force ;' and putting out his hands, the captain clapped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter deck. Sam by this time was *seized up*, as it is called, that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All these preparations made me feel sick, and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and flogged like a beast ! A man, too, whom I had lived with and eaten with for months, and knew almost as well as a brother. The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done ? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and there were only two beside myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age. And then there were (beside the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But beside the numbers, what is there for sailors to do ? If they resist, it is mutiny ; and if they succeed, and take the vessel it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come ; and if they do not yield, they are pirates for life. If a sailor resist his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission are his only alternatives. Bad as it was it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice—six times. 'Will you ever give me any more of your jaw ?' The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear ; this brought as many more as the man could stand ; when the captain ordered him to be cut down and to go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the forecabin. "Bring that man aft," shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward ; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John ; but he soon threw him from him. At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow ; but it was all in vain. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bare-headed, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers, "Drag him aft !—Lay hold of him ! I'll *sweeten* him !" &c. &c. The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft ; and he, seeing resistance in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him ; said he would go aft of himself ; that they should not drag him ; and went to the gangway and held out his hands ; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he began to resist ; but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast, he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. Have I ever refused my duty, sir ? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work ?

“‘No,’ said the captain; ‘it is not that that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference—for asking questions.’

“‘Can’t a man ask a question here without being flogged?’

“‘No,’ shouted the captain; ‘nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel, but myself;’ and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow, to give it full effect. And as he went on his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out as he swung the rope,—‘If you want to know what I flog you for, I’ll tell you. It’s because I like to do it!—because I like to do it!—It suits me! That’s what I do it for!’

The man writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common among foreigners than with us—‘Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!’

“‘Don’t call on Jesus Christ,’ shouted the captain; ‘*he can’t help you. Call on Captain T*——. He’s the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can’t help you now!’

At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water.”

There was light, although comparatively but in glimmers and short-lived, as well as dark in the history of the Undergraduate’s seamanship. But what was his condition when he returned to Boston? Let two or three sentences be read for an answer:—

“In half-an-hour more, we were lying snugly, with all sails furled, safe in Boston harbour; our long voyage ended; the well known scene about us; the dome of the State House fading in the western sky; the lights of the city starting into sight, as the darkness came on; and at nine o’clock the clangour of the bells, ringing their accustomed peals; among which the Boston boys tried to distinguish the well-known tone of the Old South.

“We had just done furling the sails, when a beautiful little pleasure-boat luffed up into the wind, under our quarter, and the junior partner of the firm to which our ship belonged, jumped on board. I saw him from the mizen-top-sail yard, and knew him well. He shook the captain by the hand, and went down into the cabin, and in a few moments came up and inquired of the mate for me. The last time I had seen him, I was in the uniform of an undergraduate of Harvard College, and now, to his astonishment, there came down from aloft a ‘rough alley’ looking fellow, with duck trousers and red shirt, long hair, and face burnt as black as an Indian’s. He shook me by the hand, congratulated me upon my return and my appearance of health and strength, and said my friends were all well. I thanked him for telling me what I should not have dared to asked; and if—

——‘the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after like a sullen bell—’

certainly I shall ever remember this man and his words with pleasure.”

The concluding chapter, written after the lapse of a consider-

able time since the end of his voyage, embraces the author's views of what may be done for seamen, and what is already doing,—those belonging to his own country, of course, being principally regarded. These remarks of the Undergraduate, who has returned to his former pursuits, prove him to be a person of sound judgment and reflecting habits ; the very reverse of a visionary. In the first place, he entertains no fancies about equality on board ship, but sees the necessity of discipline ; while he thinks the restraints upon the captain's exercise of power are, upon the whole, sufficient, as established by the laws. Nay, even after his disgust and horror at the flogging scene, the account of which we have quoted, he declares, with a variety of guards and explanations, that he would not wish to take the command of a ship to-morrow, "running my chance of a crew, as most masters must, and know, and have my crew know, that I could not, under any circumstances inflict even moderate chastisement." He does not see that any positive and definite enactments can meet all the difficulties of the captain's or of the seaman's condition. Their cases appear, in a great measure, to be left to their own care. As seamen improve, punishment will become less necessary ; and as the character of officers is raised, they will be less ready to inflict ; and still more the infliction of it upon intelligent and respectable men will be an enormity which will not be tolerated by public opinion, or by juries, who are the pulse of the body politic. The author speaks with hearty commendation of certain efforts now making in American sea-ports, by the establishment of Bethels and of Sailors' Homes. The distribution of Bibles and tracts into cabins and forecastles does much good. A still greater gain is made whenever, by means of a captain who is interested in the eternal welfare of those under him, there can be secured the performance of regular religious exercises, and the exertion on the side of religion of that mighty influence which a captain possesses for good, or for evil.

The Undergraduate suggests some improvements which might be made, he feels confident, by particular alterations in the merchant service. Some of these regard the modes of defending masters either in civil or criminal prosecutions ; such as the practice of making strong appeals to juries, or to judges, for a lenient sentence, on the grounds merely of previous good character, of their being poor, &c. There might be something done too for the benefit of all parties, if more attention was paid to the selecting of men as seamen, and also as masters ; if there was more thought bestowed on the provisions given to crews, and other points in a ship's economy. But after all, our author's pages leave upon the mind the impression that much cannot be immediately done, or in a direct manner ; but that most important benefits would result to seamen were the community to take a proper interest in their moral and

physical welfare. And his earnest, able, and touching narrative will surely awaken sympathies so much to be desired. We also hope and trust that he has struck out a new department of narrative literature ; for there must be many seamen in the maritime service of England, as well as that of America, that have the ability and cherish the principles that may enable them to follow honourably in the wake of the Undergraduate.

ART. VI.

1. *Sephardim ; or the History of the Jews in Spain and Portugal.* By JAMES FINN. Rivington.
2. *The Remnant Found ; or the place of Israel's Hiding discovered.* By the REV. JACOB SAMUEL, Missionary. Hatchard.

A VARIETY of circumstances concur at this moment to give an extraordinary interest to the history and condition of the children of Israel, whether they be the descendants of the Ten Tribes, or of Judah and Benjamin, who more particularly pass under the general designation, Jews. The consanguinity, the brotherhood, of all the races of the human family, every one with all the others, however diversified their complexions, habitations, and pursuits,—however opposed their religious creeds may be, is a principle that is coming into practical recognition ; so that those who have been for many centuries the most despised people on the face of the earth, are beginning to be regarded, if not as fellow-citizens entitled to equal rights with all, in the more enlightened nations of Europe, yet as being in a condition that is anomalous. The discussions and the lights to which the perception of this fact leads the reflecting mind, cannot but result in rational and beneficial changes. Again, Christian enterprize and missionary efforts, if not yet followed by many triumphs over prejudice and ignorance of the most inveterate forms, must be pioneering the truth, and widening the avenues to its free access. Parallel or contemporary with these Gentile feelings and exertions, the Jews themselves are not merely awakening to a manly sense of their rights, but in many places are demonstrating by their intelligence and liberality, the justice and necessity of placing them on an equal footing in secular and civil matters with their favoured fellow-citizens. Then, along with all this internal stir, there have of late been, according to the testimony of creditable travellers, and even by the movements amongst the British Jews, an unusual earnestness of their longing eyes towards Palestine ; as if some great deliverance were near, some fulfilment of prophecy in their behalf,—such as the repossession of the Holy Land, its perpetual occupancy, and their exaltation among mankind as God's own people. Nor must we forget to mention that

the recent importance which the East has assumed in the politics of Europe, and the rapid changes that have taken place, or the commotions that have been produced in Syria and in other countries most strangely and solemnly associated in our minds in relation to the children of Israel, have co-operated to render that people, wherever scattered, or supposed to be located and hidden, an object of universal solicitude and curiosity. If any proof be required to corroborate our views relative to the attention that has been awakened about the descendants of Jacob, we have only to refer to the unusual number of books which have appeared concerning them and the discussions for and against their character and religious rites which have been recently held in many publications. We have selected on the present occasion two of the works which belong to the class alluded to; and now proceed to convey some idea of their purpose and contents.

"The History of the Jews in Spain and Portugal," is a compilation, but apparently a careful one, and done by a person who can so digest a mass of information derived from a variety of sources, as to impart to it a character as if of one mind warmly interested in the subject of his book. His opening observations introduce us to that subject clearly and succinctly. He says:—

"Of the two large bodies of European Jews the Ashkenazim from Germany and Poland, and the Sephardim of Spanish and Portuguese descent, it is well known that during our middle ages the latter were the more eminent in wealth, literature, and general importance. To this fact we find frequent allusions in historical works, though only in cursory or compressed remarks. And from the nature of their circumstances such an effect must have followed. The Mediterranean for merchandise, the abundant agricultural produce and the metallic riches of Spain, offered advantages unknown to the eastern side of the Continent; while the steady prevalence and uniformity of the Romish system among the nations of the West allowed to the Jews a more familiar intercourse with a variety of settled property and of civil institutions, than the Ashkenazim could obtain amid the tumultuary fortunes and the barbarism of Teutonic and Slavonic tribes at the same epoch. Moreover, their early and afterwards diversified cultivation of literature and science raised them to a positive standing in the intelligence of Europe, so high, that it has been said, 'We have never yet repaid our debt of grateful acknowledgment to the illustrious Hebrew schools of Cordova, Seville, and Granada.' The general histories of modern Jews have treated of them, as one people *per se*, without adequate consideration of how differently must have been modified the Judaism of Granada in the twelfth century, or of Castile in the fourteenth century, from that of the same period amid the ferocity and unlettered ignorance of Poland and Muscovy. In Spain this people acquired a degree of nationality not found in other countries, and this again assumed peculiar diversities of circumstance under the three great ascendancies of the Goths, the Arabs, and the inquisition."

It does not appear that there exist any valuable records of the time when the Jews settled in Spain. The decree of the council of Elvira, held in the year of our Lord, 324, is said to be the earliest uncontradicted testimony on this point; while, from the following considerations it is inferred that they were then numerous in the country:—first, from the nature of the canons enacted regarding them; secondly, from that council being general for all Spain, not a provincial synod. Down from the period mentioned, there is frequent mention of them; and their condition and treatment varied under the different ascendancies. The Romans and the Goths ground them sorely; but the Arabs tolerated and treated them as brethren; and then they acquired wealth, and consequently influence. The expulsion of the Mahometans prepared the way for the reign of Catholic persecution and bigotry; and at length the banishment of the Jews from the soil proved, as similar cruel measures enforced against this contemned people did in all other countries, that a more absurd or impolitic course was never adopted by despotism than to oppress or to expel any industrious class, merely on account of difference in religious faith.

Any one in the least read in the history of Judaism knows that it has witnessed different phases and divisions; that its professors have ranged themselves under distinct leaders, so as to constitute a variety of sects. Several eminent reformers have appeared amongst them, sometimes contemporaneously,—men of genius and vast erudition; and great have been the feuds, doctrinal and personal, which innovation and speculation have originated among the “peculiar people.”

Perhaps the celebrated Maimonides was the reformer who achieved the greatest strides from the mass of mendacious legends and absurd rabbinical interpretation, implicitly confided in by his brethren, towards a just appreciation of the truths in their scriptures. In his “Guide of the Perplexed,”—the “Moreh Nebuchim,” he advanced and expounded doctrines which “threw all the synagogues into consternation and division. Such an expurgation of Judaism,” continues our author, “from the legends of the ‘Talmud,’ and such an effort to induce his people to use the common sense of general mankind in connexion with revealed truth, could not fail to arouse the bigotry of the old school of rabbis.” The schism and feud which were created by this eminent Jew, after distracting his brethren for many years, at length subsided and became healed throughout the peninsula and France generally, in consequence of the authority and learning of R. David Kimkhi, who espoused the side of the “Moreh,” and who obtained a decretal epistle, dated Zaragoza 1232, to excommunicate the opposing and old bigoted party. In characterizing the reformation introduced and extended by Maimonides, Mr. Finn

uses these words:—"It is practically felt to the present day; his name is revered by the Jews, and highly respected by Hebrew reading Christians. Another such a stride would emancipate the people from most of the rabbinical shackles by which free investigation is impeded or punished."

"Another such a stride, &c.,"—Would not the reading of the New Testament by the Jews in general, as any fair inquirers would do, be likely, when taken in connexion with their acquaintance with the books of the Hebrew Scriptures, to furnish the bridge for that additional stride? But the Jews are forbidden to inquire. Meeting a learned one a few years back, and the conversation turning upon the inconvenience which he had experienced when travelling for two days at a stretch by the mail, for want of butcher's meat, which he dared to make use of, he flatly declared to some observations of ours as to the unreasonableness of his scruples, that his reasoning powers, and common sense feelings were never applied to the subject; for in the law dictated by God Himself, the rule was laid down, which took the matter entirely out of man's hands. Now, it is evident that this person had not even accompanied Maimonides to the extent of that teacher's stride; and therefore it could not be supposed that he ever perused the history and the doctrines of the gospel with the slightest desire to compare these with the Jewish Bible, or to discover whether or not the New was not the development and fulfilment of the Old Testament; whether or not the precepts and ceremonies of the Mosaic institution had an assignable final cause. The stride of Maimonides, we fear, has hitherto terminated in a speculative dictum, rather than a practical advance.

The gentleman to whom we have just now alluded was, we understood, a German Jew; and this circumstance, in connexion with some ideas we have been throwing out, brings to mind a statement which we lately observed in an Edinburgh newspaper. A meeting had a few days before been held by a society whose object was to propagate the gospel; but by means of what agencies we do not recollect. However, one of the speakers on that occasion was a professor in one of the northern universities,—a converted German Jew,—a man of acknowledged learning, and unimpeachable moral character. Well, what did he state? Facts, he declared, to this amount; that in Germany, very few, even of the superior and educated people of his race, knew what were the contents of the New Testament, or ever read its records; that the prevalent and readily accepted belief amongst the Jews was that christianity was a system of idolatry, and that all the attempts made by Christians to convert the "ancient people" was to Unjudaize and to Gentilize them, not only including their religion, but their nationality; and that in fact these opinions and assurances were his own until he

came to England, and even until he was in a condition to judge for himself, after an examination of the New Testament scriptures. He therefore urged the pressing necessity for having that grand and finishing portion of revelation translated into Hebrew, and distributed amongst foreign Jews, in order that they might perceive, and be convinced that Christ did not destroy, but fulfil the law; that the New Testament did not abrogate the Old, but was built upon it; and that the essential spirit of Judaism was in perfect harmony with Christianity.

But, not to waste more time concerning speculations that regard futurity, let us look back, there being more certain lights for conducting a retrospect than a prospect. The period upon which we alight, by the guidance of Mr. Finn, is that of Maimonides, Aben Ezra, and Kimbhi, which is remarkable as forming a crisis in Jewish learning and rabbinical religion; and the following is part of the examination of the phasis of each of these departments. Observes our author:—

“The people had possessed an order of learned men for uncounted past ages, with a literature only exceeded in bulk by that of the associated countries of Christendom regarded as one body; and the Talmud says, ‘Every one that is bound to learn, is bound to teach.’ Therefore, every occurring period must be under a considerable influence of by-gone time; but, according to the uniform experience of mankind, there was required a national preparation of some centuries to obtain its greatest scholars. A large proportion of their literature consists, as might be expected, of comments on Scripture, elucidations of the Talmud, and legal decisions. To a people under the peculiar dispensation to which they believed themselves still subject, these must and ought to form the body of their learning. The errors of their fundamental doctrines were still perpetuated, but their religious writings between the seventh and thirteenth centuries displayed a degree of research and talent far superior to those of the Christian Church of the same period. They were particularly distinguished by their attention to grammatical improvement of language for its own sake; no people have ever surpassed the Spanish Jews in the refinement of their grammars, the accuracy of their lexicons, or the perfection manifest in their standard editions of esteemed books. Hebrew literature has at all times maintained a rigid gravity, as if the talent of language were a donation which involves too deep a responsibility in its use to be in anywise trifled with; and as if the very alphabet which God condescended to employ upon the tables of stone were a benefit too sacred for levity to approach. Most Asiatic nations are sober in their discourse, but pre-eminently so the Jews; they were a serious people when at home, and their later writers have constantly abstained from topics which do not, in their opinion, lead to happiness here and hereafter. In this we see a wide contrast to the prevalent habits of Christendom. The Jews were ever a reading and a writing people, but their books have no enervating tendency. Fairies, ghosts, geni, and that disregard of heavenly providence and struggling virtue which forms the staple of modern

novels, are all unknown within the pale of the Hebrew alphabet. True it is, that grievous mistakes and follies have found their way into Jewish writings, but they were believed by their authors to be serious truth. When they trifled with the Bible, they were gravely deluded; and when they touched upon unearthly contemplations, their objects were burning seraphs and ministering angels. The inherent spirit of Hebrew instruction is that of all Eastern people, didactic from father to son, from teacher to pupil; not inquisitive, which is the characteristic feature of the old Grecian, and of the modern inductive wisdom—looking ever backwards, it hangs upon the past. Whatever earlier sages have written on the mind, or morals, or divine worship, must be the best; so that a comprehensive recollection of proverbs, adages, and poems, supplies the place of individual research. This arises from the patriarchal reverence for age, and the preponderance which all Orientals assign to speculative over ratiocinative studies; yet it is certain that since the sealing of prophecy, and their mingling with the nations at large, there has been no time in which there were not Jews equal to the Gentiles of their respective centuries in the practical business of life, and what are called utilitarian sciences: in these they have often led the way, for long before the birth of the Baconian aphorism, ‘Knowledge is power,’ they had read in their sacred text that ‘a wise man is strong,’ and had proved its veracity. In history there have been Judaic chronicles compiled in the fifteenth century, but there has never been a repetition of Josephus: yet what had Jews to relate but that very monotony of suffering which particularly deadens the intellect and fancy? How long subjected to the ever-gnawing vulture upon the rock? During, indeed, the Arabic dominion they had some breathing time, but historical compilation appears to have been scarcely thought of by any people in the feudal ages. Besides, they felt that they were aliens; and, buoyed up by the hope of a speedy restoration, the Jews seem to have regarded their temporary expatriation as scarcely worth recording. In the composition of poetry an epic is certainly unknown; but they excelled in the rhythmical verse by which the Arabs enchanted their neighbours—only applied to sacred and noble themes. They super-added the use of metrical feet in their poetry, and we may conclude favourably for their endeavours, from the facts—1st. That their poets were numerous, and held in high consideration.—2nd. That they were stimulated by the vicinity of the Arabs, with whom they kept up a competition.”

If it be asked, how the Jews conferred benefits on Europe in general by their studies? the answer is—

“At a time when the Greek language and its whole valuable literature lay buried to the Western nations, the Hebrews were reading in their own language several works of Aristotle, Plato, Ptolemy, Appollonius, Hippocrates, Galen, and Euclid, derived from the Arabic of the Moors, who had conveyed them from Greece and Egypt, and in common with these, they wrote upon them dissertations and controversial arguments. Hence the old classics were actively disseminated among the Latin colleges of Christendom. However it is to be observed that neither by Jews nor Arabs were the Greek poets and historians read. The genius of Homer, Thucydides,

and Xenophon, would find no sympathy in an Oriental constitution of mind, or idea of political government. Pure science has in all ages thriven well beneath a despot; but not so the 'Song of Harmodius,' or the narrative of the Ten Thousand. Of mathematics, the Jews held the principal chairs in the Mohammedan colleges of Cordova and Seville; but, unlike the latter people, they brought themselves into contact with Christian society, and spreading themselves into various countries, they taught the geometry, the algebra, the logic, and the chemistry of Spain, in the universities of Oxford and Paris, while Christian students from all parts of Europe repaired to Andalusia for such instruction."

A few sentences more, and we dismiss Mr. Finn's volume.

"The original impulse given to the Jews by the consciousness of being the first possessors of a written law has been so deeply fixed, as never to have deserted them under the severest privations. With all the disadvantages of rabbinism, they still prized the books of the Bible above all worldly treasures; and although it has long been the fashion of Christian scholars (better versed in Latin decretals, or in the writings of Greek and Latin heathens, than in the language of Moses and the Prophets) to despise the literature of the rabbins with which they are generally unacquainted, or merely to pick out passages for the purpose of controversy: yet those who are competent to judge their works as a literature, are the most ready to acknowledge that these have been exceedingly underrated. The great influence which Jews obtained, despite a universal jealousy, will testify to the amount of their book-learning more distinctly than declamatory assertions can do for or against it."

Our account of, and passages from the Rev. Jacob Samuel's volume, will be properly introduced by copying the descriptive title in full. After the more general announcement already given at the head of our paper, it is added,—“being a summary of proofs, showing that the Jews of Daghistan on the Caspian Sea are the Remnant of the Ten Tribes. The result of personal investigation during a Missionary Tour of eight months in Georgia, by permission of the Russian government, in the years 1837 and 1838.” Mr. Samuel, who is a senior missionary to the Jews for India, Persia, and Arabia, is, himself, as the reader will at once presume, one of the converted children of Israel, and, as we are told, of “the race of Aaron.” Like other educated men of his race, he necessarily possesses a much minuter and more correct knowledge of Jewish customs and character, prejudices and ceremonies, than European Gentiles do, and must therefore bring to the interpretation of the entire code of Holy Writ, and the apprehension of the reciprocating lights, closer and keener powers than the generality of christian divines. He is a person who has travelled extensively in the East; and is besides a painstaking and independent observer. His anxiety and zeal have led him to conduct

earnest researches relative to the curious subject of his book ; and the result of the whole he has given with fervour and force. His volume is as far from being a compilation, as Mr. Finn's is from deserving the character of an original work ; for Mr. Samuel is somewhat of a theorist, as well as traveller and antiquarian ; although his speculations are rather built upon facts coming under his own observation, than that facts are twisted, or sought after to buttress speculation. In short, the field he has investigated is new, while his matter and his manner are original.

The Ten Tribes, constituting the kingdom of Israel, were carried into captivity considerably earlier than Judah or Benjamin ; and, according to Mr. Samuel's reading of ancient and sacred history, the national calamity was accomplished, strictly speaking, by three deportations :—First, Of the two and a half tribes, on the other side of Jordan, by Pul and Tilgathpilneser : secondly, Of the bulk of the seven and a half tribes, by Shalmaneser ; and thirdly, Of the remains of the latter, by Essarhaddon, who swept the land of even the poor lingerer on the mountains of Israel ; “so that Israel could not by any means become a people, but remained broken as a nation, and broken as a people too.”

We shall not even mention the different countries and regions which different travellers and scholars have supposed to be the hiding-place of the Ten Tribes, but at once allow Mr. Samuel to adduce some of his reasons for thinking that he has discovered the locality of the Remnant ; for it is only such a portion, he argues as may be designated by that term, that the prophets entitle us to look for.

Daghistan, among the tribes of which our author believes he has made the interesting discovery, is thus sketched by him :—

“Daghistan, on the West coast of the Caspian Sea, lies between the rivers Koisin and Rubas. It is about one hundred and thirty-four miles in length, by between thirty and forty in breadth. It is almost entirely mountainous, as its name, Daghistān, implies ; the plain that runs along the shore being a narrow strip. It is usually divided into the following small states—namely, Legestan, Schamgal, the khanship of Derbund, and the domain of Tabasseran. Legestan is a stupendous range of mountains running in a South-easterly direction, of great length, but of inconsiderable breadth, and forming the whole North-east frontier of Georgia. The inhabitants are a wild savage banditti, divided into different tribes, whose habitations are secluded in the depths of the mountains, on the loftiest summits, or on the most frightful precipices. The country is rugged and impracticable ; the soil is scanty ; and the level ground being insufficient to enable the proprietor to raise the means of subsistence, he increases the surface to the very summit of the heights by graduated terraces. These rude tribes of the mountains are the terror and scourge of all the neighbouring countries, as they sally down from the mountains, laying waste villages, and carry-

ing off or murdering the inhabitants. The other districts are of the same mountainous character : that of Tabasseran is covered with wood ; but the vallies are beautiful and fertile. The greater part of the country is still *terra incognita* to the traveller, especially the region indicated as the abode of the Remnant in question."

This region is ruled after an anomalous fashion by Russia.

" Nearly half the country of the Alkhar is marked as subject to Russia on the maps of these provinces ; but, in fact, the garrison of Sookoom-kuluah live as in a besieged city, and their authority is acknowledged no further than their guns can reach. Swaneti, too, has the same mark of subjection ; though it is well known that the Swani confine themselves to the neighbourhood of the perpetual snows of Elburg, in order not to compromise their liberty. Two passes also, through the mountain, are marked as Russian soil ; but not even the weekly mail is sent through that of Dariel without escort, amounting sometimes to a hundred soldiers, two field-pieces, and several Cossacks. If an occasional traveller wishes to try the pass of Derbund, which is in Daghistan, he is not considered safe without a similar guard."

Having seen the species of power which the Autocrat of all the Russias can exert over certain districts, which are nominally subject to him, let us attend to the preliminaries which characterized Mr. Samuel's access to the Remnant. Being at Tehran, he waited upon Graf Simoniech, the Russian Ambassador, in order to obtain permission to pursue the investigation he had so much at heart ; and the favour was granted, although it would appear that it was too liberal for the real spirit of Russian policy to second. What we now quote will also to some extent satisfy the pride and vanity of John Bull. Says the missionary :—

" In conversation with the Ambassador concerning one of the objects of my mission, his Excellency informed me, that about five years previously, the Russian Government had sent a commission into Georgia, to investigate the character and circumstances of the Caucasian Jews. The individuals sent returned without being able to give any satisfactory account of the object they were sent to enquire into ; their qualifications not being such as to enable them to throw any light on a question of this character. His Excellency, perceiving my ardent curiosity and interest in what relates to the Jewish people, and in particulars as to any facts which might illustrate the fate of the long-lost tribes, spontaneously offered me every assistance in his power, if I would undertake to follow up these inquiries ; laying no other obligation upon me than to furnish him with a copy of my journal when I should publish it, containing investigations through the East on this important subject.

" Having consulted her Britannic Majesty's Minister at the court of Persia, and obtained his sanction, I received from him a letter of protection, on which I could depend, in the critical circumstances of the country, at that

time. The Anglo-Indian army was preparing to march towards Cabul, and all individuals connected with England were under strong suspicion. This letter of protection was of the utmost importance, as it enabled me to resist and overcome the intrigues and repugnance of the Russian Government of the Trans-Caucasian provinces at my presence during the military operations against Khiva at this crisis. And I shall not soon forget the impressions left upon me at Tiflis, after I entered upon my investigation, when summoned before the Governor-General of those provinces. Every effort was made to daunt my courage by an array of military, (consisting of Cossacks and gendarmes,) drawn up in front of the palace; the object of which was to expel me from the country, or to induce me to retire. I was enabled, however, in the strength imparted to me at that trying hour, to maintain an independence of spirit I trust not unbecoming a British subject, and to read such a lesson to General Radifnicki, (son of the celebrated diplomatist,) in the presence of the Russo-Georgian court, which he will not easily forget. What a state of things is that which owes its support wholly to bristling bayonets; where such a system of ramified espionage exists, that the very wife is an emissary to report the actions and opinions of her husband to an ever-suspicious and jealous government!

"His Excellency (Graf Simoniech) furnished me with letters to the Governor-General, Baron Rosa, General Brechoft, Commander in-Chief of Georgia, and Civil Governor Palawandeof. All these letters, though of importance, weighed as nothing beside the simple pass of the British Ambassador."

In coming now to notice and quote some of the grounds for the opinion as to *discovery* which Mr. Samuel adduces, we must observe that it is not by *bits* that the breadth and force of his proofs can be perceived; but that if the whole were before the reader, he would then have the means of forming an adequate idea of the manner in which the tourist tested the people who were subject to his investigation, and judge of the skill which he evinces in discriminating between the genuine and apparently genuine: although many of the distinctions may seem slight or unimportant to the European Gentile, while particularly significant to the Jew minutely conversant with the rites and customs of his brethren.

We may state generally that if Mr. Samuel does not incontrovertibly demonstrate the subjects of his investigation to be a remnant of the Ten Tribes, he certainly proves that they constitute a peculiar class of Jews, and that they observe very closely the laws laid down by Moses, without having been perplexed and misled by Talmudic absurdities and endless traditionary legends. In fact, their books, their canon of authority, are scriptural and without human admixture.

They possess, we are told, a few manuscript copies of the law of Moses, which are divided into five books like ours, and which they call the book of the Covenant, according to Exodus XXIV. 7. Further—

"They are written in the original Hebrew character, without any division of chapters, sentences, or points; which manuscripts they hold to be very ancient, and would not part with them on any account. No man under thirty years of age is permitted to read them; and I have been told by the individual whom I sent expressly for the purpose of examining them, that their copies do not differ from the Hebrew copies in our possession, except in two places,—namely, in the book of Duet. ch. xxxiii., where the last blessing of Moses places Judah after Reuben in our copies, and Simeon is omitted altogether, whilst in their copies Simeon and Levi are placed together, as is the blessing of Jacob in Gen. xlix. 2nd. The last chapter of Dueteronomy is omitted altogether, and the book concludes with the prophetic blessing, 'Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency: and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places.'

"From this it appears that they are in possession of the original text of the book of the law of Moses; for it is certain that the last chapter of Dueteronomy was added after the death of Moses."

They are not in possession of the first prophets, which consist of Joshua, Judges, 1 Samuel and 2 Samuel, 1 Kings and 2 Kings, and last prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the minor prophets. They have not:—

"The Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Ruth, the Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and the two books of Chronicles; but are in possession of a part of the Book of Esther.

"They are in entire ignorance, with the rest of their brethren elsewhere, of the existence of the Apocryphal Books.

"They are very anxious to get the Psalms of David; and so ignorant are they of the New Testament, that in the year 1837-8, when two of the Jews from Andrewa visited me and saw the volume, they put it three times to their forehead and three times to their mouth, and kiased it. I sold forty-six New Testaments for a high price. They are free from the hatred and superstitions of their brethren towards Christianity."

They keep the sabbath with literal strictness, according to the Mosaic Law:—

"They remain in the coldest and darkest weather without these (fire and light); and have no recourse, as other Jews, to the services of the Gentiles to supply them with these, preserving in their own persons the letter, and destroying through strangers the spirit of the law. It is remarkable, that as they are quite ignorant of the oral law and traditions followed by the Jews elsewhere, and which enumerates thirty-nine different species of occupations, from which they consider themselves prohibited, (*vide Tulumd, Sabbath, or Treatise, folio 73,*) the Jews of Daghistan observe all these prohibitions except the last."

This last is a permission to carry loads from one house to another on the sabbath-day ; an evasion being practised by means of a string or rope extending from the corner of one street to another, together with a certain ceremony in the synagogue, so as to bring all included under the denomination of one family. Upon this Mr. Samuel remarks :—

“ If we refer to the prophet Jeremiah, (xvii. 21-27,) we find this is in direct opposition to the word of Jehovah—‘ Thus saith the Lord, Take heed to yourselves and bear no burden on the Sabbath-day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem ; neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the Sabbath-day, neither do ye any work, but hallow ye the Sabbath-day, as I commanded your fathers.’ Thus, in this important respect, the Jews of Daghistan preserve the institution according to its appointment before the prophet in question was commanded to reprove the Jewish people for infringing thus its sanctification, which was after the captivity of the Lost Tribes.

“ They further differ from the Talmudists in the following observances. The Jews throughout the world abstain from those duties which necessity and mercy justify, such as feeding cattle, milking, &c.

“ The day is to them a day of rest, and peace, and cheerfulness ; they dance, sing, and play on instruments. These are of a religious nature, expressive of religious emotions ; but are expressly forbidden by the oral law or Talmud. They spend the forenoon of the Sabbath in the way described in the following scriptures, which serve to illustrate their religious habits on that day better than any description of mine. See Exodus ; also 2 Samuel vi. 15 ; Psalm lxviii. 26 : cxlix. 3 ; cl. 4.

“ The afternoon is spent in a very profitable way, quite unlike the Jews elsewhere. They resort to the dwellings of their elders and of religious men, who sit in their places of abode to receive the visits of those who come to them, and instruct them in the doctrines of their scriptures, and make allegories of the law of Moses. This custom of resorting to holy men on the Sabbath-day is a very ancient one ; as may be gathered from 2 Kings iv. 23, practised long before the great captivities. They surround these good men until sunset, who pronounce the Sabbath to be ended ; the women kiss the hem of their garments, and the men the hands of the elders.”

We only further observe respecting the Missionary’s proofs, that he says the people in question circumcise according to the ancient method, and that they literally sacrifice the Paschal Lamb ; which observances are departed from, more or less, by the Jews throughout the rest of the world.

The volume will be read, even as a book of travels, with unusual satisfaction. Whatever Mr. Samuel states or describes is done graphically, with point, and with shrewd intelligence. He is always in earnest.

ART. VII.—*The British Government and the Idolatry of Ceylon.* By R. SPENCE HARDY, Wesleyan Missionary. London: Crofts and Blenkarn.

WE well remember the time when he who contended that the British were bound, wherever their sway existed, to use their utmost efforts to introduce Christianity, was laughed at by those in authority, and characterized as a visionary by almost all who were deemed to be entitled to the name of enlightened statesmen, or rational beings. Even to allow two or three pious missionaries to set foot upon the soil of Hindostan was thought perilous and ridiculous. It would not only be countenancing an attempt to change the belief of the mild and moral worshippers of Brahma, who were said to be a people that put to shame the majority of the professors of the Christian religion, if social and private virtues were weighed, but it would be at the risk of exciting revolt, and finally depriving us of empire in the East. In the course of years, however, these objections and fears were proved by the best of all evidences, viz. experiment and experience, to be groundless; but when real philanthropists advanced another step, and insisted that the government should desist from lending countenance to idolatry; nay, that positive enactments should be put in force to prevent the grosser observances of the heathen, the cry was returned that the fanatics were again seeking to jeopardize our possessions in the East, without promising any practical benefit to the Hindoo, social or religious.

The friends of Christianity, however, will not relax their efforts, or be otherwise than more strongly nerved by the fallacious arguments and the groundless fears of those who are either the enemies of truth, or callous about its propagation. The longer they reflect upon the subject and upon England's unexampled responsibility, they will become the more earnest and vigorous; they will be the more firmly convinced that a prudent performance of duty cannot entail real and permanent loss, that a blessing, according to the wise providence of God, will attend obedience to his word. What! has England been made mistress of larger territories than ever Rome governed, and without being bound to carry where she has planted her authority the light of the Gospel, and concomitant discouragement to the worship of idols and of demons? And yet how tardy, how trivial, and how dubious, have been her exertions in behalf of the everlasting interests of the amazing multitude, which have been entrusted to her rule! It has been calculated that of her colonists there are ninety-eight millions pagans, or Mahomedans, while the number of Christians does not exceed three millions. Now, is not this an appalling statement? Is it safe to sit at ease, or to quote some stale sentiment about freedom of thought to all,

and equal protection to each, or the danger of meddling with superstition and error, when God has declared that idolatry is "that abominable thing which I hate?"

We are aware that extreme delicacy and prudence are required in the performance of the paramount obligations which colonial power has imposed upon us. Neither would we for a moment advocate a system of coercion against the Buddhist, or any other form of religion, with the view of compelling the human mind. No, let even the worshippers of devils in Ceylon be protected; but lend not the slightest countenance to their creed, by word or action.

But does the British government, even at this day, attend to the distinction? Does it mark by every political and moral emphasis possible, an extreme anxiety to discountenance false worship, and to teach and encourage the true? We fear not; we believe that the charge which Mr. Hardy prefers in the essay before us, is not much exaggerated beyond what the facts warrant, when he declares that there is a practical connexion between the British government of Ceylon and idolatry,—that we virtually and manifestly lend to the worship of devils encouragement and countenance. Let us attend to a few of the statements made by the Wesleyan Missionary; for while the imperial government has an awful responsibility imposed upon it by what we are going to notice, no individual who has an opportunity to let his voice be heard is guiltless of tolerating such idolatrous enormities as exist in Ceylon, who does not endeavour to call the attention of the national councils to them.

We shall not trace the manner in which either the maritime, or afterwards the internal provinces of Ceylon came under British rule; but go at once to some of those acts by which the government compromises itself in the matter of idolatry. Now, this is done by the positive countenance of Buddhism, when the government appoints the chief priest in each of the maritime provinces, such being vouched by our author as one of the facts, in as far, like as regards all his other allegations, as his utmost efforts to arrive at the truth have enabled him to discover; although he admits that his information is in no instance official. The principal priests of the interior are appointed, we are also told, by the governor of the colony, and hold their offices *bene placito*; the Buddhist priests of Ceylon being divided into the Malwatta and the Asgiri fraternities. There is a variety of ways in which the cognizance of the religion of the natives by our government must appear to them to be countenancing it, and not merely tolerating; for how can we imagine that they can distinguish nicely between principles or motives of policy?

Festivals and processions are got up at the expense, more or less, of the British; and not a few of the regulations connected with

these and other ceremonies, and also the endowments of temples, pass through the hands and under the authority of British officials. Nay, in the name of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, devil-dances and invocations to evil spirits are sanctioned. And says Mr. Hardy, "no person can visit the town of Kandy, the capital of the interior provinces of Ceylon, without being struck instantly by the proud attitude here assumed by idolatry; the principal temple being guarded at night by a soldier wearing the uniform of our most gracious Queen." But our author's account of some of the Buddhist festivals will not only convey an idea of the superstitions of Ceylon, but illustrate the nature of the patronage which the government extends to them:—

"The Awurudha Festival.—This festival, as its name implies, is held on the 1st day of the year, when the sun enters Mesha, or Aries, which in the present year was on the 21st of March. It is supposed to be a point of the utmost importance to ascertain the exact moment when the ceremonies are to commence, as upon this is said to depend the prosperity of the year; and in the respect which is paid by the Government to the calculations of the Astrologer, encouragement is given to one of the most pernicious errors prevalent among the natives of this island. The principal Astrologer of the present day is Malabar, but there are both Singalese and Kandians who are supposed to be able to make the same calculations. It is a state pageant, as well as a religious festival, but is connected, as I have said, with some of the greatest absurdities of Astrology in its preparation. Under the Kandian Government, the inferior chiefs were at this period re-instated in office, on the payment of a fine, which custom was in some places kept up long after we had obtained possession of the interior, without the knowledge of the authorities, but I have heard no complaints upon this subject in recent times.

"The Nanamura Festival.—The ceremonies of this festival take place at the time when, according to the calculation of the Astrologer, it will be fortunate to bathe for the first time after the commencement of the year.

"The five Wahala Pinkamas.—The word *pin* means religious merit, or virtue acquired by a course of moral action. It is usually applied by the natives to charity, or almsgiving. According to the Buddhist system, all events are the consequence of kusala or akusala, merit or demerit; events proceeding naturally from these causes, as heat from fire, or the tree from the seed. Kusala, or *pin*, is good,—akusala evil, in a moral or religious sense. 'Quod licitum, vel mandatum; quod illicitum, vel prohibitum.' All things proceed from the associated energy or power produced by moral action. Thus, 'by the united virtue of all creatures,' the world is said to have been produced, according to its present constitution. The Buddhists are atheistical only inasmuch as their *theos*, Placer, or Disposer, (from *θεω* to place) is non intelligent. In proportion to the acquisition of *pin* is the assurance of prosperity. Alms-giving is the readiest means of acquiring *pin*; and the highest order, the most meritorious mode, of alms-giving is charity to the priests. A Pinkama is a manufacture of merit.

"When a Pinkama is now to be celebrated, the tomtom is beat by order of the Government Agent, directing persons who are willing to contract for the supply of the articles required for the festival to make application to the cutcherry. The articles consist of robes for the priests, white cloth, oil, &c., as set forth in the usual form; and these are supplied at the expense of the Government. As there is no royal household at present in existence, the merit of the ceremony is supposed by the people to be acquired by the Government, and they naturally imagine that it is for this purpose the festivals are continued."

The British government pays the expenses of a ceremony which consists of invocation by a demon priest :—

"In the account paid by the Government for the Perahara of Kandy, the following item is inserted :—'For the Devil Dancing called Walliyakoon, £3 13s. 2½d.' This dancing is continued seven days after the various Peraharas, both at Kandy and the outstations. I had an opportunity of witnessing the preparations made for the recent ceremony at Lankatilaka, and the priest very readily answered the questions I put to him upon the subject.

"The yakun are not exactly correspondent to the devils of revelation; they are lapsed intelligences, of malignant dispositions, and are supposed to have the power of inflicting diseases and other calamities upon mankind. Their choicest food is human flesh, and their nectar the reeking blood. They are almost universally propitiated among the Singhalese, and a belief in their power is commonly the last superstition that leaves the native mind on the reception of the truth. The people are in absolute misery from the idea that these infernal spirits are constantly besetting their path; and the gracious discipline of divine Providence, by being attributed to this source, is robbed of all its beneficial influence, and the sufferer is deprived of that consolation which would otherwise be imparted to the mind. The parent, on seeing the drooping form of his child wasted by disease, is haunted by the further thought of agony, that a demon has chosen for its victim the object of his affection; and he applies for relief, not to God in prayer, but to the miserable yakadura, or devil priest. The devils are sometimes invoked to inspire the mind in times of danger, or for the commission of crime. A few days ago two young men were executed in Kandy for murder; they ascended the scaffold with an air of the most perfect indifference, if it were not something rather like triumph, and the bystanders attributed their courage to demoniacal influence.

"The word yakun is also applied to demi-gods, or deified heroes, but in these instances there is usually something fierce or malicious in their character, and they are regarded by the people as devils, though this epithet usually designates a somewhat different species of being. The word Waliyakun seems to be a corruption of Wediyakun, and refers to three heroes, one the son of Vishnu, the second produced from a lotus flower, and the third from a blade of grass: they became famous hunters. I have not been able to discover any consistent reason why they in particular are invoked at the close of the Perahara, though I have had given to me an account of the traditions yet in existence respecting their exploits in this and other coun-

tries. The ceremonies were formerly carried on in the palace, but the last king suspecting that thereby the royal premises were defiled, commanded that they should be banished to the dewala, where they are still continued.

"The performances last seven days. On the day appointed for their commencement, the yakadura, having previously bathed and put on clean clothes, dedicates himself to the service, and throws the puna nula, or sacred thread, over his shoulder. He then makes the atamangala, a magical diagram of eight sides, with raw rice, and begins to mutter verses and dance, continuing the service until midnight. On the 5th day there are dances in five different modes, and it is believed that if these are not rightly performed the consequence will be death. On the 7th day, there are dances in seven different modes, and the greatest care is required in their performance, or the same fatal consequences will ensue, both to the tomtom beater and the priest. The former seats himself upon a mat and closes his eyes, that he may pay a closer attention to the time, and the priest also closing his eyes, that he may not be tempted to dance in the wrong step. The concluding ceremony is called yakkan, and is celebrated in five different modes.

"Robert Knox refers to the Waliyakun, when he says :—'At this time they have a superstition, which lasteth six or seven days, too foolish to write; it consists in dancing, singing, and juggling. The reason of which is, lest the eyes of the people, or the power of the jaccos, or infernal spirits, might any ways prove prejudicial or noisome to the aforesaid gods in their progress abroad.'

"The vouchers for the payment of this item are written in the usual form. Among the particulars at the head of the receipt it is stated, in so many words, 'For the *Devil Dancing* called Waliyakoon.' The voucher is to this effect :—'Received from the Honourable the Government Agent for the Central Province, the Sum of. . . . being in full as per the above account of particulars. . . . for Her Majesty's Service, and for which I have signed duplicate receipts of the same tenor and date.' Thus there are annual invocations of evil spirits, both in Kandy and at various outstations, which are paid for, from the Government revenue, by a British agent, expressly—numerous vouchers testifying to the same—as being celebrated 'FOR HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.'"

If these statements be correct, it can hardly be said that the interference of the government is so slight as to be productive of little harm. Besides, why should not such interference mark very distinctly, and with a beneficent impressiveness, quite an opposite positive sentiment? Mr. Hardy says that the influence of government in Ceylon is paramount. Consequently, whatever it does towards regulating the religion of the country must imply an approbation of that religion.

Having attended to some of those dark features which appear to characterize our government of a large colony, it is proper that we should notice some circumstances which are calculated to inspire hope; for serious as may be the present state of British connexion with idolatry in Ceylon, very considerable improvement has been

realized of late years, and promise of greater advancement towards a christianizing spirit is developing itself. About twenty years ago, missionary efforts were objected to. Now the most liberal assistance is said to be rendered by the government to the various philanthropic and religious institutions of the island. Our author states that the present governor and other British functionaries in the colony have recently manifested a hearty disposition to promote Christianity among the natives of all classes, while it is also asserted that not only is there a variety of agencies in operation to the same end, but that the people are not inaccessible to instruction. We extract some passages upon these points, which must be gratifying and encouraging. Mr. Hardy towards the conclusion of a pamphlet, which we hope will awaken attention in this country to the cause which he has espoused, thus writes:—

“It would be out of place were I to notice at large the efforts that have since been made to introduce Christianity among the Kandians, but I may be allowed to say, that in no instance have the people generally opposed the instruction of their children, or been averse to the commencement of divine service in their villages. A few days ago I addressed a company of men and women in one of the villages of Udanuwara. The man in whose house I stood said at the close of the service,—‘The people are dissatisfied with the temple worship; they are dissatisfied with the dewala worship, they are indifferent to Christianity; they live like the brutes; but if you come again and again and instruct us in these things, we are willing to hear, and we shall be able to learn.’ These sentiments are very general in the places I have recently visited. Even so early as 1819 a missionary wrote thus:—‘On my last journey to Kandy (not the city, but the province) I visited two large Buddhist temples, and had some interesting conversation with the priests, who do not seem much opposed to us, except from a kind of traditional prejudice, than which nothing is more natural: but there is dead inertness about them and their system which would never stand against the energetic exertions of a Christian missionary, attended with the blessing of his divine Master. I fully believe that, unsupported by the arm of secular power, they would fall before us like dew before the sun. The lower orders of the people, so far from appearing to defend their priests and their temples, seem rather disposed to laugh at their absurdities, when they hear them rationally exposed in their own language.’

“For the information of persons unacquainted with the present circumstances of the colony, it may be necessary, before I conclude, to refer briefly to its Christian statistics. The Ecclesiastical Department consists of an archdeacon; 5 European chaplains; 1 Portuguese do.; 2 Singhalese do.; 2 Malabar do.; 5 Proponents, or preachers of the Gospel to the natives; registrars, clerks, &c. The clergyman of the Dutch church is also supported by the Government. Ecclesiastical expenditure, 1837: ordinary, £7,924 1s. 2½d., extraordinary, £2,240 12s. 9½d.

“There are 36 Government schools: expenditure £1,541; scholars, 2,061, of whom 222 are girls. In addition, the head master of the Colombo

Academy receives £200 per annum, and his assistant £100. The incidental expenses for education, including grants to the various Missionary Societies, may be stated at £1,100, making a total expenditure on the part of Government, of about £3,000 per annum for educational purposes.

"The Church Mission: European missionaries, 9, when the establishment is complete; catechists, 10; schoolmasters and other subordinate agents, 97; average attendance at the services, 2,418; communicants, 133; schools, 58; seminarists, 71; boys, 2,036; girls, 426.

"The Wesleyan Mission: Singhalese district: European missionaries, 5; assistant missionaries, 9; catechists, 12; communicants, 557; schools, 81; boys, 3,257; girls, 558. Tamul district: European missionaries, 3; assistant missionaries, 5; communicants, 139; scholars, 2,136. Total communicants, 696; scholars, 5,951.

"The Baptist Mission: European missionaries, 2; assistants, 5; schools, 11; scholars, 400.

"The American Mission: American missionaries, 6; assistant missionaries, 2; catechists, 6; native assistants, 60; pupils in the seminary, 101; girls in the central school, 90; native free schools, 42; boys, 1,200; girls, 300. The number of scholars is far below the usual average, as most of the native schools have been suspended, from pecuniary embarrassment.

"The Eastern Female Education Society has established 3 schools in Ceylon: the Roman Catholic missionaries have 118 schools under their care; and there are private schools in several of the principal towns.

"As the population of the colony is stated at 1,256,019, the Government expenditure for educational purposes will average a little more than two farthings for each individual. The number of children receiving Christian instruction averages 1 in 88 of the whole population; but in the Tamul district the proportion is one Twelfth.

"I have no data by which I can ascertain the proportion of Christians and heathens. The number of *professing* Christians in the maritime provinces is very large, but so far as the Singhalese districts are concerned, if the Roman Catholics be excepted, I fear that the number of adults who do not practise heathen superstitions in some form or other, cannot be stated at more than five or six thousand. There are many Buddhist priests who were baptized in their infancy, and they are kapuwas yet practising their profession, who call themselves Christians because they have been baptized. The Central Province may be considered as entirely heathen, the exceptions being too few to be taken into the account. The island, naturally most luxuriant, is morally desert; but the servants of Christ are encouraged, by many promising indications, to proceed in their work. Many triumphs have already been achieved; the promises are sure; and even this people 'shall soon stretch out their hands unto God.'"

ART. VIII.—*The Life of Beethoven; including Correspondence with his Friends, &c.* Edited by IGNACE MOSCHELES Esq. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1841.

THE title of these volumes should have been given in different terms, for the Life is a translation of "Schindler's Biography of

Beethoven," as M. Moscheles himself honestly and anxiously states, with "such explanatory notes, characteristics, and letters, as might tend more fully to illustrate and complete the whole." Now the biographer's name should have been at once announced, by the publisher, in order that readers and purchasers might have been apprized of what they were to have, and that they might the more readily separate or compare the editor's contributions with reference to the original work, and thereby have dealt justly by all parties.

We must without delay however observe, that this edition is by far the best of the several lives of the great and extraordinary musician that have yet appeared, and will supersede the necessity for all future efforts of the kind; for M. Moscheles, himself an accomplished artist, and having enjoyed peculiar opportunities for perfecting his task, has not merely contributed so much to the *Life* as, if not to produce a new work, at least to double the value of Schindler's, and in such a genial spirit as well as searching and comprehensive manner, as to present his subject very clearly before the reader's mind. To be sure, from the defects of Schindler as a biographer, who retailed mostly things that were publicly known of Beethoven, superficially treated and with a consummate vanity too, it was hardly possible for an editor, by the addition of any number of the musician's letters, or characteristic traits, to produce other than a patch-work, a thing of starts and halts; so that we have not that unbroken and harmonious whole which every man's mind and history furnish when fairly fathomed and fully grasped. Still, considering the style and matter of the editor's criticism, which any one will feel to be discriminating and informing, even when warmest and most enthusiastic, and the quantity, variety, and value of the additions, derived from all the best accessible sources, together with the reminiscences of M. Moscheles himself, there is now at the command of the public a life of as eccentric, impetuous, and mighty a genius as the world has ever heard of. An abstract of one or two paragraphs will indicate to the reader what is the nature of the editor's acquaintance with, and the sort of his admiration of, Beethoven and his wondrous works. He says, "my impressions of reverence for Beethoven's genius are not things of yesterday. I began early to follow him in his glorious creations, and to study his personal as well as his artistical character with an enthusiasm which years and experience have done nothing to diminish." When a boy the editor had such a craving for the best musical productions of the time, that he was in the habit of running through them, without particular attention to finish. The musician, however, under whose tuition he had been placed, fearing that by such a course he might injure a systematic development of pianoforte playing, forbade him to frequent a library where the youth had found

an ample collection of musical pieces; and this prohibition, confining him to a few composers, was for three years. But means were found to elude the strict injunction, especially on learning from his schoolfellows that a young composer had appeared at Vienna, "who wrote the oddest stuff possible—such as no one could either play or understand—crazy music, in opposition to all rule." The composer's name was Beethoven. This was in 1804. The *Sonate Pathétique*, was the piece which the boy first met with in the library. He continues,—“The novelty of its style was so attractive to me, and I became so enthusiastic in my admiration of it, that I forgot myself so far as to mention my new acquisition to my master; who reminded me of his injunction, and warned me not to play or study any eccentric productions until I had based my style upon more solid models. Without, however, minding his injunctions, I seized upon the pianoforte works of Beethoven as they successively appeared, and in them found a solace and delight such as no other composer afforded me.”

Let it be borne in mind that the editor had an intimate personal knowledge of Beethoven afterwards; but in order to indicate the discriminating nature of our author's criticism, we must draw from another passage, what composers and ecstatic admirers of the great master would do well to remember. “In the first half-score of years of my acquaintance with his works, he was repulsive to me as well as attractive. In each of them, while I felt my mind fascinated by the prominent idea, and my enthusiasm kindled by the flashes of his genius, his unlooked-for episodes, shrill dissonances, and bold modulations, gave me an unpleasant sensation.” To these novelties and bold eccentric flights the editor at length became reconciled. “All that had appeared hard, I soon found indispensable. The gnome-like pleasantries, which at first appeared too distorted—the stormy masses of sound, which I found too chaotic—I have in after times learned to love.” Here follows an implied rebuke to many:—“While retracing my early critical exceptions, I must still maintain as my creed, that eccentricities like those of Beethoven are reconcilable with *his* works alone, and are dangerous models to other composers, many of whom have been wrecked in their attempts at imitation.” The fact is, that Beethoven's compositions were in every sense portions of his extraordinary self; they were the expression of his impassioned and marvellous nature, which was subject to no controul save the consistency of the mighty elements of peculiar greatness within him. It is questionable if any musician who was not personally acquainted with Beethoven, and who did not frequently associate with him, so as to be able in some measure to study the man in combination with the musician, could ever obtain other than obscure notions of their character; and even those most highly favoured appear to have come short of

apprehension and appreciation as regarded the fountain-head of Beethoven's impetuous poetry. It is said,—“Touching the poetic idea, it is well known that Beethoven did not, in his musical writings, confine himself to the rules established by preceding composers; and that he, indeed, frequently disregarded those rules when the existing idea on which he worked demanded another sort of treatment, or rather an entirely new mode of development.” But it could not be what others considered to be requisite which Beethoven produced; it must have been what was unavoidable in his nature, but unapproachable by, if not unintelligible to, imitators. He seems to have been analogous to Byron in this respect.

In order to show how even his most intimate musical friends and admirers fell short of apprehending the key to some of his boldest compositions, it may be sufficient to mention that he was, after urgent entreaties, persuaded in 1816 to set about the republication of his Sonatas, with indications of the poetic ideas which form the ground-work of many of them—“an object necessary to the comprehension of the music.” In reference to this undertaking the following remarks will corroborate the view taken of its necessity:—“That the great master did not execute the important task he undertook in 1816, was, it must be acknowledged, an irreparable loss to the musical art, and in particular to his own music. How much would the Pastoral Symphony suffer, or even the Eroica, if heard without any comprehension of the ideas which the composer adopted as his themes! How gratifying both for performer and hearer is the light cast on the design of the composition, by the mere hint of the sentiments Beethoven has in his Sonata Op. 81., thus expressed—‘*Les adieux,*’ ‘*L’absence,*’ and ‘*Le retour.*’”

The life, the works, and the genius of such a man as Beethoven might be made the themes of almost exhaustless speculation and criticism. There seems to have been hardly anything ordinary about him or in his career. And one of the consequences of his strange character and history, his unexampled genius and wayward productions, has been that some of his biographers have had recourse to fables to bolster up their bombastic and erroneous estimate of him, when, after all, the reality far surpassed their credulity. Our readers must look elsewhere than into our pages if they wish to obtain an outline of the early life of the son of an obscure chapel-musician of Bonn. It may be sufficient before we extract more to state that, by physical temperament and an incurable malady, together with a wild capriciousness and most suspicious irritability, this man was endowed with wonderful qualities of greatness, mental and moral. While sullen, dogged, irascible, and tyrannical in judgment, he cared not for the frowns of the noble or the royal, and was proof against all the seductions of the powerful. He appeared like one who was at times the sport of a domestic as well as a professional

demon, yet he was generous, grateful, and loving, in equal degrees. He was adored in spite of his intolerance and provoking obstinacies and dogmatisms; and although his life presented the vicissitudes and the irregularities of one as if driven about and swayed by every gust of the wind, yet these appear to have been akin to, in harmony with, his natural genius and necessities. His very fortunes as to residence, and choice of sphere for his greatest achievements, have something in them not reconcilable with the conduct and destinies of other men. He was an uncompromising republican; yet he established himself in a capital where despotism, however paternal, triumphs. He was an unflinching and even a preposterous despiser of aristocratic distinctions, yet he resorted to Vienna, where title and rank were held in the highest repute, and are most arbitrary. Sensitive, jealous, irritable, passionate, and sturdy, he seems to have been so filled with a sense of the supremacy of his genius, the true nobility of his nature, that no other than the vicinity of the Austrian court would satisfy him in rivalry. Nor did he hesitate to announce and proclaim his own mightiness. Here are remarkable illustrations:—

“Kings and princes can, to be sure, make professors, privy councillors, &c., and confer titles and orders; but they cannot make great men, minds which rise above the common herd—these they must not pretend to make; and therefore must these be held in honour. When two men such as Goethe and I come together, even the high and mighty perceive what is to be considered as great in men like us. Yesterday, on our way home, we met the whole Imperial Family. We saw them coming from a distance, and Goethe separated from me to stand aside: say what I would, I could not make him advance an other step. I pressed my hat down upon my head, buttoned up my greatcoat, and walked with folded arms through the thickest of the throng. Princes and pages formed a line, the Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress made the first salutation. Those gentry know me. I saw to my real amusement the procession-file pass Goethe. He stood aside, with his hat off, and bending lowly. I rallied him smartly for it; I gave him no quarter.”

But while recklessly independent, Beethoven's heart overflowed with sentiments of friendship, gratitude, and not seldom of love. He was, in fact, extremely susceptible as regards the tender passion; and when writing or conversing with the fair who might have happened to have struck his fancy, his language was about as strong and fervent as when he composed his impetuous pieces. In the letter to Madame von Arnim from which our extract just now has been taken, and still speaking of Goethe, he says, that they had just been speaking of her; that had he lived so long with her as Goethe had done, he should have produced far, far more great works than he had yet done; that a musician is also a poet; that a

pair of eyes suddenly transport him into a fairer world of beauty, where mighty spirits meet and play with him, and give him glorious tasks to execute; that when he once met with her during a delicious May-shower in the Usser Observatory, "the most delightful themes stole from your image into my heart, and they shall survive and still delight the world after Beethoven has ceased to direct." These and many similar effusions burst from the magician in his correspondence and conversation.

On establishing himself at Vienna, Beethoven soon found himself among the choicer musical spirits of that capital, and was also at an early period introduced to the works of the older German masters, as well as those of Italy. For example we thus read:—

"Van Swieten (the physician to the Empress) was, as it were, the cicerone of the new comer, and attached young Beethoven to his person and to his house, where indeed the latter soon found himself at home. The musical treats in Van Swieten's house consisted chiefly of compositions by Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the greatest masters of Italy up to Palestrina, performed with a full band; and they were so truly exquisite as to be long remembered by all who had been so fortunate as to partake of them. For Beethoven these meetings had this peculiar interest, that he not only gained an intimate acquaintance with those classics, but also that he was obliged to stay longest, because the old gentleman had an insatiable appetite for music, so that the night was often pretty far advanced before he would suffer him to depart; nay, frequently he would not suffer him to go at all; for to all that he had heard before, Beethoven was obliged to add half-a-dozen fugues by Bach, 'by way of a blessing.'"

He was patronised too by the Prince and Princess Lichnowsky; nor could anything shake their friendship and generous admiration; not even the perversity of the musician, which, especially on the part of the Princess, appears to have rooted her sentiments more deeply and singularly around the idol:—

"The Prince assigned to him a yearly allowance of six hundred florins, which he was to receive till he should obtain some permanent appointment; at that time this was no insignificant sum. The kindness of both these princely personages pursued him, as it were, and did not abate even when the adopted son, who was frequently obstinate, would have certainly lost that of any other patrons, and when he had deserved the severest reprehension. It was the princess, in particular, who found all that the often ill-tempered and sullen young man choose to do or let alone, right, clever, original, amiable—and who accordingly, contrived to make excuses for all his peccadilloes to the more rigid prince. At a later period, Beethoven, in describing this mode of treatment, employed the following characteristic expression:—'They would have me brought up there,' said he, 'with grandmotherly fondness, which was carried to such a length that very often

the princess was on the point of having a glass shade made to put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me."

At the period too of which we have just been hearing, the taste for music in Vienna was of such a correct and wholesome character, as to act propitiously on the young prodigy :—

“ In all Germany, and particularly in Vienna, music was much cultivated, and that chiefly good music, because then there was not so much bad produced as succeeding years have brought ; for the lower classes, among whom there had previously been many attentive auditors, began to pay more and more attention to the divine art, but at the same time rarely possessed high mental cultivation, or had a just conception of the nature of music and its sublimest object, and upon the whole was still full of prejudices against every art ; when the number of composers was not yet swollen to legion, and was confined to those who were really qualified by nature, though not always endowed with the lofty powers of genius. But all these persons meant honestly by art, which, now-a-days, is too rarely the case ; and, to mean honestly by a matter to which one dedicates one's abilities, tends greatly to promote its success. The magicians of those days, Herder, Wieland, Lessing, Goethe, and many more, together with Gluck, Sebastian Bach and his sons, Mozart, Haydn, Salieri, and the aspiring Beethoven, had exercised such a beneficial influence on the nobler, the intellectual cultivation, especially of the superior classes, that art and science were reckoned by very many among the highest, the chief requisites of intellectual existence. In the German opera, which, through Gluck and Mozart, had attained its acme, and arrived at the same degree of perfection and estimation as the Italian, truth of expression, dignity, and sublimity in every point, were far more highly prized than the mere fluency of throat, hollow pathos, and excitements of sense, studied in that of the present day. These two institutions operated powerfully upon all who were susceptible of what is truly beautiful and noble. Haydn's *Creation*, and Handel's Oratorios, attracted unprecedented auditories, and afforded the highest gratification, with bands of one hundred and fifty or at most two hundred performers ; whereas, in our over-refined times, from six to eight hundred, nay, even upwards of a thousand, are required by people in order to enjoy the din which this legion produces, while little or no attention is paid to the main point. In short, at that time people thankfully accepted great things offered with small means, sought mind and soul in music as the highest gratification, and had no conception of that materialism which now-a-days presides over musical matters, any more than they had of the tendency of the gradual improvements in the mechanism of musical instruments and their abuse to lower taste. The dilettantism of that period remained modestly in its place, and did not offer itself for hire, as at the present day, in every province and in every country ; paid sincere respect to art and artists, and arrogated to itself no position which the accomplished professional man alone should have occupied—a mal-practice now so common in many places. In a word, people really loved music without ostentation ; they allowed it to operate upon them with its magic charms, no matter whether it was executed by four

performers or by four hundred, and employed it in general as the surest medium for improving heart and mind, and thus giving a noble direction to the feelings. The German nation could still derive the inspiration of simple greatness, genuine sensibility, and humane feelings from its music : it still thoroughly understood the art of drawing down from the magic sphere of harmony the inexpressible and the spiritually sublime, and securing them for itself.

"In and with those times, and among their noblest and best, lived Beethoven, in cheerful Vienna; where his genius found thousandfold encouragement to exert its power, free and unfettered, and exposed to no other misrepresentations and enmity than those of envy alone.

"This was a splendid æra of art—such an æra as may perhaps never recur, and with special reference to Beethoven, the golden age."

But a change came over the taste of the Viennese, the Rossini school at length being all the rage, to the utter forgetfulness of Beethoven.

We present some other circumstances illustrative of the character and life of him who was called the Wild Man of Vienna, still connected with more prosperous years :—

"Among the professional men whom Beethoven knew and respected, was M. Schenk, composer of the music to the *Dorfsbarbier*, a man of mild, amiable disposition, and profoundly versed in musical science. M. Schenk one day met Beethoven, when he was coming with his roll of music under his arm from Haydn. Schenk threw his eye over it, and perceived here and there various inaccuracies. He pointed them out to Beethoven, who assured him that Haydn had just corrected that piece. Schenk turned over the leaves, and found the grossest blunders left untouched in the preceding pieces. Beethoven now conceived a suspicion of Haydn, and would have given up taking instructions from him, but was dissuaded from that resolution, till Haydn's second visit to England afforded a fitting occasion for carrying it into effect. * * Owing to Beethoven's unsettled life, it was too frequently the case that for years he knew nothing about intimate friends and acquaintance, though they, like himself, resided within the walls of the great capital; and if they did not occasionally give him a call, to him they were as good as dead. Thus it happened, that one day—it was in the beginning of the spring of 1824—I was walking with him over the Graben, when we met M. Schenk, then far advanced between sixty and seventy. Beethoven, transported with joy to see his old friend still among the living, seized his hand, hastened with him into a neighbouring tavern called the Bugle Horn, and conducted us into a back room, where, as in a catacomb, it was necessary to burn a light even at noon-day. There we shut ourselves in, and Beethoven began to open the recesses of his heart to his respected corrector. More talkative than he often was, a multitude of stories and anecdotes of long by-gone times presented themselves to his recollection, and among the rest the affair with Haydn; and Beethoven, who had now raised himself to the sovereignty in the realm of music, loaded the modest composer of the *Dorfsbarbier*, who was living in narrow circumstances, with professions of his

warmest thanks for the kindness which he had formerly shown him. Their parting, after that memorable hour, as if for life, was deeply affecting; and, in fact, from that day, they never beheld one another again."

As we advance in the musician's life, and after patronage and worship might have been expected to have exalted him to a pitch of pecuniary independence, that nothing should ever after affect his tranquillity upon that score, it is distressing to find how miserable and perplexed he was, how poverty cramped and distracted him. Then his physical infirmities, and apparently mental disease, together with domestic feuds, all combined to embitter his life. It is scarcely possible to point out in the history of genius a more melancholy instance than that of him now before us, and therefore a more affecting, and yet a more instructive biography, as regards embarrassment, domestic trouble, morbid sensibility, and terrible discontent, or fearful anticipations. Yet how great has been the proportion of the masters of the tuneful art, who have been the victims of consuming wretchedness! Handel, Mozart, and Weber are examples. And yet who can tell how much their works were indebted to the awakening passages of their lives! How genius may have been touched and inspired! How passion poured into their song from the redundant and gushing sorrow or perturbations of their hearts!

In one letter Beethoven declares that an "evil-spirit" besets him "in the shape of bad health;" for his hearing had become weak, and was growing weaker. We also read these sad sentences in the same communication:—

"I had some pills, besides a *tea* for my ears, and I may say I feel stronger and better—but my ears! they are ringing and singing night and day. I do think I spend a wretched life; for the last two years shunning all society, because I cannot bring myself to walk up to people and say, '*I am deaf.*' In any other profession this might pass; but in the one I have chosen, it is a wretched plight to be in; besides, my enemies, who are not few in number, what would they say? To give you a notion of this extraordinary deafness, I must tell you that I am forced in a theatre to lean up close to the orchestra in order that I may understand the actor. I do not hear the high notes of instruments or singers at a certain distance, and it is astonishing that there are individuals who never noticed it while conversing with me; from my having been subject to frequent reveries, they attribute my silence to these. I sometimes hear those who speak in a low voice—that is to say, the sounds, but not the words, and yet if any one begins to bawl out, it annoys me excessively. Heaven knows what it may end in. Vering says I shall certainly be much better, although I may not entirely recover. I have often cursed my existence. Plutarch has won me back to resignation. I will, if possible, defy my fate, although there will be moments when I shall be the most miserable of God's creatures."

See what were some of the vexations and troubles that tormented him, as most simply but startlingly recorded in a journal which he kept for several years. The period to which our extract refers was when some of his greatest pieces were composed; the second mass, for example, one of the grandest efforts of the "boisterous, heaven storming giant." But deafness at the same time was the cause of constant misunderstandings and changes:—

"1819.

"31st January. Given warning to the housekeeper.

"15th February. The kitchen-maid came.

"8th March. The kitchen-maid gave a fortnight's warning.

"22nd of this month, the new housekeeper came.

"12th May. Arrived at Modling.

"*Miser et pauper sum.*

"14th May. The housemaid came; to have six florins per month.

"20th July. Given warning to the housekeeper.

"1820.

"17th April. The kitchen-maid came. A bad day. (This means that he had nothing to eat, because all the victuals were spoiled through long waiting).

"16th May. Given warning to the kitchen-maid.

"19th. The kitchen-maid left.

"30th. The woman came.

"1st July. The kitchen-maid arrived.

"28th. At night, the kitchen-maid ran away.

"The woman from Unter-Döbling came.

"The four bad days, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th August. Dined at Lerchenfeld.

"The woman's month expires.

"6th September. The girl came.

"22nd October. The girl left.

"12th December. The kitchen-maid came.

"18th. Given warning to the kitchen-maid.

"27th. The new housemaid came."

Beethoven was the constant sport for a number of years of one disappointment and grievous annoyance or another. Several of his near relatives were the source of torment to him. And then his musical vexations were not less terrible to his temperament. The court of Austria never did anything for him, so that within a few weeks of his decease fear of want drove him to apply, through M. Moscheles, to the Philharmonic Society of London, for aid, which was not refused; although we think the *hundred pounds* was a paltry sum, as the promise of its repetition, if wanted, was in exceedingly bad taste, and most unfitting the rare spirit, whom to cherish was a more blessed thing to the giver than the receiver. But we

must have done, and will close our paper with two passages belonging to spheres of information which are always welcome when we read of an extraordinary personage. Concerning Beethoven's figure, aspect, gesticulations &c. :—

“Beethoven's height scarcely exceeded five feet four inches, Vienna measure. His figure was compact, strong, and muscular. His head, which was unusually large, was covered with long bushy grey hair, which, being always in a state of disorder, gave a certain wildness to his appearance. This wildness was not a little heightened when he suffered his beard to grow to a great length, as he frequently did. His forehead was high and expanded; and he had small brown eyes, which, when he laughed, seemed to be nearly sunk in his head; but on the other hand, they were suddenly distended to an unusually large size when one of his musical ideas took possession of his mind. On such occasions he would look upwards, his eyes rolling and flashing brightly, or straight forward with his eyeballs fixed and motionless. His whole personal appearance then underwent a sudden and striking change. There was an air of inspiration and dignity in his aspect; and his diminutive figure seemed to tower to the gigantic proportions of his mind. These fits of sudden inspiration frequently came upon Beethoven when he was in company, and even when he was in the street, where he naturally excited the marked attention of every passer-by. Every thought that arose in his mind was expressed in his animated countenance. He never gesticulated either with his head or his hands, except when he was standing before the orchestra. His mouth was well formed; his under lip (at least in his younger years) protruded a little, and his nose was rather broad. His smile diffused an exceedingly amiable and animated expression over his countenance, which, when he was in conversation with strangers had a peculiarly pleasing and encouraging effect. But though his smile was agreeable, his laugh was otherwise. It was too loud, and distorted his intelligent and strongly marked features. When he laughed, his large head seem to grow larger, his face became broader, and he might not inaptly be likened to a grinning ape; but fortunately his fits of laughter were of very transient duration. His chin was marked in the middle and on each side with a long furrow, which imparted a striking peculiarity to that part of his countenance. His complexion was of a yellowish tint, which, however, went off in the summer season, when he was accustomed to be much out in the open air. His plump cheeks were then suffused with fresh hues of red and brown.”

And now as to some of his curious habits:—

“The use of the bath was as much a necessity to Beethoven as to a Turk; and he was in the habit of submitting himself to frequent ablutions. When it happened that he did not walk out of doors to collect his ideas, he would not unfrequently, in a fit of the most complete abstraction, go to his wash-hand basin, and pour several jugs of water upon his hands, all the while humming and roaring, for sing he could not. After dabbling in the water till his clothes were wet through, he would pace up and down the room,

with a vacant expression of countenance, and his eyes frightfully distended ; the singularity of his aspect being often increased by an unshaven beard. Then he would seat himself at his table and write ; and afterwards get up again to the wash-hand basin, and dabble and hum as before. Ludicrous as were these scenes, no one dared venture to notice them, or to disturb him while engaged in his inspiring ablutions, for these were his moments, or I should say his hours, of profoundest meditation. It will be readily believed, that the people in whose houses he lodged were not very well pleased when they found the water trickling through the floor to the ceiling below, as sometimes happened ; and Beethoven's change of lodgings was often the consequence of these occurrences. On such occasions comical scenes sometimes ensued."

ART. XI.—*Memoirs of Warren Hastings.* By the REV. G. R. GLERG.
Vol. III. Bentley.

To us it is an ungracious task to deal with these memoirs of a governor of India, whose name has so long excited commingled ideas. That he was the object of disgraceful and relentless persecution, not merely by a political clique, but by the voice of a public whose principles were oblique and selfish, cannot well be denied. The age in which he lived was as remarkable for competing opinions, as that those opinions led to aggrandizing and merely expedient results, forgetful totally of the grand interests of the human race. India, for instance, was looked upon as the exhaustless granary of gold and the means of supremacy in office ; and men, nay the public,—the talkers about personal honour and the whole body of pseudo-polemical egotists,—were hearty in their expectations and demands for plunder or for profit thence derived.

Warren Hastings went out bred in one of the hottest atmospheres of exclusive and aggrandizing principles. He could not avoid imbibing them, unless he had been a grand reformer, which he was not. Render India subservient to England, make her purses bleed for the sea-girt isle, was the apprehended and cherished principle. Hastings partially great as he was, and good as a man, had neither the principles nor the power to carry into realization that which we of a later age would pronounce proper and necessary. Do enhance our temporal interests, or some such short-sighted dictum, seems to have been born within him, and carried in his pocket, as the apostle of the Leadenhall sovereigns. And that he performed his part pretty well, it needeth not us to describe or detail.

But view this not insignificant man as the object of persecution, when not only a party but a nation was disappointed ; behold him first an object of admiration and gratulation, and then of execration and hatred ; not merely by declared foes, but pretended friends ; and then we shall have an idea of the rottenness and cor-

ruption of political partisanship, and of the oppression which a faithful servant must submit to, when his masters are left in the lurch. Warren Hastings, we pronounce, to have been a *good*, if not a very *great* man; and so gratifying it is to view him in his retirement, that we will be forgiven if we allow him to be seen in that unobtrusive capacity at considerable length in our pages.

And here we must express ourselves with regard to the prepossessions and competency of the biographer, and say, that amiable, well-read and accomplished as Mr. Gleig is, he proves himself to be nothing better than an eulogist,—to be merely an apologist as an historian, a one-sided memorialist as an author. Feeling with him triumphs over principle; prepossession over facts. What! shall Warren Hastings's exemplary life, and beautiful philanthropy in his retirement screen his positive delinquencies as a governor, and shall his negative errors, as an abnegator of splendid opportunities of reform and of imperative calls for right doing, be brought forward as an extenuation and as a propitiation? No! let Mr. Gleig and all of a like mind with him, and he is a religious instructor, remember such aphorisms as these,—that to do wrong that good may come of it is bad policy, and that the oppression of the weak by the powerful will have for its results, feebleness, disgrace, or retaliation.

The public life of Warren Hastings has been treated in these volumes with a remarkably disproportionate display. The early stages of it, respecting which there is a strange paucity of authentic materials, occupied the biographer at great length. And now, when he has brought the history to a close, we find that the really ascertained particulars,—and these too bearing mainly upon the significant character of his subject,—are treated with a slurring, eulogistic, and most indiscriminate vagueness. Seeing, however, that the Governor-General, if not a really *great*, was a *good* man,—a personage more fitted to shine in private, than to stamp public affairs with irreproachable steps in advance of his contemporaries, we shall now have the pleasure to direct the reader to a few passages that point their fingers to his latter days.

Mr. Hastings returned to England a comparatively poor man, and was not only at first received with strong marks of approval, but found that his naturally benevolent disposition and love of letters were likely to be appreciated, imagining also that he should have a life of tranquillity and reward to spend. The following passage, descriptive of his first reception is touching, when one considers the after-treatment of the Governor-General:—

“ I did not tell you that I was early summoned to receive the thanks of the Directors for my services, and the chairman who read them dwelt with a strong emphasis on the word *unanimously*. From the King and Queen my reception was most gracious. The Board of Control has been more

than polite to me, for they have quoted me as authority, and so have the Court of Directors—both a little more than I like, and in a way that I dislike. My friends expected more, but I can almost assure you that I have received the full recompense of all my services, and I am thankful for it; for the King cannot bestow any honour superior to a good name; and with a larger income I should lose what my present will compel me to—retirement. No, I have not said all. Lord Thurlow has been more substantially my friend than King, Ministers, and Directors. Tell Wilkins that his *Gheeta* is printed, presented to the King, and published. Mr. Smith inspected the press, and zealously promoted my application for the patronage of the Court of Directors, by whose authority it was printed. I have yet but one copy, but I believe that some will be sent for his use. I don't know how the public will relish it. If it is abused, Wilkins has a good shelter by standing behind me."

It is pleasing to think of him returning to, and settling at Daylesford. Let us see what were some of his habits and occupations at this cherished spot :—

"From the date of his final settlement at Daylesford, Mr. Hastings sank (if the expression be allowable when speaking of so great a man) into the condition of a country gentleman. In all the pursuits of an agriculturist he took the deepest interest. He bred horses, reared sheep, fattened bullocks, sowed and reaped corn, and exhibited in each of these occupations, as one after another they engrossed him, not less of knowledge than of enthusiasm. As a horticulturist, likewise, his name can never be mentioned without respect. His gardens were perfect models of that graceful style which, owing all its beauties to the skill of the artist, yet appears to be the production of untutored nature. He took infinite pains, moreover, to possess himself of the seeds of plants and herbs which he had admired in their native soil of India, and which he believed were not too delicate to be reared and brought to perfection in England. In a word, Mr. Hastings, in the seclusion of Daylesford, was precisely what he used to be when the fate of a great empire depended upon his will; he was constantly employed, and always had for the end of his exertions the attainment of some good and wise purpose, involving moral or physical benefits to his fellow-creatures. It is not, however, to be supposed that he left himself without leisure either to watch, as they befel, the mighty events by which Europe was shaken, or to keep the fine edge of his genius from growing dull for lack of use. He never ceased to take an interest in public affairs; he never lost his taste for intellectual pursuits; and he contrived so to interweave them with the ordinary occupations of life, that the one seemed, in point of fact, to be a portion of the other. The following brief account of the manner in which one day at Daylesford was spent may be taken as a tolerably correct specimen of all the rest. Mr. Hastings had always been an early riser: he was generally up and dressed before any other member of the family began to stir; and, shutting himself in his own little room, he devoted the first hour of the day to private study. Mr. Hastings breakfasted invariably alone, and his meal never consisted of any other viands than tea and bread and butter;

in the former of which articles, by the way, he was a decided epicure, for he made it after a fashion of his own. It was with him a maxim, that the tea having been once infused, and the teapot filled, no second supply of water ought to be added. All the aroma, he would say, is carried off in the first decoction; you extract nothing from the wasted leaves by saturating them again, except a bitter and unwholesome beverage. In like manner, animal food of every description, down, I believe to the fresh-laid egg, was, on principle, excluded from his early meal. But though he never breakfasted with the family party, not even when Daylesford-house chanced to be full of guests, Mr. Hastings would come forth from his own room, which communicated, with theirs, and sit beside his friends, and do his best to amuse them while they were demolishing their tongue and venison pasties. On these occasions he not unfrequently made his appearance with a copy of verses in his hand, the composition of which had employed either his sleepless hours by night or his first waking moments in the morning; and they were uniformly so graceful—so perfectly adapted to the situation of the party, because, touching either on the occurrences of the past day, or illustrating some subject of conversation which might have called forth his own wit or the wit of somebody else—that every interruption of the pleasant practice was felt as a grievous disappointment. There is no poet, however, whose Pegasus will always soar on the mere volition of its rider; and Mr. Hastings did, from time to time, join the family circle without bringing a poetic offering along with him. When thus reduced to matters of fact, he would either read aloud some passage from a favourite author, or, if public events happened to be peculiarly interesting, he took refuge in a newspaper. Whatever his text might be, however, he seldom failed to make it clear by an oral commentary; and I have been assured by those who enjoyed the best opportunities of judging, that he was never more agreeable—never more animated, than at these early conversaziones. There was a playfulness in his humour which won the best affections of such as listened to it; there was a strength and power in his philosophy which commanded the respect of all to whom its maxims were propounded. Mr. Hastings was a great advocate for bathing, which he regarded as conducive not only to cleanliness, but to health. He himself took the cold bath daily the warm bath twice or thrice a-week; and, as often as an opportunity came in his way, he indulged freely his predilection for swimming. In like manner his fondness for horse-exercise, and indeed for the horse itself, was quite Oriental. He rode remarkably well, and he piqued himself on the accomplishment to an extent which in almost any other man might have been accounted ridiculous; for nothing pleased him more than to undertake some animal which nobody else could control, and to reduce it (as he invariably did) to a state of perfect docility. The following anecdote, which I have from my friend Mr. Impey, himself an actor in the little drama, may suffice to shew the extent to which his passion was carried:—It happened once upon a time, when Mr. Impey was, with some other boys, on a visit at Daylesford, that Mr. Hastings, returning from a ride, saw his young friends striving in vain to manage an ass which they had found grazing in the paddock, and which, one after another, they chose to mount. The ass, it appears, had no objection to receive the candidate for equestrian renown suc-

cessively on his back, but budge a foot he would not; and there being neither saddle nor bridle wherewith to restrain his natural movements, he never failed, so soon as a difference of opinion arose, to get the better of his rider. Each in his turn, the boys were repeatedly thrown; till at last Mr. Hastings, who watched the proceeding with great interest, approached. 'Why, boys,' said he, 'how is it that none of you can ride?' 'Not ride!' cried the little aspirants; 'we could ride well enough, if we had a saddle and a bridle; but he's such an obstinate brute, that we don't think that even you, sir, could sit him barebacked.' 'Let's try,' exclaimed the governor-general. Whereupon he dismounted, and gave his horse to one of the children to hold, and mounted the donkey. The beast began to kick up his heels, and lower his head as heretofore; but this time the trick would not answer. The governor-general sat firm, and finally prevailed, whether by fair means or foul I am not instructed, in getting the quadruped to move wheresoever he chose. He himself laughed heartily as he resigned the conquered thistle-eater to his first friends; and the story when told, as told it was, with consummate humour, at the dinner-table, afforded great amusement to a large circle of guests. Besides preparing the poetical effusions of which I have spoken as giving a zest to the conversation over the general breakfast-table at Daylesford, Mr. Hastings was in the constant habit, of amusing himself in literary composition. I find among his papers, essays, dissertations, criticisms, poems, on almost every conceivable subject; of which many appear to me to possess extraordinary merit, while all exhibit marks of talent, if not of genius."

Mr. Gleig signifies, that by-and-by he shall arrange into something like order, specimens of the literary productions of which we have just been hearing a few particulars.

We now jump over a number of years, till the time indeed when Mr. Hastings, after making his first and last attempt to take some share in the management of public affairs at home, sat down to enjoy himself as a private, and by no means a rich man. Says his biographer:—

"Contented he doubtless was; for the consciousness of deserving well of the country which neglected him, continued present to his mind throughout, and in the pursuits of agriculture, and the indulgence of a pure and classical taste, he found ample occupation as well as great enjoyment. Moreover, his home was to him what it had ever been, a scene of the purest happiness; while his benevolence, the prominent feature in his character, was never at a loss for objects on which to exercise itself. There is a large portion of his correspondence now before me, which, for obvious reasons, I feel myself prohibited from making public, but of which I am free to state, that in every line it bears testimony to his excellency of heart, and the strength and clearness of his judgment. Were any of his more distant friends anxious about the education or the general welfare of their children?—they seem invariably to have thrown themselves upon Mr. Hastings for counsel, which, as well as more active assistance, was in no single instance refused. Did domestic differences arise, even between man and wife?—Mr Hastings was

appealed to as the individual, among all their acquaintances the best fitted either to bring the estranged parties together, or to arrange, in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, the terms of an amicable separation. As to applications for aid, either in launching young men into the world, or relieving widows and orphans from the pressure of pecuniary distress, there is really no end to them. And finally, his letters to the youth of both sexes, especially to boys, whether at school or college, or preparing themselves for the service of the East India Company, are all models of gentleness, and wisdom, and high principle. In a word, the years which Mr. Hastings spent apart from the busy world, and, as far as the world's observations went, in total neglect, were not only not passed in indolence and uselessness, but were devoted to the well-being of his fellow men in all ranks, and ages, and conditions. I question, indeed, whether he ever did more good—I mean individual good—at any interval in his career, than during the season when to society at large he appeared to have laid aside all active interest in the sayings and doings of its members. It was not, however, in the arrangements of God's providence that Mr. Hastings should quit for ever the stage of life without having his wisdom appealed to, and his merits acknowledged, in quarters were both had been so long and so unaccountably neglected. When Parliament proceeded, in 1813, to inquire into the working of the revenue and judicial systems, and to make other preparations for the renewal of the Company's charter, Mr. Hastings was called from his retirement in the country to give evidence before both Houses. He obeyed the summons cheerfully, preferring then, as on all former occasions, public duty to private ease; and, at the age of eighty-one, found himself, for the second time, ushered into the presence, first of the assembled Commons, and by-and-by of the Lords. How different was his reception then from what it had been seven-and-twenty years previously! At the former of these periods he stood at the bar of both houses a prisoner, charged with heavy offences, and arraigned for his trial; now his entrance within their doors was greeted by the Commons of England with marks of respect, such as they have rarely bestowed upon a subject. The members, rising as if by common consent, stood with their heads uncovered, and so continued till he had assumed the seat which was placed for him within the bar. In like manner, after his evidence had been given, and he prepared to depart, the members rose again, thus demonstrating the total absence of sympathy which was between them and their predecessors in that place a quarter of a century before. Neither were the Lords behind hand with the Commons in paying respect to the venerable man who came to give them light on the subject of Indian politics. They, too, afforded him the accommodation of a seat; and, from the beginning to the close of the examination, heard him with a silence which was well-nigh reverential."

Some of the above particulars suggest to us that the anecdotes in these memoirs are extremely scanty. Still, we find one that is worthy of notice, not merely as bearing reference to other celebrated characters, but as illustrative of Warren Hastings's real nobility of moral character, and of the turn of the tide towards him. The reader also cannot but observe on the insincerity and partisan-

ship which characterized the public men of a past generation. How pure shall future recorders find the busy bodies of the present day? We thus read :—

“It happened about the year 1810 that Mr. Hastings being on a visit at Newark Park, the residence of Sir Elijah Impey, received an invitation from the Prince Regent, then at Brighton, to dine with his Royal Highness in the Pavilion. Mr. Hastings went, Sir Elijah and his son bearing him company; and all three were a good deal surprised to find that Mr. Sheridan had been especially brought thither to meet them. The object which the Prince had in view was, doubtless, laudable. He was anxious that between Mr. Hastings and Mr. Sheridan—not the least violent of the violent men who acted as managers during the impeachment—a good understanding should arise, and he brought them together under the idea that, through his personal influence, they might become reconciled. Mr. Sheridan accordingly advanced, at a given signal from his royal host, and in some well-turned sentences delivered himself of an apology, which amounted to this :—‘that the part which he had taken in events long gone by must not be regarded as any test of his private opinions, because he was then a public pleader, whose duty it is, under all circumstances, to make good, if he can, the charges which he is commissioned to bring forward.’ Mr. Hastings retreated one step, looked Mr. Sheridan full in the face, made a low bow, but answered not a word. ‘Had Mr. Sheridan,’ said he, after the party returned to Newark Park,’ confessed as much twenty years ago, he might have done me some service.’ No further intercourse, however, took place between the parties, nor was the subject ever again by Mr. Hastings referred to.”

Before inserting our last extract, we must again refer to our distinction between a great and a good man, and pronounce him who is really good to be great,—or, that without genuine and predominating principles of high-minded, enlightened, and advancing goodness of a public nature, there can be no truly great public character. Mr. Hastings was not in advance of his age, and therefore, however amiable and benevolent in disposition, accomplished in scholarship, or earnest in forwarding the interests of mankind in particular departments, he cannot be set down as one of the first men of his generation, much less as a star in the history of Englishmen, whether taken as statesmen, philosophers, or philanthropists. We now quote a few entries in his diary, when the hand of death was upon him, with some of Mr. Gleig's remarks; and also a letter bearing significantly upon his trial, and the treatment he received from ministers. Previous to the period in question, old age, infirmity, and disease had sadly impaired his faculties. But says his biographer :—

“The following letter to Mr. Impey, written but a few months previous to his demise, exhibits Mr. Hastings in a light entirely distinct from that of

the dotard. It is worthy of the best days of his manhood ; and shews that, when roused by circumstances, the mind could still, despite of the body's weakness, both feel and reason as it used to do a quarter of a century previously :—

“ ‘ *To E. B. Impey, Esq.*

“ ‘ *Daylesford House, 19th April, 1818.*

“ ‘ My dear Elijah,—I will not affect to regret the trouble which I have given you ; for I know that you not unreluctantly submitted to it, and I have gained by it both useful and profitable knowledge. You have taught me the truth, not professedly intending it, that the only materials of authentic history are those which have been compiled by writers who have written so long after the events which they relate as to have had no interest in them. I think I know two exceptions, viz. Coxe's histories of the lives of Lord Orford and Lord Walpole ; for both contain copious evidences of the facts which establish them. But even his author allows him the privilege of exercising his own judgment under so fair a sanction that his opinion may pass for a verification. By your account of Dr. Aikin, he delivers a false or imperfect impression of facts without falsifying the facts themselves ; as in an especial instance where alluding to my reception of Cheyt Sing at Buxar, he negatively says, ‘ of which different accounts have been given.’ This is candour and impartiality with a vengeance ! I cannot pursue the observations of your letter, because there are days in which my sight, and the memory of connected sentences, both together fail me ; but I think that an historian that neglects to develope the truth from a well-attested anecdote, like the following, corroborated by personal character, and the combinations of concurrent acts and declarations, is unfit to be trusted as one. Previous to the day on which the article of Benares was debated, the ministerial members had received instructions to give their votes against it. At an early hour of that morning, Mr. Dundas called on Mr. Pitt, awoke him from his sleep, and engaged him in a contest of three hours' duration, which ended in an inversion of the ministerial question, of which it was my chance to be apprised the same morning. The fact has appeared in print, the change of votes is an attestation of it, one member only, Lord Mulgrave, refusing to submit to so base a prostitution of his word. But I must stop ; for my mind forsakes me. I thank you for your beneficial exertion ; and shall concern myself no more with contemporaneous history. God bless you, my dear friend. Add my blessing of your dear mother, and the dear Marian, with Mrs. Hastings's, to mine. Your affectionate.’

“ At the moment when the preceding letter was written, the hand of death had already fallen upon Mr. Hastings. I do not think from what I find in his Diary, that either to himself, or to the affectionate group which surrounded him, this truth was fully known ; yet a comparison between the entry for the 19th of January, and the nature of the disease which ultimately carried him off, leaves no reason to doubt that the case was so. The memorandum in question runs thus :—‘ I have laboured for near a fortnight, with an inflammation in the roof of my mouth, and an inability to eat solids.’ There is no further notice taken of this malady, except to describe the means which were from time to time applied, for the purpose of removing

it; but I cannot discover that they proved efficacious. On the contrary, other infirmities, arising out of it, seem to have grown upon him from day to day: and as they are faithfully set down, though without one word of bitterness or even of complaint, I should scarce do justice to his memory were I to pass them by. How touching, I had almost said how full of poetry, are the following:—

“‘May 21st. Heated, and my nerves shaken by walking. This is the third day that I have been affected with the confused sounds as of distant multitudes.

“‘22nd. I have been visited by confused and indistinct sensations, as of the sounds of distant multitudes. I date their first perception from the 20th,—at times resembling slow music—but its effect!!!

“‘23rd. The same, whether sensible or imaginary, not distinguishable.’

“How mysterious this communion of unearthly voices with the spirit hovering, as it were, on the brink of the great gulf,—how sublime the idea, that they should have spoken to the soul of the righteous man in the tones ‘of low music!’ From the date of this entry, Mr. Hastings continued gradually to sink, though not without frequent efforts of the constitution to rally, I find him, for example, on the 31st, so far improved that he is able to attend divine service in the parish-church; while on the 13th of July he took an airing in the carriage. But the fiat had gone forth which told out the number of his days, and all the care of his friends and the skill of his physicians availed not to counteract it. There is something, to my taste, touching, yet sacred in the extreme, in the tone of the great man’s ‘Diary,’ as it is henceforth kept—a mere record of bodily sufferings—incribed, too, in characters which sufficiently indicate the approach of the moment which should arrest their progress for ever. Take as a specimen, the following extracts, beginning with that which describes the occurrences of the 18th:—

“‘I took an airing after dinner in the coach with Mrs. Hastings. In leaving it I was seized with staggering; I sent for Mr. Haynes, who took from me about seven ounces of blood. The bandage loosening, I lost much more. After the operation, I slept a little, and awoke in great and universal agitation, which ceased with the second discharge of blood. I slept well, and awoke as usual, but with additional weakness.

“‘14th. Mrs. H. wrote an excuse to the Duke of Gloucester, who was engaged to come on Thursday, and sent Robert with the letter.

“‘15th. Robert returned early with an answer, written after a music meeting at Gloucester. I have passed this day unexpectedly and regretfully well.

“‘16th. I passed an unquiet night, and arose with my limbs weak and shaken.

“‘19th. My health better but strength much diminished. I dined alone. I sat in the great chair much of the middle of the night, and afterwards in the bed; lay till late.

“‘20th. I awoke with my throat much swelled, and a difficulty of swallowing; at breakfast, continued unabated, which I took alone, but without pain, and my appetite the same as it has been, unchanged through all other variations. At night, I took ten grains of magnesia, with rhubarb.

I cannot recollect the loss of time, but ascribe the past events of this day to weakness.

“‘21st.———’

“Alas there is no entry on the 21st. The figures stand there on the margin of the leaf, but the leaf itself is a blank. Mr. Hastings's ‘Diary’ was never afterwards resumed.”

ART. X.

1. *A Description of British Guiana, Geographical and Statistical, &c.* By R. H. SCHOMBURGK, Esq. Simpkin and Co. 1840.

2. *Views in the Interior of Guiana &c., with descriptive letter-press.* By R. H. SCHOMBURGK, Esq. Ackermann and Co. 1841.

THE interior of South America, especially between the rivers Orinoco and Amazons, down to a comparatively late date since the discovery of the New World, was so little known that it was the region where the most extravagant fables found a locality. The few Europeans who made considerable advances into its bosom either were so credulous as to take for granted whatever the wild Indians related to them, or were so fond of telling Quixotic stories, and to be carried away with marvel at the sight of extraordinary features of soil and vegetation,—of mountains, rivers, and cataracts, that their reports peopled the whole with illusions. Even to this day certain regions of the vast expanse are a *terra incognita* to the enlightened and honest traveller; and are the abode where legend takes possession. A portion of the interior indicated, according to the traditions of the Caribs, is still said to be inhabited by the Amazons. Mr. Schomburgk informs us, that if the dream of a republic of females, which has been current since the sixteenth century, inhabiting the parts referred to, originated with Europeans, that this extraordinary circumstance attends the idea,—it has not only remained, but is even now adopted by several Indian tribes in Guiana. Owing however to the treachery of the Caribs, a people who indulge in the most extravagant accounts about the hordes of female communities alluded to, he and his party dared not to satisfy themselves on the subject, by penetrating the country to the scenes of the alleged anomaly.

M. von Humboldt is the traveller who first dispelled several of the most extravagant fables connected with particular regions in South America. In 1800, he ascended the Orinoco fifteen hundred geographical miles, and fixed chronometrically several important longitudinal points; and Mr. Schomburgk has been engaged at the instance of the Geographical Society, to extend from an opposite quarter, similar observations, so as to combine with Humboldt's, and complete the geographical survey.

In 1535 there arose a most wonderful report of the existence of a great lake with auriferous banks, situated on the mountains of New Granada, the same as is meant when mention is made of the celebrated *El Dorado*; that is, *el Hombre dorado*, a man covered all over with gold, and who was said to bathe in the lake daily. The locality or region where this alpine sea was to be found was often changed, as that of the Amazons would be if strictly sought after; but Humboldt, after the closest possible research, and the largest application of learning and light that could be brought to the subject, became satisfied that he had fixed upon two of these localities, concerning one of which Mr. Schomburgk has highly interesting particulars to relate, viz. that of Parima, which Sir Walter Raleigh twice undertook to discover and explore. Much later than the period when that chivalrous adventurer fitted out expeditions for the purpose mentioned, English capital has been wasted in draining lakes with the hope of obtaining the riches which might be found at the bottom; the speculators no doubt believing that there must have been some *golden grounds* for the *El Dorado* story. One thing, however, has resulted from these and similar illusions; they have been the occasion of rendering some service to geography. M. von Humboldt observes that in 1512, thousands of soldiers perished in an expedition to discover the fountain of youth, in one of the Bahama islands; which expedition led to the conquest of Florida, and the knowledge of the gulf-stream. The thirst for riches, and the wish to grow young,—*El Dorado*, and the fountain of youth,—operated on the passions of mankind nearly simultaneously.

Several of the conjectures which Humboldt entertained relative to a lake, situated on the western frontiers of Guiana, as being that which might be identified with the scene of the fabled golden clad lord's ablutions, have been corroborated by Mr. Schomburgk. The lake is called Amucu and is altogether insignificant, when compared with vague and former accounts; and as must have been expected by such experienced and scientific travellers, furnishes nothing capable of verifying the fancies of ancient or modern dreamers.

But it is time that we should proceed to notice more particularly the publications before us, the first of which was published about twelve months ago. In that small work, its author devotes his attention to the physical features of Guiana, and also to its promises in the way of resources and capabilities as a field for emigrants to flock to. In the latter of these respects, he describes the country as holding out extraordinary prospects, which experienced and enlightened as he is, have a good deal of the appearance of exaggeration and strong enthusiasm. Some of his views too regarding the manner of procuring labourers, so as rapidly to bring our colo-

nies in South America to a high pitch of prosperity, appear to be those of an over zealous projector ; others to be impracticable, or at least contrary to the prevalent feeling in these days of procuring labour. But that we may not keep our readers among dry or questionable subjects, we at once go to points that are exceedingly interesting in themselves, and which engage the author's superior powers and acquirements in a highly attractive manner.

The rivers Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, with their banks, basins, and adjacent territories, constitute British Guiana ; while the Dutch and the Portuguese colonists, are divided from us by very indistinct boundaries. One of the consequences is, that these unscrupulous nations in the character of colonists, especially the Brazilians, who as a nation are but half civilized, especially if we refer to those who dwell on the outskirts of that country, frequently trespass beyond its limits, to the dismay, and carrying into bondage the Indians who are settled within the British dominions and may be otherwise enjoying many of the blessings of our colonial system.

Mr. S. tells us that the practice of the Brazilians is to hunt for Indians to make them slaves, and that to this day slaving expeditions are continually directed towards the contested boundaries : the system being carried on in all its possible atrocities. He gives some striking illustrations. Here is an example :—

“ A mission to the Macusi Indians promised great success. A protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Youde, settled at Pirara, a village at our undetermined south-western boundary, and the Indians in the neighbourhood soon collected around him, and evinced the greatest anxiety to be instructed in the word of God, and our language. I have seen from three to four hundred Indians on a Sabbath, dressed according to their circumstances, and in an orderly manner, assembled within a rude house of prayer built by their own hands, to receive instruction in the holy word of God. The mission was not established many months, when the Brazilian government of the upper and lower Amazon despatched a detachment of militia, and took possession of the mission under the plea that the village belonged to the Brazilian territory. The missionary of the church of England was accused of having alienated the Indians from the Brazilian government, and instructed them in the English language and religion, and received an injunction to leave the village. The Indians, fearing the Brazilians might conduct them into slavery, dispersed in the forest and in the mountains, and the work which promised such favourable results was destroyed.”

The locality alluded to in the extract, brings us very near to El Dorado, and conveniently carries us to the second of Mr. Schomburgk's publications. We shall now therefore introduce several extracts from the latter work, beginning with some interesting particulars in connexion with the inhabitants of Pirara, and also

descriptive of the remarkable vegetation and scenery of Guiana and its frontiers :—

“On leaving the river Rupununi, we passed over undulating ground, thinly covered with *Malpighias*, shrubs of stunted appearance, and bright yellow or pink flowers. We turned round a small hillock, and before us was one of those groves of *Mauritia* palms, which give to the savannahs of South America so characteristic an appearance. This graceful tree, with its fan-shaped leaves, alone afforded the scanty shade to be found in those arid places, while it contributed to the picturesque scene before us. The different tints of the savannah, which extended to the Pacaraima mountains, might have been compared to a sea of verdure, which illusion was powerfully increased by the waving motion of the deceptive mirage. Isolated groups of trees rose like islands from the bosom of this sea, and a few scattered palms, with their tall trunks appearing like masts in the horizon, assisted in conveying to our imagination the seducing picture of the Laguna de Parima, with its hundreds of canoes floating on its bosom. Towards the west, where the savannah was bounded by the horizon, we observed some Indian dwellings, and, having crossed a small stream, we soon after entered a village, consisting of fourteen huts, and inhabited by eighty Indians of the Macusi tribe. It was situated upon rising ground, affording an extensive view over the savannahs to the chain of mountains known to geographers under the name of Pacaraima. At the foot of this small elevation is a lake, which extends east and west for about three miles, and which at the period when rain seldom falls, is almost covered with rushes; only here and there presenting patches of water. It is, however, an inland sea, when, during the tropical winter, the rivers overflow their banks. Three islets rise from the middle of the lake, and a small stream flows through it, which has its source somewhat south of the village. The lake is called Amucu; the group of islands, the *Islas Ipomucena*, described by Santos; and the stream, the *Pirara*,—names so closely associated with the fable of the *Dorado* and the *Laguna de Parima*, that we looked with redoubled interest on the landscape before us. The vast savannahs, on which *Pirara* is situated, are encompassed by the *Pacaraima* mountains to the north, the *Canuku* and *Cara-waimi* mountains to the south, the thick forests of the *Essequibo* and isolated mountains to the east, and the mountains of the *Mocajahi* and branches of the *Sierra Parima* to the west, and, according to a superficial computation, cover a space of 14,400 square miles. The geological structure of this region leaves but little doubt that it was once the bed of an inland lake, which, by one of those catastrophes, of which even later times give us examples, broke its barriers, and forced a path for its waters to the Atlantic.”

Mr. Schonburgk is of opinion that the fable of *El Dorado* and *Lake Parima* has been connected with the former existence of this inland sea. At any rate he again visited *Pirara* with a truer and not less satisfying eagerness than the credulous dreamers of bygone ages would have done; for, as we have seen, it was a spot with which, three years before, he had been in some measure acquainted,

and where cruel disaster had befallen the inhabitants. It was therefore with surprise as well as pleasure that he discovered a happy change had taken place in the village, which now consisted of upwards of thirty Indian huts, and a building having some pretensions to one of European construction. Men, women, and children appeared busy, too, in erecting another of similar but larger dimensions. He goes on to tell us :—

“ At my first visit, I had formed a predilection for Pirara, not only from the historical interest connected with it, but likewise from its picturesque situation between the two mountain chains of Pacaraima and Canuku, and not least from the kind hospitality of its untutored inhabitants. It was not surprising, therefore, I should select it partly for my winter quarters, when I resolved to remain, during the rainy season of 1838, in the interior of Guiana. I have not regretted my stay in Pirara, although my comfort was alloyed by sickness, for it has given me ample opportunity to increase my researches in natural history, and to study the character and manners of that interesting race, among whom I was a guest, the Macusi Indians. How frequently have I been sitting near those three palm trees, which we see in the picture occupied by a Macusi family, and allowed my eye to range across the village of motley architecture, and the enchanted lake with its verdant isles, until it has been arrested by the chain of mountains clothed in blueish tints, and the play of extraordinary refractions over a soil strongly exposed to the full influence of a tropical sun. The course of the Mahu, which river emerges from the mountain chain at the distance of twenty miles from Pirara, between the peaked mountains of Cucuyé, a little to the right of our group of Macusis, and the truncated hill Tupanaghé, was then designated by a whitish mist, apparently hovering over the trees which fringed its banks, or indeed the mirage adopted frequently such an aqueous appearance, that the river itself might have been fancied to be suspended in the air, and to flow over the tops of the trees. At other times the mountains appeared so close, that every tree in the tufts of wood, which partly covered them, might have been counted, and their distance might have been supposed to be half a mile, in lieu of twenty. I shall never forget the splendid spectacle I witnessed one evening after darkness had set in, when, towards the north, the whole horizon was illuminated ; for the grass on the savannahs, which had been burning for the last four days, had communicated the fire to the mountain chain, which now blazed for a distance of many miles. A thunder-storm approaching from the north-west, much enhanced the sublimity of the scene, and mingled its forked lightning with the fiery columns, which, as if arranged in battle-array, seemed to storm the heights of the Sierra ; and the vivid lightning and the rolling of the thunder were the batteries employed for the onset.”

The Roraima range affords extraordinary groups of scenery, which our author describes with singular vividness and power. The party ascend Kajmari, a mountain about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and—

"On reaching the summit we could not but admire the regularity with which a number of blocks of different sizes were placed. If human hands had set them with line and compass, they could not have been laid more regularly. We halted at the foot of Roraima, at a settlement of two houses, built on the left bank of the river Kukenam, the inhabitants of which fled to the woods when they saw us approaching; but we soon reassured them, and they returned; when they told us they had taken us for Brazilians, come to capture and lead them into slavery. After we had rested and refreshed ourselves, we commenced the steep ascent, and stood, at six o'clock in the evening, within a mile of the perpendicular walls of Roraima. We encamped for the night in a hollow, about three thousand seven hundred feet above the Arécuna village of Arawayam botte, where we had the greatest difficulty in procuring fire, the constant moisture which prevails on these heights having rendered the brushwood too damp to burn. At midnight the thermometer stood at 59° Fah., and the cold rendered us quite uncomfortable, for our constitutions had become sensible to such a decrease of heat, accustomed as we were to the uniform temperature of the lowlands: nor did the fires, which we could not kindle into bright flames, afford us any warmth. Before sunrise, and half an hour after, Roraima was beautifully clear, which enabled us to see it in all its grandeur. These stupendous walls rise to a height of 1,500 feet, their summit is therefore 5,200 feet above Arawayam-botte. They are as perpendicular as if erected with the plumb-line; nevertheless, in some parts they are overhung with low shrubs, which, seen from a distance, give a dark hue to the reddish rock, and an appearance of being altered by the action of the atmosphere. Baron de Humboldt observes, that a rock of 1,600 feet of perpendicular height has in vain been sought for in the Swiss Alps, nor do I think that Guiana offers another example of that description. A much more remarkable feature of this locality, however, lies in the cascades, which fall from this enormous height, and strange as it may appear, afterwards flow in different directions, into three of the mightiest rivers of the northern half of South America, viz. the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Essequibo. The origin of this abundance of water can only be explained by the circumstance, that the precipitation of atmospheric vapours is much promoted by those cold and high mural precipices: local peculiarities, and among these the thick forests, which, towards the north, extend from the foot of these mountains to the coast of the Atlantic, while large savannahs spread to the south, may in many respects contribute to the increase of aqueous vapours. The summit of the mural precipices is somewhat rounded, and overgrown with shrubs; but that part which rises in a rounded form above the walls, must be of inconsiderable elevation, perhaps not more than fifty feet; nevertheless, at this height from the summit, where the mountains assume the wall-like appearance, the supply of water is so great, that it falls in streams, and forms those wonderful cascades for which the Roraima is famed among the Indians, who in their dances sing of the wonders of 'Roraima, the red-rocked, wrapped in clouds, the ever fertile source of streams;' and in consequence of the darkness which frequently prevails, when thick clouds hover about its summit, it is likewise called the night mountain: 'of Roraima, the red-rocked, I sing, where with daybreak night still prevails.' This was one of the burdens which we heard

many times repeated during the dance of the Arécuna Indians, in the vicinity of this mountain group. Roraima, and the neighbouring mountains of the same structure, represent, on a large scale, that which the spring of the Brocken in the Hartz mountains offers in miniature; namely, water breaking out from the side of the mountain only a short distance below its summit. We left our camp soon after sunrise, and attempted to reach one of the cataracts which appeared more voluminous in water than the others. We had to cross a marshy savannah, abounding in most curious and interesting plants. Among these was an *Utricularia*, the prettiest of its tribe, and which I have since had the pleasure of dedicating to the most distinguished among American travellers, Baron de Humboldt. The stem is of a dark purple colour, rises to a height of three or four feet, and bears several flowers about two and a half inches in diameter, also of a beautiful purple. Another plant of great interest was a new genus of Pitcher plant, the *Heliamphora nutans*, with radical leaves, and a hollow, urn-shaped petiole open at the top, the lamina forming a small concave lid, which differs, however, from that of the *Nepenthes* in not closing over the pitcher or urn-shaped petiole. The scape bears a loose raceme of from two to six nodding flowers, sometimes white, sometimes tinged with rose colour. Of no less interest is a *Cypripedium* and a *Cleistia*, the latter with deep scarlet flowers and stem, and purple leaves, growing by the side of the *Utricularia* and Pitcher plant. We found another species of *Sobralia*, differing from the *S. Elizabetha* in its having sheathing, hairy leaves, and the labellum and petals being of a bright pink. The execution of our design to reach the large cascade, which the Indians call Kamaiba, was no easy task; the surprising strength of vegetation, and the entanglement of trees and creepers, only permitted us to advance slowly, and numerous craggy precipices, which we were forced to descend by means of lianas and ladders of roots, even presented dangers. A hurried vapour appears to be here constantly held in suspension, and the rays of the sun are scarcely admitted through the thick canopy of foliage. The trunks of the trees are thickly clothed with mosses and lichens. The *Arums* and *Pothos*, almost gigantic in size, *Uranias*, *Heliconias*, arborescent ferns, in appearance more resembling the stately palm than the fern of our northern countries, and numerous *Alpinias*, contested for the possession of the soil which had gathered between large blocks of a black colour, their surface also affording a peculiar vegetation of *Orchidæ*, *Gesnerias*, *Peperomias*, and numerous succulent plants, all attesting the humidity of the spot. Large trees, rooted in the clefts, and overhanging the glens, added to the sombre character of the scene. An oppressive solitude prevailed; there was no sign of animal life; only the noise of falling waters was heard, which served as a guide to direct our steps thither. We had continued our dangerous path for several hours, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, almost perpendicular cliffs by means of the roots of herbaceous plants, or those natural ropes formed by the *Bauhinia* tribe, when the thunder-clouds, which had been threatening, passed the mountain and enveloped us almost in darkness; the rain fell in torrents, and thunder and wind seemed to vie with the cataract in producing the greatest uproar. The forest opened, and, as if it had been called forth by magic, a perpendicular wall stood before us, from which the Kamaiba, swelled by the tor-

rents of rain, precipitated itself with a thundering noise into a spacious basin below. The whole environs seemed as if enveloped in foam, and the gusts of wind which accompanied the storm raised the froth before it in flakes. The summit of the wall was perfectly hidden from us; even the cliff opposite the one on which we stood was only seen occasionally as through a veil, illuminated by vivid flashes of lightning. Numerous blocks, apparently torn from these gigantic walls, which were lying in great confusion around, conveyed the possibility that a similar accident might now occur, an idea which was strengthened by the uproar of the elements; and the danger of being near to these cliffs was so fully impressed on me, that instead of enjoying this romantic scene, I felt oppressed, and a wish to escape from it. It appeared to have communicated a similar feeling to my companions, for not a word was spoken; the Indians squatted on the ground and looked dispirited; indeed every one appeared to feel relieved when I gave orders for our return. This, however, was not done before we descended to the basin, and had tried the temperature of the water, which we found to be 56° Fah., that of the air being then 61° Fah. The perpendicular wall of Roraima, whence Kamaiba falls from the summit, had been ascertained from Arawayam to be fifteen hundred feet high; it therefore surpasses in height the celebrated Staubbach, in the Swiss Alps, which is nine hundred French feet, and presented, at the time of our visit, a real cascade, not a mere precipitation of mist. In height it surpassed the Cascade de Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, by nearly two hundred feet, which has been hitherto considered the highest, being one thousand two hundred and sixty-six French feet. I estimated the breadth of the fall at about seventy yards. Of the extent of the arc, which this mass of water formed in its descent, I could not judge; the basin which received it might have been compared to a vast cauldron, the water foaming and bubbling within it with uproarious noise. Turbulently pushing itself a way through the numerous blocks which fill the bed of the mountain stream, it continues for a few hundred yards, and, approaching another cliff, it precipitates itself a second time down a height of about one hundred and twenty feet."

One of the tremendous cataracts of the River Corentyn may be taken as another specimen of the extraordinary features of the country which has so deeply engaged our author's admiration. He says:—

"The westernmost cataract is on a grander scale. Some of our party having visited it and being quite enthusiastic in its description, we resolved to proceed thither; and after climbing over, and crawling round numerous blocks of granite, we stood at the head of the largest fall I had before seen in Guiana. The huge mass of water, and the velocity with which it precipitates itself over a ledge of rocks to a depth of upwards of thirty perpendicular feet, causes the spray to form the cloud we had observed. I stood surprised—the sight of the foaming waters below, the unceasing noise of the cataract, which rendered every attempt fruitless to communicate my feelings to my companions, rendered the impression of this scene powerful almost to oppression. I became giddy, and retired quickly, to prevent myself joining

the dance of the whirling, white-crested billows. I have stood in much more perilous situations without ever feeling the slightest sensation of vertigo, and I ascribe it, in the present instance, to those masses of water unceasingly rolling in the abyss below, which seemed to urge me to follow them, a feeling which the same sort of scene had likewise communicated to my companion Mr. Reiss. I was anxious to see the fall from below, and as we could not reach it in any other way, we had to climb over piles of rocks, or to seek a path across chasms, the trunk of a fallen tree serving us frequently as a bridge; while at other times we let ourselves down to the next ledge of rocks by means of lianas. Under our feet we heard the rolling of the streams, which forced a way through immense cavities. The spray which was driven into the air by the fall of the water of the great cataract, descended in drops like a heavy summer shower, and the constant moisture thus produced, covered rocks and trunks of trees with a luxuriant vegetation. Disturbed by our approach, thousands of swallows rushed from the cavities formed by the rocks, encircled the cloud of spray in their flight, and hovered over the cataract. Before I reached the foot of the fall I was as wet as if I had been in a heavy rain, but the view from that situation richly recompensed me for this trifling inconvenience. The sun being to the west, I saw large spots adorned with all the colours of the rainbow, forming themselves in the spray, and vanishing in order to reappear the next moment. The Indians named this cataract Wanaré-Wono-tobo; we called it after General Sir James Carmichael Smyth, the late-much lamented Governor of British Guiana, who always took the liveliest interest in these exploring expeditions, and whose kindness and attention, during the time he presided over the colony as representative of his sovereign, have been registered with gratitude in my heart."

These extracts alone will convince the reader that Mr. Schomburgk's more recent work is valuable on account of the nature and variety of information which it contains. Then, as to the descriptive style of the author, there can be but one opinion, every passage being remarkable for its graphic force. The book besides is a beautiful one, and rich in illustrations of extraordinary features and gigantic objects. Why, if it were not for the serious and anxiously accurate details of the descriptive matter, the untravelled reader would be ready to suppose that the artist who made the sketches during the expedition, (Mr. Charles Bentley having executed drawings from them, the lithographs being richly coloured) was hoaxing us. The representation of some of the flowers, for example, and also of the leaves of certain plants, will force any one to imagine that Guiana and its adjacencies were created for other than the pigmy beings and paltry objects which distinguish Old England. Whether as belonging to the department of pictorial illustration, or of literature, the book puts forth very superior claims to the attention of the public.

ART. XI.—*The Ports, Arsenals, and Dockyards of France.* By A TRAVELLER. London: James Fraser, 1841.

A SERIES of Letters which appeared in the *Times*, and were avowedly written for that newspaper, the first being dated September 9, 1840, and the last January 6, 1841. The author, if not belonging to the naval profession, is evidently extensively acquainted with naval affairs, and naval technicality; and speaks of many ports and various establishments in Europe connected with sea-faring life, as if he had with more than an ordinary traveller's care examined them. It would appear too, from the way in which he interlards his pages with French, and speaks of his passing for a Frenchman, that he has been much amongst them; and hence his information is extensive and minute with regard to their warlike resources, military as well as maritime. Indeed, he intimates that, if the present volume meets with encouragement, that a larger work, to be entitled *The Garrisons and Army of France*, will shortly appear.

The author, in highly flattering terms, dedicates his book to the editor of the *Times*, whose paid Missionary, no doubt, he was; and, although he professes candour, ardent patriotism, and the absence of all party bitterness, his style is that of the journal for which he was writing; at the same time, that his matter is not unworthy of the repute of the Thunderer. Certainly he is too fond of taunts, of reviling assertion, and of applying to individuals abusive epithets. To be sure, such things may tell in a newspaper; but we think in a republication of this kind, his avowed purpose would have been fully as well served if the contributions had been pruned of these acerbities. It would have been more satisfactory to us too, had he been careful to avoid repetitions in this aggregate shape. To save labour, however, and also to let his descriptions and predictions, his opinions and suggestions, stand as they were originally given, may be regarded as a reason for a *verbatim* reprint. He is, also, on the 30th of January, we are told by him, while penning the Introduction, "again on the bosom of the blue waters;" but he would rather "pay the penalty of rushing into print hastily, than that the advocates of the British navy in the Imperial Parliament should be deprived of a work which may afford them an insight into the progress made and now making by our nearest neighbour, and most formidable as well as most implacable rival."

The republication of Letters which have already appeared in a journal so widely circulated as the *Times*, would, in most cases, claim from us only the briefest notice. Considering, however, the excitement which the recent warlike preparations of France have produced, and the important nature of many of the particulars detailed by our author; and persuaded that extremely vague as well as imperfect ideas prevail in this country relative to the naval force

and prospects of our gallic neighbours, a summary of some of the more striking facts adduced in the present pages, together with a few uncurtailed extracts, may not be unacceptable to our readers; at the same time, that we shall endeavour to avoid much that is stale, both as to the "traveller's" reasoning and anticipations, or hitherto unfulfilled and apparently more remote than when he sounded his alarms, and was prophesying.

Havre is the port that first engages our author's pen, which, down to 1837, and ever since the independence of America, had rapidly advanced in commerce and prosperity, in consequence of its trade with our Transatlantic brethren. The ruinous condition, however, of the pecuniary affairs of the United States in 1837 and 1838, had operated prejudicially to the port in question; so that it needed nothing but the recent rumours of inevitable and impending war with England to paralyze and almost to destroy its trade and speculation.

Our author very distinctly notes the difference which such a panic produces in France and in England,—in such a port as that of Havre as compared with those of London, Liverpool, or Bristol. First of all, there are not amongst our neighbours those large masses of capital that float in England; so that immediate returns are not looked for. Then, think of the mercurial nature, the excitable temperament of the French, who have not the reservedness of our countrymen; but are prone to the indiscreet exhibition of any *priva tecalamity*, and whose active fancies too, as to the future,—

"Travel beyond sense, and picture things unseen."

In the meanwhile the workmen of Havre were thrown out of employ, had become impatient, and loudly complained that they were to be sacrificed on account of a needless and disastrous quarrel. War, therefore, was not popular at Havre in September. Very different, however, was the feeling at Cherbourg, one of the *Ports Militaires*, there being five only of French ports so designated;—namely, Cherbourg, Brest, L'Orient, Rochefort, and Toulon; at all of which, the martial genius of the French is as it were heated and propelled by a high-pressure engine. By *ports militaires* are meant such harbours as are equivalent to Portsmouth, Plymouth, Sheerness, and Woolwich, in England; that is, where dockyards and arsenals are established in the Government service.

The "Traveller" enters at some length into the history of the various ports, as well as into their present condition and prospects. Cherbourg was full of bustle when he was there, the Establishment, as well as all the other naval ones, having been greatly renovated and improved since the July revolution. He warns England that the demonstrations which he witnessed were other than merely "full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing," that it would be right for his countrymen "to inquire what the Eliott and Minto

clique are doing about our navy?" And asks, if our flag "that's braved," and so on, "is to be trailed in the dust by hungry Scotch adventurers?" This is written on the 15th of September.

Now we might safely leave these and many recurring queries, accusations, and insinuations to be replied to by Commodore Napier, Lord Palmerston, and others,—say the voice of Tories as well as of Whigs in and out of Parliament. But it may be more satisfactory to quote an authority which the contributor to the *Times* will not gainsay, viz. himself, by the time that he arrives near to the end of his volume; and when events become the unanswerable interpreters. For example, after having to the effect repeatedly stated that, owing to such "shallow-pated, mean-minded block-heads, as Joseph Hume,"—"the scrape-penny Scotch dunce;" and the "periwig-pated, pence-filching, pinch-penny patriots, like Mr. Daniel O'Connell," the French navy has made greater advances in number and construction of vessels, manning, efficiency, &c., "than any nation in Europe, or than all the nations of Europe put together,"—an assertion which occurs in one letter, we are consoled with such assurances as these, that "the Cochrane or Napier of the day, will, in the event of war, prove that though at the end of 1840 our vessels had been inferior to the French in sailing, and in weight of metal, yet, that in a given time, without building or buying, the English ships, nevertheless, bear off the bell." At one time he urges the necessity of putting "spurs into the sluggish sides of our Admiralty;" at another, he admits that "the most brilliant feats of arms" have crowned the British in Syria, and glories at "these manifestations of the surpassing promptitude and power of Great Britain." Again, "The people of England may be well assured, that so long as this eloquent, enlightened, and truly competent secretary, (Mr. More O'Farrall) presides under a Minto at the Admiralty, the 'wooden walls of Old England' are in no danger of any single naval power, or even the whole of Europe, in battalion against us. Thrice happy England!" In short, we find in the pages before us that heat and cold are blown alternately, and sometimes at the same breath; the comfort, however, increasing as months elapse and events develope themselves. But, now to return for a moment to Cherbourg:—

"The forges and foundries of Cherbourg are the children of the July revolution. They were commenced in 1831, and finished in 1832 and 1833; and here it was, as well as in the rope-walk, that I traced, certainly with surprise, though without dread, the astonishing progress which this persevering, ingenious, industrious, excitable, and most valiant people, have made since 1830. If the English nation needed any *stimulus* to exertion, here it lies in the fiery bosom of these forges. If they are to maintain, as they ever have maintained, and as I pray to God they ever may maintain, the dominion of the seas—if they are to 'ride on the whirlwind,' and to

'direct the storm' of the ocean—if they are to protect the weak and chastise the strong—if they are to guard their own firesides, their '*lares et penates*,' as they have hitherto guarded them, against foreign foes—if they are to maintain, as they ought, the 'right of search,' for which they fought and bled bravely and profusely—if they are to sustain, as they ought and must, the *mare clausum* of the great and learned John Selden, they will take heed in time, and not 'sleep the slumber of the sluggard.' Above all things, they will cast away from them these men who sacrifice the 'wooden walls of old England' to miserable savings of cheese-parings and candle-ends; for this is a time and season when the French marine strides on rapidly—ay, *à pas de géant*—and if we stand still, most assuredly we are undone. Here in these *ateliers* are twelve double fires, and what is called '*un grand feu avec martinet*,' which signifies an immense hammer and anvil, moved by steam-machinery, as perfect and as regular as anything one could see in the manufactories of Leeds, Birmingham, or Manchester."

About a fortnight after the sight of the forges and foundries of Cherbourg, the author, apparently still more alarmed at the thoughts of a "newly-invented bullet," by an old naval officer *en retraite*, the property of which is, "when it meets with an opposing force, such as the hull of a seventy-four, to explode with terrific effect, shivering vessels to pieces, and thus destroying at one 'fell swoop' lives and property to an immense amount,"—inquires and counsels in the following strain:—

"While these things are going on in France, what are you doing in England? Are you wide awake as to the preparations of this great nation; and are you determined to be prepared also, or, like children, to close your eyes against the danger, and thus hope to avert it? These are questions which ought to be asked, and which must be answered. The time for a good-natured wriggle, a loud horse-laugh, or a shrewd, sharp truism, enforced with a knowing jerk of the finger and thumb, is gone for ever. These small expedients have stood the most careless, heartless, and *insouciant* man in Europe in good stead for many a long day; but they will answer no longer; and Lord Melbourne must now soon answer to his country, in the face of Europe, for his deeds of commission and omission. As to Lord Minto, his management of the Admiralty must be openly arraigned at once. The Conservatives must no longer stand stock-still, looking on in apathy or despair, while the city is beleaguered and the enemy is at the gate. A noble field of honour, in which he may win unfading honours, is opened to Sir James Graham. He must commence the attack on behalf of the wooden walls of Old England. His country, the service, the peace, the stability, the equilibrium of Europe; demand it."

We think that Sir James had better take China under his charge; and as it is not probable that Commodore Napier will serve him, let him see if he can obtain the Duke of Wellington's support in that quarter. By the by, when hearing of the new and fell enginery of the "old naval officer," we may remind our readers

of a similarly novel and destructive species of missile with which the artillerymen at Woolwich were said, some months ago, to be making experiments of dreadful promise.

But we must no longer delay furnishing some connected account of the French naval establishments, system, and preparations; and as in all the arsenals and dockyards there is more or less resemblance, each to the others, we shall confine ourselves to one of the ports, viz. that of Brest; between which place and Cherbourg our author, towards the end of September, found the whole country in a state of the greatest anxiety, the hot-headed young men and the old Moustaches eager for a European conflagration, while those immediately interested in commerce, great as well as small, were averse to war, and unable to discover any necessity for it. At the same time, however, there was extreme activity on the part of the naval as well as military department; and even the gendarmes were so much on the alert, as to cause John Bull's blood to mantle and tingle at the strictness of examination, and the new or vexatious obstacles thrown in the way of his natural curiosity. Here are some illustrations of the vigilance exercised, especially towards British travellers, and also of some of the special reasons; little mischievous, and mendacious Thiers being roundly blamed by our author, for the paltry and irritating restrictions. He thus writes—

“ There are three reasons assigned for this strictness, which extends even to native-born Frenchmen, and each of them is, in my mind, sufficient to justify the authorities and the government in a peremptory refusal to all the world. In the first place, some one of the mischievous press of Paris visited the port on the 14th, and two days afterwards published in his paper that the convicts engaged in the dockyards had conspired to set fire to the buildings, and that the workmen had struck for wages. This was a pure invention of this blundering *Badaud*, who had possibly never seen the sea in his life, and knew not a corvette from a ship of 120 guns; for to suppose him otherwise than ignorant and imbecile would be to suppose him not only a traitor to his country, playing into the hands of her enemies, but also desirous of fostering a civil, perhaps a servile war. The second reason is not less cogent in my opinion. An English post-captain of mature age, a cool and calculating Scot (the thrifty and prudent genius of the Tweed had for once abandoned him), penetrated, unperceived, and without permission, into the dockyard. He had seen a great deal, and was comfortably hugging himself in the idea of how vastly clever he was, when all of a sudden it was discovered he had no permission, and had entered without a gendarme. The matter then became serious. He was asked to declare who he was, which he did frankly. It was for a moment doubted that an English captain would so commit himself at such a juncture, but it was put beyond the possibility of doubt before the evening sun had set. This officer had commanded off Senegal, and it so happened there was a French naval officer in Brest at the moment who had known him there. Explanations then took place, and I learn that the statement of the English officer, that he had entered inad-

vertently, was deemed sufficient. Still the circumstances are unpleasant; and, if not unfortunate, to use a Navarino word, 'untoward.' Nobody could behave better or more gracefully than the Maritime Prefect, M. l'Amiral Grivelle. To wear off any unpleasant impression, he asked the captain to dinner; an invitation which the latter, perhaps from praiseworthy motives, declined. I impute no blame to any one, but I repeat, in the present temper of men's minds, even Scotchmen should be more circumpect than usual. There are never wanting those who impute these intrusions into dockyards to worse motives than justifiable curiosity. An account of this circumstance was telegraphed to Paris, and the result is, that nobody is now allowed to enter the dockyard who is not an *employé*."

"I am aware that great allowance should be made for the naval authorities here; they are in a delicate and difficult position just now; but it is not because one or two Englishmen violated the rule in entering the *port militaire* without permission during the dinner hour, that a general exclusion is to be extended to all Englishmen whatever. I am aware, that within the port itself (for despite admiral, major-general of the marine, gate-keepers, and all the hundred-and-one Cerberi who there keep 'watch and ward,' I entered, and saw everything, as I informed you I would) there is an old house, which still preserves the name of 'Maison de l'Espion,' where an unfortunate Scotchman of the name of Gordon Warhouse was taken and decapitated on the 24th of November, 1769, seventy-one years ago; but it is not because this house remains as a memento of the injustice of the French nation (for Gordon Warhouse was no spy, though he was decapitated as such), that English gentlemen are to be excluded in 1840. 'Oh, but,' says the authorities, 'one Englishman recently got in by stealth, and we must prevent this by excluding all.' Now, this I say is, firstly, unjust; and, secondly, impracticable; for, in the teeth of their order, and despite of their prohibition, I have been able to see everything, and this very day passed through forty-six *ateliers* or workshops, and all the docks or slips, at every one of which a vigilant guardian was placed. I could do the same again to-morrow or any day during the week, but there are many of my countrymen who could not, and I see no reason for their exclusion. But I detain you, perhaps, too long from matter more important."

This was at Brest, its harbour being, in the author's estimation, the finest in the world; at the same time, that it is almost hermetically closed against all hostile intruders, by nature and by art. And yet it has been more than once in the possession of the English. We need not tarry over the description of the fortifications; but the following account of the arsenal, &c., is worthy of being read, presuming that it is correct:—

Long before you enter, the resounding clank of the caulking mallet, the hammering of the scupper nails, the din and smoke of dozens of smithies, the cries of sailors, carpenters, gunsmiths, '*E tutti quanti*;' and last, and most horrible of all, the clanking of the chains of 3641 galley-slaves, announce to you that it is not Woolwich, Greenwich, or Sheerness, you are about to enter, but the *port militaire* of Brest. To your left is a battery,

level with the surface of the water, named from its shape the Horseshoe Battery. This forms the *avant garde* of the port, and is completely armed. Within it are apparatus for heating the bullets, which lie in huge piles at the entrance.

"Behind this battery are the storehouses, cellars, &c. for provisioning the fleet. Here are thousands of barrels of pork, beef, butter, flour, split peas, prepared sorrel, biscuit, wine, brandy, coffee, &c.

"Next comes the bakery, which is fireproof, containing 24 immense ovens, with machines for separating the bran from the flour. Beyond these magazines is a considerable *parc à boulets*, and a very large boathouse; while opposite is the machine for masting or dismasting vessels, called in French *mature* or *machine à mater*, equivalent to the English 'Shears, or Hulk with Shears,' as it is sometimes called. Near this machine is an immense kitchen, called the *coquerie*, where the victuals of all the *équipages embarqués*, whose ships are within the port, is cooked; nearly opposite the kitchen is moored a cut-down frigate, called *l'Amiral*, so arranged as to contain an *avant-garde* picket, a room for maritime courts-martial, as well as apartments for prisoners.

"The Admiral has no very great draught of water, but in the canal in which she is moored vessels drawing 24 to 27 feet have below their keels at least 15 feet.

"Not far from this frigate is what is called the *bassin de construction*. It is beautifully built in cut granite, and is the work of M. Groignard. I will not trouble you with a description of this '*bassin*,' which would be more especially unnecessary to a maritime people. Below it are the workshops of the artificers in white metal, locksmiths, tinmen, &c.; and next to these is the printing-house of the *port militaire*. I do not say that this latter is as extensive as the printing-house of *The Times* (which, by the way, I have never seen), but it nevertheless seemed to me very spacious and well arranged.

"The brazier's workshops come next in order, then the compass-makers, and finally the library of the marine, which is large, and well supplied with nautical and mathematical works.

"This range of buildings is terminated by the *magasin-général*, an edifice of vast extent, but of simple construction. In these rooms are contained such objects as are not delivered in the *ateliers*.

"In this rich dépôt there are warehoused articles exceeding in value 80,000,000*fr.*

"The quay is below this spot, encumbered with a vast quantity of cannons, not yet mounted, and a large and 'goodly show' of anchors, some weighing so much as 1,500 kilogrammes; opposite which are the *ateliers* for sail-making, rigging, and ballast.

"Next comes the rope-walk, a building of three stories high, with a flat roof. There are eight walks, each more than 1000 feet long. Although MM. Lair et Hubert have introduced into the *corderie machies* called '*De Fulton et d'Huddart*,' combined with their own inventions, giving a force over manual labour as 21 to 10, yet there are at this moment more than 600 men engaged in this department alone.

"The *poullerie*, or shed where blocks are made, next engages attention.

Here is a water-mill which puts in movement two saws and an instrument called a *tarrière*, for boring pumps or drilling masts; but it seems in the present advanced state of mechanical science, to be but a sorry contrivance. The powder-mill and coopers' workshops are within an instant's walk. The cooperage appeared to me to be of very superior workmanship, but these artisans are not now so fully employed as heretofore, in consequence of the substitution of what are called *tôles*, or thin iron tanks, which are considered much more salubrious, more economical, and easier of stowage."

The north side of the Port of Brest is entirely occupied by the great forges, where anchors, chain-cables, &c., are manufactured; and if France had the command of iron which we have, the "Traveller" thinks that she would certainly rival, as now she approaches us, in the article of marine forges.

We do not halt to name the number of new ships that have lately been built, or are in the course of building, at this port, or any of the other French ports. Various statements have been put forward on this subject of late, and generally with reference to the comparative strength and efficiency of the British navy; and frequently with the view of frightening us from our propriety. But we may quote an opinion of a sweeping and general nature for which we were not prepared: says our author—"One is struck at every moment with the marked superiority of the naval over the military service in France." But then, the meaning of this distinction seems to be narrowed to what immediately follows, so as to bring it within the sphere of birth, manners, and polite education. He says, "independently of the education of the naval officer being much superior, he is generally also in a higher social position, whether with reference to birth or fortune, than the officer of the line, who, in nine cases out of ten, is in no degree more enlightened than, and too often as coarse a being as, the soldier whom he commands."

The practical question, however, is, which department figures most gloriously in battle? We had thought, too, that it was the boast of France since the new order of things at the Revolution commenced that merit was the great road to promotion,—and that many or most of Bonaparte's most celebrated generals rose from the ranks.

But on returning to the navy, let us learn something of the system of instruction and manning which is observed in France:—

"Anchored not far from the Orion, lies the *Abondance*, a vessel for the instruction of the *mousses*, or cabin-boys, of whom there are now 240 aboard. These boys are for the most part orphans, the sons of widowed mothers, or unfortunates deserted by their parents, and are received from the ages of thirteen to fifteen. There are schoolmasters furnished to teach them reading, writing, arithmetic, the mathematics, and navigation. They have also,

as well as the *élèves*, a chaplain. This vessel, as well as all the crew and scholars, is remarkable for cleanliness; the boys change their linen twice a week, and all appear in excellent health. They are all taught trades, such as sail-making, rope-making, block-making, gunnery, &c., as well as seamanship; so that when they become regular sailors, they may, in the intervals between duty, be enabled to be serviceable to the vessel in more capacities than one. This institution is not unlike the naval school of that excellent man, the late Captain Brenton, R.N., but it is, of course, on a more extensive scale. While aboard the *Abondance*, the *mousses* receive 9*f.* a-month for their pay, from which 7*f.* is deducted for their clothing and equipment. When they afterwards enter into the *équipages de ligne*, they receive a net pay of 17*f.* 56*c.*, with bread while on shore, and 18*f.* 10*c.* gross pay, with rations when at sea; while conscript cabin-boys, temporarily employed in the *équipages de ligne* to whom a first outfit is not allowed, receive only 8*f.* 15*c.* a-month.

It is questionable, however, whether the thus teaching two different trades, such, for instance, as sail-maker and sailor, is beneficial. The plan has long been adopted in the Russian navy; and I can, from experience of that service, say, that they are neither good sailors nor good sail-makers. But that which may be true of Russia may be quite false in reference to France, and *vice versa*. There is one point, however, in which this teaching may be of great advantage—I mean naval gunnery. I believe the best officers in the English navy are of opinion, that the sailor, when trained, makes a far better naval gunner than the naval artilleryman; and the French, adopting this idea, are now training all their sailors as naval gunners.

“You are aware that the system established by the National Convention for manning the navy still exists. A register is kept, in which the name of every citizen is inserted who is desirous of entering the naval service. From ten to fifteen, boys serve as ‘*mousses*,’ or cabin-boys. Above fifteen, they are called ‘*novices*,’ and any novice or mousse who has made a voyage of six months, and passed the examination, is an ‘*aspirant*,’ or candidate for promotion. Any one, eighteen years of age, who has made two long voyages, or who has served two years on board a ship, or in the fisheries, or who has been eighteen months at sea, is liable to the conscription; but it has never, as now, been extended to those who have served four years. Those included in the naval conscription are exempt from every other service, except that of the government naval service, employment in marine arsenals, or as national guards. Volunteer seamen are employed in preference to conscripts. If the number of volunteers falls short of the contingent required, the deficiency is supplied by a draught from the register.

“The maritime districts are divided into quarters, and the sailors in these quarters distributed into four classes:—

1. The unmarried.
2. Widowers without children.
3. Married men without children.
4. Married men with children.

“The second class are not called on to serve until the first are found in-

sufficient, and the same rule applies to the third and fourth classes. Sailors of fifty are exempt from serving in a king's ship or in the arsenals. By a law of 1832, seamen engaged in the whale-fishery are exempted from the conscription. The pensions allowed to all seamen, officers, and men, is half the amount of their full pay, after twenty-five years' actual service on board a king's ship, merchant vessel, or in a *port militaire*. There is also an allowance called *solde de retraite*, which is granted after twenty-five years' service in the royal navy, six of which must have been at sea.

"With regard to *équipages de ligne*, important ameliorations have been introduced by establishing a distinct body of seamen called *compagnies permanentes de la marine*. This body is divided into separate corps. Each corps is composed of a permanent staff and four companies, and both the staff and the companies have been recently increased."

One of the most striking features at the Port of Brest, and also at other naval establishments of France, consists in the number, the treatment, and the condition of the *galley-slaves* employed. There were 3,641 at Brest when our author was there, the mere clanking of whose chains was horrible. The *Bagne* (a place where slaves are confined) at the port mentioned, and the *forçats* (the prisoners), are the subject of our next extract.

"The *Bagne* is 300 toises in length. It is distributed into six compartments, in each of which 500 men are lodged. There are two additional buildings within its precincts, wherein are lodged the keepers and police of this prison, who are always on the watch, exercising a *surveillance* which is found to be indispensable. Each of the compartments of which I have spoken contains the necessary appendages of fountains, kitchens, taverns, privy, &c. The exterior wall of the building is four feet thick, but between it and the interior one there is another wall of two feet, with an intervening corridor five feet in breadth. Beyond this corridor are placed the iron beds of the *forçats*. This precaution has been adopted to prevent them from breaking through the outer wall, a hazardous enterprise, which was sometimes successfully essayed in the olden time. Another advantage arises from this new arrangement. The *forçats*, though chained to the *tolas*, or iron bedstead, as heretofore, all the night, are now enabled, from the proximity of the *latrines*, to move to them, which anteriorly they could not do. I need not tell you that this privation not only frequently occasioned serious illness among the *forçats*, but was the cause, and perhaps the sufficing excuse, for a filth and fetidity which happily no longer exist; for now, between each bed there is a *latrine* two feet deep by two and a half, in which a plentiful supply of water may be obtained by turning a small cock. Along the dormitories sentinels are posted during the nights, and there are besides guardians and watchmen, who regularly and almost incessantly go the rounds of the different chambers. The kitchens, which are in the middle of the compartments of which I have before made mention, are 17 feet long, 14 broad, and surrounded by an iron railing. On the other side of the kitchen is the tavern, likewise railed off and divided into two compartments. In one of these compartments is stored the munitions of wine which the govern-

ment accords to the *forçat*, which amounts to a measure of two *chopines*, or a pint, daily. The other compartment is occupied by tavern-keepers of all grades, who sell to the galley-slaves such wine as either their earnings, their savings, or their private means, may enable them to drink.

"In the winter months lanterns are appended to the walls of the dormitories and refectories, at a height of seven feet from the ground; and any attempt on the part of the *forçats* to extinguish these lights is considered an act of insubordination. The supervision of these unfortunate beings is confined to a body of men called *pertuisaniers*. To each *pertuisanier* is confided ten *forçats*. When they go out during the day, either to labour in the arsenal, in the roadstead, or elsewhere, they are chained together two by two, and are always accompanied by the Argus-eyed *pertuisanier*. At night the chains which unite man to his fellow-man are loosened or struck off, and each individual is chained to his *solas*, or iron bedstead. The functions of the *pertuisanier* cease as soon as the *forçat* enters the dormitory; for here the unfortunate being is transferred to a nightly watch, which supersedes the daily one, and which watch can in a moment communicate by means of sentinels posted at convenient distances with the authorities, in the event of insubordination or a tendency towards insurrection."

A variety of strong precautions and necessary measures are resorted to in order to prevent revolt as well as escape; and altogether, the condition of the *forçat* is terrible and degrading. He is stripped of every thing, and all his effects are committed to the flames the moment he arrives at the *Bagne*, a uniform being given to him! He is washed, and if tractable and well-behaved, may earn about four sous per day; but his bedding is most meagre, and his diet insufficient. He is comparatively well treated in the hospital when sick, but yet the mortality among the gangs is frightful. If condemned for life, the severest and most dangerous labour is allotted to him; and while those whose sentences are for a definite period, are chained two by two, he goes fastened to those under a like condemnation with himself, by a common chain. It is impossible that human nature can be amended in this way, or among such fraternities; so that the *Bagne* is "but the *officina* of every crime and vice," the most abominable not excepted. Our author notices some individual cases; but for an extract, we prefer these general facts:—

"Murders sometimes occur, which can be traced to no cause but a species of jealousy arising from these infamous relations. It is also found that there is an inoculative power, so to speak, in crime. The forger learns from the thief the art of making a false key, and the thief in return is initiated into the mystery of counterfeiting signatures. Thus the *Bagne* is a mart of infamy and exchange of crime, where fraud and force are trucked and bartered against each other. You will deem it incredible, after the *surveillance* which I have described to you, that the *forçats* are, notwithstanding, enabled to prepare clothes for desertion, to make false keys, false passports,

false letters of change, and, more extraordinary still, counterfeit money. There is also a secret police among them—a sort of Venetian Council, whose decrees are as inevitable as they are terrible. If a member of the fraternity become odious or suspected, he is quietly despatched; lots are drawn as to who is to execute vengeance, and he who refuses is himself proscribed and punished. Sometimes one of the *gardiens* becomes a marked man, and he too often, for having strictly performed his duty, pays the penalty of his life.

“On the other hand, the annals of the Bagne presents traits of humanity and courage which delight and dignify the mind of man; but these instances are rare; for neither remorse, repentance, nor atonement, spring up from a treatment which shocks every manly, every generous and proper feeling. Yet, where better natures disclose themselves, there is a system of reward as there is also one of punishment.

“A visit to the Bagne is a painful and a mournful study of human nature in its worst form. There are countenances within these walls whom to look on is to loathe. The sign of the beast is so naked and patent to an experienced eye, that one recoils from such monsters in human form as from defilement. On the other hand, you are often accosted by placid, benignant-looking men, who solicit you to purchase little fancy articles of their own manufacture. A most interesting history might be written of the extraordinary and infamous characters who have been for the last half century within these walls.”

In connexion with the navy and the steam navigation in France, our author bestows a good deal of notice and speculation upon an establishment at the Isle of Indret, which is near to Nantes. This establishment has been recently instituted for the construction of steam-engines for the purpose of navigation; and according to our author it promises great things, the development of its principles and capacities having been wonderfully accelerated by the recent and actual relations between England and France. We are told that—

“Constituted as the *usine* of Indret at present is, it can turn out the machinery for three steamers of from 160 to 220 horse-power in the year; but at this very moment, measures are being taken to complete the machinery for twelve steamers of 450 horse-power in the same space of time. These preparations are now proceeding with incessant activity, and it is calculated they will be finished in eighteen months. The sum accorded in the budget last year for Indret was only 700,000*fr.*; but the sum has been raised this year to 2,000,000*fr.*; and it must be considerably augmented in 1841, for there are three times as many artificers employed now as there were in 1839.

“There are five *chantiers*, or slips, at Indret. In one of these is the *Gassendi*, of 220 horse-power; in another the *Rapide*, of 80, intended as a towing-boat for the fleet at Cherbourg. Both these vessels are on the point of being launched. There will then be four disposable stocks, in which four new vessels, of 220 horse-power each, and destined for the service of the colonies, will be placed.

"Four marine engineers permanently reside at Indret—namely, a director, a sub-director, and two subordinate engineers. A surgeon also lives within the dockyard; and certainly he has no sinecure, for the number of workmen is now more than 900, and he has to attend them all."

Steam navigation is comparatively in its infancy still in France; twelve years ago the country was destitute of this artificial and mechanical power upon the waters. But its succeeding progress has been vast, and with the ardour and speed with which the French people commence and complete grand measures, especially when martial glory is at stake, the late impulse is already producing almost miraculous results, and improvements instantaneously. So speaks our author; still, according to his account, they are far in the rear of the English; while somewhat inconsistently with certain preceding statements, we find that English engineers are employed wherever the greatest steam works are in progress or steam travelling carried on with spirit and success. In some instances French engineers have been substituted with signal failure; so that, although contrary to national pride, and at a much greater outlay, in the matter of wages, our author, hardly with an exception, found their steamers, and even on canals, conducted by an English engineer, and, as we infer from his words, frequently also an English stoker.

Before closing a volume, which with all its partisan feeling must be allowed to contain important information, and also useful suggestions, we shall let the author be heard, in his sketch of two classes, whom he characterizes as the pests of French society. Firstly,—

"The *commis voyageur* is generally a man between the ages of twenty-three and forty, and he belongs, *par excellence*, to the class of dirty dandies. From the cut of his habiliments you may easily perceive that he apes modishness; but, on the other hand, if his coat be of respectable texture, you may be pretty sure that his linen is of a pale chocolate colour, or his hat in the category of the 'shocking bad.' The strength of the genus, as of the individual, however, lies in his hair. This is allowed to float down his shoulders in wild profusion, 'wooing not only the rough caresses of the wind,' but all those floating particles of sand, dust, feathers, burnt tobacco, cigars, and coffee, with which the air of large towns is so fully impregnated. A tooth or nail-brush he disdains to use, for *la jeune France* scorns cleanliness; but, on the other hand, if he takes no heed of nails or teeth, he cherishes beard and whiskers with exceeding fondness. Mustachios, imperials, tufts, *postiches*, are to him the urim and thummim. He enters an hotel or coffee room with an insolent and audacious air; straightway occupies the best place; calls loudly on the waiter; rails, abuses, and growls by turns; seizes on the best dishes, and the best portions of them; and, finally, picking his teeth with his fork, resigns himself to the discussion of things political, theatrical, nautical, and military. He is a man who knows everything. The

motives of cabinets are open to, and lie patent before, him. He is aware why Palmerston signed the treaty without the sanction of France; and he foretels to a certainty the neutrality of Prussia. He has the finance of England at his fingers' ends, and he knows what is passing at the English dependency of Calcutta, and the French colony of Chandernagore. The Horse-guards and the Admiralty have confided to him their inmost thoughts. He knows what our enemies never hitherto discovered—that our ships cannot fight or sail, and that our army is disaffected.

"He is in active correspondence with Ireland; and he is well aware that priests and people are stretching out their eyes and arms to see and welcome the French fleet, which is not in sight, though if you are to believe him, it soon will be. He is intimate with the telegraph, and on more than speaking terms with the Semaphore; and he can tell to a dead certainty, that Duperré and Lalande have not only left Paris for Toulon, but are already afloat with sealed orders to destroy the English fleet, and burn Portsmouth and the other dockyards which have escaped the incendiary."

Secondly,—

"If the *commis voyageurs* of France be insufferable, the *sous-officiers* tribe are also insupportably odious. Devoured by envy and ambition, they hunger and thirst for war. Unlettered, low-born, indigent, they yet desire to sit in high places; and, sensual and self-indulgent, like all Frenchmen, long to clothe themselves in fine linen, and to fare sumptuously every day. But how is this to be done unless by adopting a military code, of which brigandage and spoliation are the beginning, middle, and end? In the ranks of this numerous, savage, and brutal-minded class, there are but three predominant ideas—conquest, plunder, and personal advancement, and the last is always looked to as a consequence of the two former. These are the '*Tartari infranchisati*,' as Alfieri boldly and beautifully called them—the '*enfranchised Tartars*,' the envenomed and festering legacy of that callous Corsican despotism which unsettled and disturbed all Europe. These are the men who hound and halloo on mobs as poor, as ignorant, but less profligate and abandoned than themselves, to cry '*Vive la guerre*,' and '*Mort aux Anglais*.' The possession of bull-dog animal courage, of great personal daring, of invincible energy, I by no means deny them. But in all the higher instincts and attributes of the soldier—in chivalry, devotedness, fidelity, in patience, in suffering, gallantry, courtesy, gentleness, and noble sentiments, they are miserably deficient. These are virtues which they neither understand, appreciate, nor practise. How should it be otherwise? Like the priests of perhaps the only, and certainly the greatest, poltroon in Ireland, they leave the plough to better their condition, and of this green timber, France makes a *sous-officier*, and Maynooth, a priest. But in both countries the raw material is essentially the same, and the tree bears a corresponding fruit. If the priest is ignorant, arrogant, domineering, so is the *sous-officier*; if the priest hates all superiority, and detests hierarchy of rank, so does the *sous-officier*; but make the one a dean, and give to the other an epaulette, and of the barking discontented demagogue you make a supple slave with cringing knee to those above him, and arrogant, insufferable

haughtiness, to those whom accident has placed beneath him in the social scale.

"These are, perhaps, the most dangerous men in this country; but they are dangerous only to the government and to the authorities. If war were to break out to-morrow, England need not fear them. They are not of the stuff to command armies, or to lead men on to renown or victory. Of high military science they have no notion; and the only books, perhaps, they have ever read in their lives are the history of the *Sous-Lieutenant*, who first distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, and the *Catechisme de Soldat Français*.

"But, like the *commis voyageurs*, they have their *cafés estaminets*, journal and minister. The former is the *National*, and the latter is the redoubtable M. Thiers. The people of England should no longer disguise from themselves this truth, that of every unclean, of every malignant, of every turbulent, of every brigand spirit, desiring war, rapine, and confiscation, this same clever little M. Thiers, the ex-journalist (who is in no degree cleverer or more capable than 300 of his former but less fortunate *collaborateurs* all over France), is the chosen idol and pattern minister."

ART. XII.

1. *Travels in the Himalayan Provinces of Hindustan and the Punjab, &c.*

By MR. W. MOORCROFT and MR. G. TREBECK; edited by HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, M. A. &c. 2 vols. London: Murray.

2. *A Personal Narrative of a Journey to the source of the River Oxus.*

By LIEUT. JOHN WOOD. London: Murray.

MR. MOORCROFT'S personal history must be familiar to not a few of our readers; still, it may be satisfactory to glance at its more general and prominent points, before resorting to the narrative of his highly enterprising travels.

Moorcroft was a Lancastrian by birth, and studied medicine at Liverpool; but owing to certain circumstances his fancy was turned to the physicking of horses instead of his own species. This choice was not agreeable to his friends, the veterinary profession at that period being in the hands of low, vulgar, and uneducated practitioners. However the great John Hunter was consulted by the young man, and the answer of that celebrated person was so encouraging that Moorcroft went over to France to pursue in the best school the particular branch to which he had directed his attention. He afterwards settled in London and was extremely successful, realizing in a comparatively short period a considerable fortune; but not, it would appear, with the utmost satisfaction as respected the sort of society into which his line frequently threw him. The opportunity therefore was greedily accepted by his adventurous and ardent spirit, when a proposal was made to him to go out to India to superintend the Company's military stud. This was in 1808; and

his services in arresting the diseases of the cavalry almost immediately became manifest. But he did not confine his views to the mere veterinary art, now that he had arrived where ampler fields offered themselves to his enthusiastic and speculative nature ; for, perceiving that the Company's breed of horses, viz. the Arabs', which were in general use in India, were inferior to what might be procured in Central Asia, he urged the necessity of introducing the Turkman horse. This idea having a strong hold of his mind, the questions now were, how was Turkistan to be penetrated ? and what other purposes might be served by the adventure ?—for it is quite manifest from his proceedings, although all his ends were not at first avowed, that he meditated political arrangements as well as commercial intercourse, so as to open new and extensive channels in these ways for his countrymen ; or if such important and difficult conclusions were not at first contemplated by him, they at least were gradually suggested in the course of his travels, and, upon a scale, together with an assumed degree of authority, which the Indian government did not countenance. No doubt can attach respecting the traveller's purity and enthusiasm of motive ; but, at the period, prudence said nay to some of his plans, and therefore he was not very warmly backed by the people in power at Calcutta. Nevertheless he persevered with a delight in bold and new enterprises which we cannot too highly admire, reaping fruits too, in the way of discovery, that have greatly contributed to geographical knowledge, and to an acquaintance with strange tribes and many interesting customs.

Moorcroft was indeed imbued with many of the great qualities necessary to a traveller who directs his steps towards regions and nations where extraordinary difficulty and dangers present themselves. His zeal was unquenchable but by death ; adventure to him was a congenial direction of powers ; his knowledge was various ; his sympathy with mankind deep and strong ; in their pursuits, however humble, he took a lively interest ; and then what he felt or saw he loved to describe, performing this part of his office with a profuseness and composed earnestness that render his journal singularly attractive as well as informing. In the present volume we have the pith and marrow without the drier details of his journals, ably compressed by a competent hand ; so that although the original papers have, in the course of years, mostly appeared among the Transactions of one Society or another, they are now put into a far more agreeable shape for the general reader, and will hand the name of the traveller down with an enviable fame. True, later events as well as adventurers have communicated much light regarding regions and nations which were little known to Europeans in the days of Moorcroft ; still those who have only followed in his steps, several of them having done much less to improve the path

than our lamented author accomplished, ought not to be allowed to rob him of his rich harvest, nor will posterity permit the injustice.

It was near the close of the year 1819 that Moorcroft started, his travels extending not only to the Himalayan Provinces of Hindustan and the Punjab, but being pursued in Ladakh and Kashmir; in Peshawar, Kabul, Kunduz, and Bokhara; Mr. Trebeck accompanying him, to whom the geographical department was entrusted. Other gentlemen, besides a numerous retinue, were also attached to the expedition; and as there are only two ways of penetrating the new countries visited, which are inhabited by so many jealous or treacherous tribes, viz. in the capacity of a merchant or a mendicant, Moorcroft chose the more imposing, but not the safer method, carrying with him a vast quantity of merchandise, which often impeded or embarrassed him; he, with his followers and attendants sometimes alarming a whole community of villagers, so as to fly as if an invading army had been approaching.

Our traveller's journal extends from 1819 to 1825; the incidents described,—the discoveries made,—the contributions to science, history, and antiquities accumulated,—being varied, rich, and exciting. The confidence which the adventurous hero generally won, gives one a very favourable idea of his temper, address, and mental qualifications. Nor, had his life been prolonged, would he have failed in accomplishing much of what he had so fondly contemplated and confidently promised to himself. Indeed his triumphs were all but complete when death arrested him near Balkh, Mr. Trebeck soon after falling a victim to the same fell destroyer. And now not only was the property of the travellers rapaciously seized by the Turk-mans, but their papers were allowed to remain uncollected and undensified till later travellers carried off much of the honour due to our pioneers.

We have not room, neither is it necessary, to notice connectedly the course of these travels. We need not even for a moment alight in some of the countries described in the earlier and later parts of the route. For example, the ground traversed by Moorcroft, after leaving Kashmir, has been recently, and during these few last years so often trod, and made so familiar by public events, that we should but repeat what has often appeared in our pages, were we to accompany him much beyond Ladakh, the region and the country to which we now conduct the reader, and where we purpose to remain, so long as we keep by the lamented surgeon's journal.

The geographical situation of Ladakh, its extent, &c., are thus denoted:—

“Ladakh is bounded on the north-east by the mountains which divide it from the Chinese province of Khoten, and on the east and south-east by

Rodokh and Chan-than, dependencies of Lassa : on the south by the British province of Bisahar, and by the hill states of Kulu and Chamba. The latter also extends along the south-west till it is met by Kashmir, which with part of Balti, Kartakshe, and Khafalun, complete the boundary on the west and north-west. The north is bounded by the Karakoram mountains and Yarkand. * * * * From north to south, or from the foot of the Karakoram mountains to the fort of Trankar in Piti, the distance is rather more than two hundred miles ; and from east to west, or from the La Ganskiel pass to that of Zoje La, it cannot be less than two hundred and fifty. The outline, however, is irregular, being contracted on the north-west, and south-west, and the whole area may not much exceed thirty thousand square miles. Although the country of Ladakh lies at a lower elevation than the mountain-ranges, which serve as ramparts to its northern and southern frontier, yet its general character is that its gigantic neighbours, and its lowest levels are in the vicinity of perpetual snow. It is, in fact, a series of narrow valleys, situated between mountains not of very great altitude as compared with the land at their feet, but ordinarily towering to a height above the sea, which surpasses that of the pinnacles of the Alps. The elevation of Lé itself is more than eleven thousand feet above the sea, and some parts of the northern perghana of Nobra are two thousand feet above that level."

The country thus outlined then is a province of the table-land of the Himaleh, and Lé may be regarded as the capital, into which it required some negotiation for Moorcroft and his retinue to be allowed to enter. When this difficulty was got over, the streets were found to be crowded with people, " to see the entrance of the Firingis ; and in the groups were mingled the good-humoured faces of the Ladakhis, the sullen and designing countenances of the Kashmiris, the high bonnets of Yarkand, and the bare heads of the Lamas, with the long lappets and astonished looks of the women."

The population of Lé is of the Tibetan stock, although a very considerable number of Kashmirians are here domesticated, a mixed race having originated from the latter and the women of the country, termed Argands. The whole population of Ladakh was estimated at between one hundred and fifty thousand, and one hundred and eighty thousand, " of which two thirds, at least, are females." But this is not the only remarkable circumstance relative to the community ; for instead of the men having a plurality of wives, which one would suppose to be the likeliest sort of arrangement out of such disproportions in the matter of sex, we are told that—

" When an eldest son marries, the property of his father descends to him, and he is charged with the maintenance of his parents. They may continue to live with him if he and his wife please, if not, he provides them with a separate dwelling. A younger son is usually made a Lama. Should there be more brothers, and they agree to the arrangement, the juniors become inferior husbands to the wife of the elder : all the children, however, are

considered as belonging to the head of the family. The younger brothers have no authority, they wait upon the elder as his servants, and can be turned out of doors at his pleasure, without its being incumbent upon him to provide for them. On the death of the eldest brother, his property, authority, and widow devolve upon his next brother."

The Ladakhis are a mild and timid people, frank, and honest, when not corrupted by communication with the dissolute Kashmiris, who, if not engaged in commerce, betake themselves to the lower trades of butchers, cooks, petty retailers, &c. But the Ladakhis, if not wealthy, are upon the whole in a comfortable condition; although many of the women, in consequence of their great proportionate number, find it difficult to obtain provision. This curious race appears to have attained to considerable excellence as rural economists, the length and serenity of their winter, together with the sterility of the soil, imposing, no doubt, the necessities which beget industry and ingenuity. We thus read—

"The first step in the process of tillage is to clear the ground of its incumbrances, and, as far as possible, equalize the surface. The larger blocks of stone are left undisturbed, but the smaller fragments are collected and arranged in longitudinal piles, or walls, traversing the face of the declivity, which every field more or less presents, forming a series of parallels, the space between which is made as level as possible by conveying materials from the upper to the lower edge of the slope. In this manner a succession of terraces is constructed, each supported by a stone breast-work, and down which stone channels communicating with some spring or natural reservoir on the higher ground conduct a plentiful supply of water. This is the disposition of the grounds in the villages and towns which are situated in the different valleys forming the inhabited and cultivable portion of Ladakh; but even in solitary spots, remote from human habitations, stone dykes may be observed crossing the sloping sides of mountains near their base: these are constructed by the peasants to assist the deposit of soil and gravel by the melting snows, and they are thus left for many years, perhaps for some generations, for the operation of natural agency to prepare for the labour of man, and the more ready conversion of an abrupt and sterile declivity into an accessible flight of terraces of cultivation."

And these terraces are regularly irrigated, the weeds bred along with the crops being carefully taken up and used as fodder, which in many parts is so scarce, that nothing in the shape of vegetables is allowed to be wasted. Providentially there is one product of the country whose luxuriance is such, that it sometimes spreads to a circumference of eighteen feet, and which is remarkably nutritive to cattle. It is called Prangos, and yields a hay, and so rich a supply when dried, that sheep fed upon it are said to grow fat in twenty days; and if the process be continued for two months, the fatness approaches suffocation. Further,—

"It displays its nutritive properties in cows, as well as in sheep and goats, but it is said that it does not increase the quantity of milk; and as beef is not an article of food in Ladakh, there is no advantage in feeding neat cattle upon it. Horses thrive upon it, but they are not readily reconciled to it; and it is remarkable that whilst growing no animal will browse upon the leaves of the Prangos, although they will feed upon its flowers. It is only as hay that the foliage is an acceptable article of food. * * *

Considering the value of this plant as fodder, its growing in a poor sterile soil, in every variety of site, except actual swamp, and in a bleak, cold climate, and its flourishing wholly in independence upon the care and industry of man, it would seem probable that it might be introduced with national advantage into many parts of Great Britain, and would convert her heaths, and downs, and highlands, into storehouses for the supply of innumerable flocks."

The women among the Ladakhis are the principal labourers in the field; and, having also heard some remarkable things with regard to their domestic conjugal condition, it will not be unacceptable if we quote a few particulars respecting their garments and costume:—

"Their dress consists of a jacket, with sleeves fitting, though loosely, to the shape, with a collar half way up the neck. Continuous from the jacket fall bands forming the frame-work of a petticoat, the spaces between being filled up with narrow stripes of various colours, about two inches broad at the bottom, and narrowing to a point at top, making the lower edge of the petticoat of much greater extent than at the waist: as many as eighty or one hundred of these stripes may be comprised in the whole circumference. * * *

One kind of stocking, made of shawl wool, is fancifully decorated, and is very showy. For summer wear, half stockings of cotton are imported from Kashmir and Kabul. Both sexes also wear boots, the soles of which are of thick leather, like those of the Chinese, whilst the leg part is either of leather or strong stiff cloth. This is an article of dress in which the Ladakhis take much pride, and the commonest boots are dyed of some bright colour, and have the seams embroidered. Some of the wealthiest have boots of Russian or Chinese leather, or of goat or sheepskin dyed red, and glazed, the seams and welts of which are of gold cord, or are decorated with embroidery in silk, or gold and silver twist. Instead of thick soles, green slippers, iron shod, with high heels, are used. Some of the most ordinary kinds are made in Ladakh, but the more ornamented boots come from Lassa and from Kashmir. The men do not wear many ornaments,—the principal consisting of large ear-rings and a small cista, or box of gold, decorated with turquoises, or of less costly materials, and containing some sacred text, by way of amulet, which is suspended from the neck. The women are gaily decorated, but their chief ornaments are the head lappet, a stiff necklace or collar, and ear-rings or oreillettes. The first is like that we noticed in Lahoul, consisting of a piece of cloth, lying flat on the top of the head, and descending to the waist, or lower, bearing turquoises, cornelians, and amber beads in transverse rows. The hair, tressed in narrow

plaits, is assembled in a queue, which is lengthened by tassels of coloured worsted, intermixed with shells, bells, and coins, until it nearly touches the ground. On either side of the lappet on the top of the head festoons of small pearl descend to a little below the ears, and are united and knotted above and below with an ornament of jewellery, and persons of rank have strings of coral hanging over either shoulder. The most costly ornament is the collar, a stiff band of silver or gold, more or less wrought, bound with strings of coral, pearls, or silver beads, and studded with turquoises in flowers, encasing the neck: below this is a necklace of several tier of large gold and silver beads, intermixed with turquoises, descends low on the bosom. Some notion may be formed of the composition of this collar from the price, which is about forty pounds. Its effect is rather heavy than rich, and amongst the women of the Mohammedan Ladakhis is discarded for a more simple necklace. At Lé a curious appendage to the head-dress is worn, which might be termed an oreillette. It is an oval piece of seal-skin, which, confined under the side tresses, covers and conceals the ear, the edge projecting beyond which is fringed with fur, whilst the outer part is covered by brocade. In general the head has no other cover than the lappet, but on gala days a flat circular hat of seal-skin rises like a fan from the crown. The face on such occasions is smeared with the pulp of the fruit of a kind of belladonna, which has the effect of glazing, and detains, by its viscosity, a number of small flat seeds, which are thought still farther to improve the beauty of the countenance. A Ladakhi female in full costume would cause no small sensation amongst the fashionable dames of a European capital."

Both for males and females there are convents in Ladakh—and well filled ones too. As to the religious rites and ceremonies, it is stated—

"The religious service of the Lama, which is performed daily at the Gom-pas, or temples attached to monasteries, consists chiefly of prayers and chanting, in which the formula, 'Om manipadme hum,' is frequently repeated, and the whole is accompanied with the music of wind instruments, chiefly harmonizing with tabrets and drums. Amongst the former is a sliding trumpet of large size, which is upheld by one man whilst blown by another, and has a very deep and majestic intonation; a hautboy, the reed of which is surrounded by a circular plate covering the mouth, and the conch shell with a copper mouth-piece; metallic cymbals, much more mellow and sonorous than others, complete the band. These musical accompaniments are not confined to temples, but form part of the state of the higher secular dignitaries, and the Raja is always preceded by minstrels and musicians when he leaves his palace. On religious festivals part of the ceremony consists in rude dramatic representations by the Lamas, of animals, of human persons, or supernatural beings; and the masks which are worn on these occasions surpass in ingenuity and grotesqueness those of all ancient or modern times. They are not unfrequently modelled after nature; and I witnessed the representation of a Darby and Joan by two Lamas, the features of which were exaggerated portraits of an old couple in the city. The persons so disguised perform dances, which are said sometimes to have a mystical or symbolical import."

Thus far the travels : and now to make room for a few specimens of the " Personal Narrative " of a journey to the source of The River Oxus, " by the route of the Indus, Kabul, and Badakhshan ; " performed by Lieutenant Wood, " of the East India Company's Navy." The journey was performed five years ago, the author having been engaged along with Sir Alexander Burnes, in the mission undertaken by that gentleman at the instance of the Company, and which had for its object the ascertainment of the facilities offered by the River Indus, its tributaries, and adjacent countries, as well as by the disposition of the several neighbouring nations, both with reference to commerce and war. The mission was to a great extent successful towards the establishment of certain political relations, and has since had important results, we doubt not, as regards the late struggle in Affghanistan. However, the Lieutenant's narrative concerns alone his own personal experience, observation, and adventure ; at the same time with simplicity, unaffectedness, and sound judgment, detailing many things that are informing as well as entertaining. His sketches are neat and spirited, his observations close and pointed, and his anecdotes amusing. There is often more to be gathered from a remark than is fully uttered ; while the implied opinions of the author, both as to coming events, and undivulged character, are now seen to have been shrewd and sagacious. Here, for example, is a statement which is significant, and from which a striking lesson may be derived, although only allily indicated :—

" Nowhere is the difference between European and Mohammedan society more strongly marked than in the lower walks of life. The broad line that separates the rich and poor in civilized society is as yet but faintly drawn in central Asia. Here unreserved intercourse with their superiors has polished the manners of the lower classes ; and instead of this familiarity breeding contempt, it begets self-respect in the dependent. A kassid, or messenger, for example, will come into a public department, deliver his letters in full durbar, and demean himself throughout the interview with so much composure and self-possession, that an European can hardly believe that his grade in society is so low. After he has delivered his letters he takes a seat among the crowd, and answers calmly and without hesitation, all the questions which may be addressed to him, or communicates the verbal instructions with which he has been entrusted by his employer, and which are often of more importance than the letters themselves. Indeed all the inferior classes possess an innate self-respect, and a natural gravity of deportment, which differs as much from the suppleness of a Hindustan, as from the awkward rusticity of an English clown."

Then why should not Europe, why should not our rulers, borrow a leaf from the Mohammedan book of manners, and from the treatment of their poor by the rich ? But now for a character that is everywhere to be met with :—

"One evening, when at dinner in Khulm, a Mohammedan saint introduced himself and was told to be seated. Wine stood upon the table, of which he was requested to partake. He looked highly offended, and said little until the dinner was removed and the servants retired. The Pir's countenance then brightened up at once, and he exclaimed, 'Now, hand hither the wine-cup! Do you think that I, who have disciples everywhere, from Balkh to Herat, know so little of the world, as to throw away my bread, by indulging in *shrab* (wine) in the presence of Mussulmen? No, no; between ourselves, such restrictions are unnatural and absurd; but you would not have those who live by them let the people know that they think so.'"

Some of the anecdotes are exceedingly amusing and characteristic. The following concerns a worthy among the Uebecks, Abdul Ghuni Yesawal by name:—

"After a day's march, when a glowing fire, and the enlivening cup of tea had mellowed his rugged nature, I have listened to him expatiating on what he termed the three best friends of man, and what, next to life, should be most cared for. These were the Koran, a horse, and a sword. The first he would uncase from its numerous clumsy leather coverings, kiss the volume, and holding it out to the Munshi, swear by *Khoda* there was no book like it. A good horse, he would sagely remark, was a *great blessing*, it was invaluable; for what did it not do?—it procured a man his livelihood, and obtained for him his wives. That, in fact, without the horse, it would be impossible to *steal*, and then the Kattaghan's occupation and glory would be no more. His sword was a very poor one, but that mattered nothing. His imagination could revel in the superb weapons possessed by the Mir; while to prove the keen edge of his own, he would step beyond the threshold, and with superabundant flourishes, hack away at the willows, the almond bushes, or whatever trees stood near."

"Obtained for him his wives:" but obtaining and keeping were not the same thing in Abdul's experience; for, one day, says the gallant author,—

"On returning, I found Abdul Ghuni in earnest conversation with a stranger on horseback, behind whom was sitting a very handsome female slave, and it was evident from his manner that the Mullah was waxing wroth. He seemed anxious to detain the horseman, who, on his part, insisted upon proceeding. On my nearing the disputants, the stranger rudely gave his horse the whip, and struck off at a brisk pace along the Khana-i-bad road.

"Abdul Ghuni gazed on the receding couple in silence; then turning to me and sighing most piteously, he said, 'Alas, alas, my lord! when I left my house in Talikhan, the very last order I gave was, that she whom you have just seen should not be sold. My other slaves were all for sale: but this one! this favourite one! I had thoughts of taking ~~to~~ wife!' and here the sighs began again. It appeared that in the Mullah's absence at Kunduz, a Khulm slave-dealer had visited Talikhan, and made a tempting offer

for the favourite. The sum was large, and Abdul Ghuni's brother at once concluded a bargain. Unspeakable, therefore, was the Mullah's astonishment and grief, when she, the object of his tenderest affections, whom he had pictured to himself as already at the door to welcome his return, was thus unexpectedly encountered, seated behind a burly stranger, on her way to the Bokhara market. He raved and swore that the transfer was illegal, and that the dealer should give her back. He would be revenged, he would appeal to the Mir. But the thought of the twenty-six golden tillas (about £17 sterling), for which the fair lady had been sold, by degrees calmed his grief; and in a resigned but melancholy tone, he exclaimed, 'She is too cheap, too cheap: the villain will get forty tillas for her in Khulm.'

There are things of a more serious nature in the book than we have quoted, and others indicating more penetration and talent. But every part is well written and interesting. The view which the author lends us of the Affghan character is distinct and expressive. It is also favourable. Dost Mohammed Khan gains very considerably upon us in these pages, and is really rendered engaging as well as interesting.

ART. XIII.—*The Martyrs of Science; or, the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER. London: Murray, 1841.

WE say Brewster's *Martyrs of Science*; for who that ever made himself acquainted with any martyrology, with any book which contains the lives of persons that bore witness to what they believed to be the truth, in the face and in spite of sufferings and death, would think of placing any one of the three philosophers mentioned in the title of the volume before us among the number, unless he be in some shape so related to the persons thus promoted as naturally to experience an undue bias, and to advance for his heroes unauthorized pretensions? The fact is, that great and glorious as were Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, not one of them has any right to the name of martyr,—not even the first mentioned; for while the other two never encountered trials and dangers so as to put their principles and feelings to an extreme test, we know that Galileo was false to himself, false to truth and its cause, and that he would have retracted anything, rather than endure the consequences of consistency, and the uttermost pains of fanatical persecution. Let us see what were his fortunes, his vicissitudes, and his conduct, as regards the more prominent passages of his life.

Although "the starry Galileo" was nobly descended, his family was so reduced, that in ordinary circumstances, and with ordinary talents, he never would have been heard of by posterity, or have deserved to be lifted above the multitude. But his genius was

magnificent, and as the high priest of astronomical science, his services were mighty; therefore, as was his due, princes delighted to honour him, and the most illustrious persons to promote him, even when but a young man. At twenty-five, Ferdinand de Medici appointed him lecturer of mathematics at Pisa; and a few years later he obtained the professorship of the same department of science in the University of Padua. By the time he was thirty his reputation was widely extended over Europe. Princes signalized his lectures by their presence. His salary at Padua received several augmentations; and at length his fame reached such an eminence, that his audience could not be accommodated in his lecture-room; and even when an apartment was provided for him, capable of containing one thousand persons, he was frequently for want of sufficient room obliged to adjourn to the open air. The honours that were showered on him by the great and the powerful, by persons of sovereign and even of imperial rank, were amongst the most distinguished that ever signalized the history of scientific genius. Nay, when he visited Rome in 1611, he was received with all the marks of distinction which commanded his talents and reputation in other quarters. Prelates and cardinals hastened to pay his genius homage; "and even those who discredited his discoveries and dreaded their results, vied with the true friends of science in their anxiety to see the intellectual wonder of the age."

Such was the smooth and flower-strewn path of Galileo during a great portion of his life. His professional income, says Sir David, was far beyond his wants, and even beyond his anticipations; "and, what is still dearer to a philosopher, he enjoyed the most perfect leisure for carrying on and completing his discoveries." The very opposition offered to these discoveries was, as the biographer happily observes, a subject of triumph rather than of sorrow: for he must have been conscious that prejudice and ignorance were his only enemies. And then he must also have been firmly convinced that posterity would do him justice by "its sure decree." Besides, think of the sort of mental felicity which the discoverer of glorious truths must enjoy; and how he can retire within himself for occupations, so as to forget the harassments which trouble ordinary men.

It has been the fashion with poets and rhetoricians, and consequently with the popular mind, to quote Galileo as the martyr of science, and to illustrate the folly of ignorance, and the cruelty of fanatical prejudice by his name. Now, not only is it a mistake to exalt him to such an eminence as the steadfast apostle of grand truths, but neither his prudence nor the calmness of his temper entitle him to peculiar consideration; for while his intellectual powers were of the first order, he indulged in ridicule and sarcasm towards his opponents unbecoming his position and the character

of a philosopher. He seems, says Sir David, to have forgotten that "Providence had withheld from his enemies those very gifts which he had so liberally received." The biographer also admits that Galileo not only insisted upon making proselytes with boldness, but with recklessness; so as to alienate his enemies more and more, rather than to win them to the truth. Nor does he appear to have apprehended the philosophical principle and fact, that truth was not to be exhausted by him or any other man; and that he was only proceeding certain steps in its pursuit, and but as one taking the start of his contemporaries.

Even when the church was roused to persecute him, and he was cited before the Inquisition, neither was the treatment he received, nor was his bearing, that of a martyr. What are we to say of a man who, after his first recantation, renewed his attacks upon the Church; for it was rather for this rash and uncalled for conduct that he was persecuted, than on account of his astronomical doctrine concerning the motion of the earth; a doctrine which Copernicus and others had maintained before him. Now see if the treatment which he met with was after all that which one understands by what entitles a person to the character of a martyr. Here is an account of the trial, the arraigned having been allowed to travel to Rome by easy stages, and having been lodged in the palaces of Cardinals and Ambassadors:—

"During the whole of the trial which had now commenced, Galileo was treated with the most marked indulgence. Abhorring, as we must do, the principles and practice of this odious tribunal, and reprobating its interference with the cautious deductions of science, we must yet admit that on this occasion its deliberations were not dictated by passion, nor its power directed by vengeance. Though placed at their judgment-seat as a heretic, Galileo stood there with the recognized attributes of a sage; and though an offender against the laws of which they were the guardians, yet the highest respect was yielded to his genius, and the kindest commiseration to his infirmities.

"In the beginning of April, when his examination in person was to commence, it became necessary that he should be removed to the Holy Office; but instead of committing him, as was the practice, to solitary confinement, he was provided with apartments in the house of the Fiscal of the Inquisition. His table was provided by the Tuscan Ambassador, and his servant was allowed to attend him at his pleasure, and to sleep in an adjoining apartment. Even this nominal confinement, however, Galileo's high spirit was unable to brook. An attack of the disease to which he was constitutionally subject contributed to fret and irritate him, and he became impatient for a release from his anxiety as well as from his bondage. Cardinal Barberino seems to have received notice of the state of Galileo's feelings, and, with a magnanimity which posterity will ever honour, he liberated the philosopher on his own responsibility; and in ten days after his first examination, and on the last day of April, he was restored to the hospitable roof of the Tuscan Ambassador."

It will not be supposed that we approve of judicial trials and punishment of any kind in order to coerce opinion; nor can we defend the conduct of the Church even in the case of Galileo. But let the truth be told without aggravation or exaggeration on either side. Sir David Brewster himself sets the matter in a proper and impartial light in the following passage:—

“ The ceremony of Galileo's abjuration was one of exciting interest and awful formality. Clothed in the sackcloth of a repentant criminal, the venerable sage fell upon his knees before the assembled cardinals, and laying his hands upon the Holy Evangelists, he invoked the Divine aid in abjuring and detesting, and vowing never again to teach the doctrine of the earth's motion, and of the sun's stability. He pledged himself that he would never again, either in words or in writing, propagate such heresies; and he swore that he would fulfil and observe the penances which had been inflicted upon him. At the conclusion of this ceremony, in which he recited his abjuration word for word, and then signed it, he was conveyed, in conformity with his sentence, to the prison of the Inquisition. The account which we have now given of the trial and the sentence of Galileo is pregnant with the deepest interest and instruction. Human nature is here drawn in its darkest colouring; and in surveying the melancholy picture, it is difficult to decide whether religion or philosophy has been most degraded. While we witness the presumptuous priest pronouncing infallible the decrees of his own erring judgment, we see the high-minded philosopher abjuring the eternal and immutable truths which he had himself the glory of establishing. In the ignorance and prejudices of the age—in a too literal interpretation of the language of Scripture—in a mistaken respect for the errors that had become venerable from their antiquity—and in the peculiar position which Galileo had taken among the avowed enemies of the church, we may find the elements of an apology, poor though it be, for the conduct of the Inquisition. But what excuse can we devise for the humiliating confession and abjuration of Galileo? Why did this master-spirit of the age—this high-priest of the stars—this representative of science—this hoary sage, whose career of glory was near its consummation—why did he reject the crown of martyrdom which he had himself coveted, and which, plaited with immortal laurels, was about to descend upon his head? If, in place of disavowing the laws of Nature, and surrendering in his own person the intellectual dignity of his species, he had boldly asserted the truth of his opinions, and confided his character to posterity, and his cause to an all-ruling Providence, he would have strung up the hair-suspended sabre, and disarmed for ever the hostility which threatened to overwhelm him. The philosopher, however, was supported only by philosophy; and in the love of truth he found a miserable substitute for the hopes of the martyr. Galileo cowered under the fear of man, and his submission was the salvation of the church. The sword of the Inquisition descended on his prostrate neck; and though its stroke was not physical, yet it fell with a moral influence fatal to the character of its victim and to the dignity of science. In studying with attention this portion of scientific history, the reader will not fail to perceive that the Church of Rome was driven into a dilemma, from which the submission and abjuration of

Galileo could alone extricate it. He who confesses a crime and denounces its atrocity not only sanctions but inflicts the punishment which is annexed to it. Had Galileo declared his innocence and avowed his sentiments, and had he appealed to the past conduct of the Church itself, to the acknowledged opinions of its dignitaries, and even to the acts of its pontiffs, he would have at once confounded his accusers, and escaped from their toils. After Copernicus, himself a Catholic priest, had openly maintained the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun,—after he had dedicated the work which advocated these opinions to Pope Paul III., on the express ground that the authority of the pontiff might silence the calumnies of those who attacked these opinions by arguments drawn from Scripture,—after the Cardinal Schonberg and the Bishop of Culm had urged Copernicus to publish the new doctrines, and after the Bishop of Ermeland had erected a monument to commemorate his great discoveries,—how could the Church of Rome have appealed to its pontifical decrees as the ground of persecuting and punishing Galileo? Even in latter times the same doctrines had been propagated with entire toleration. Nay, in the very year of Galileo's first persecution, Paul Anthony Foscarinus, a learned Carmelite monk, wrote a pamphlet, in which he illustrates and defends the mobility of the earth, and endeavours to reconcile to this new doctrine the passages of Scripture which had been employed to subvert it. This very singular production was dated from the Carmelite convent at Naples; was dedicated to the very reverend Sebastian Fantoni, general of the Carmelite order; and, sanctioned by the ecclesiastical authorities, it was published at Naples in 1615, the very year of the first persecution of Galileo."

What can we add to these pertinent and touching views, but that, instead of science being in this case the victim of martyrdom, had it not been for the renown earned by his science, or had he been an ordinary man, Galileo would have been for all the remaining days of his life shut up in a dungeon, or perhaps have been put to the torture, and afterwards made to figure in an *auto-da-fe*.

If Galileo has no right to the title of martyr, much less do the other two astronomers deserve the name. Tycho Brahe's persecution amounted to no more than having been driven from his Danish Island of Huen and observatory, after having received these from his sovereign, Frederick the Second, together with other munificent grants and extraordinary privileges. When his patron died, the court slighted him, it is true, and viewed him with dislike. But he was permitted to withdraw into another country, and to take his chemical and philosophical instruments with him, when he was taken under the protection of the Emperor of Germany. No doubt he had his vexations and disappointments. But these appear to have been occasioned chiefly by his own discontented temper and peculiar foibles.

And what were Kepler's persecutions, or sufferings, that entitle him to the crown of martyrdom? Why, he was unfortunately situated with regard to relations and family connections, science in no sense

being the cause or the source of his annoyances. He was the victim also no doubt of bodily complaints, and of the inconveniences or miseries to which an irritable and ardent temperament are ever exposed; while poverty and the non-payment of his salary brought along with them the usual distractions. But the Emperor Rudolph and other illustrious personages patronized him, and contemporary philosophers appreciated the excellence of his works; therefore science was honoured instead of being martyred in his case.

The long and short is, that Sir David, or Mr. Murray, have chosen a taking title, the *ruse* being customary with the trade. Point is preferred to accuracy, and the trick resorted to, which has made many a bad book pass current with the public, and even to wile competent judges, into a purchase and a perusal.

Thus much concerning the title which would not have detained us for a moment had it not been the desire to be impartial and to correct, especially as regards the first of the celebrated high priests of science mentioned in the neat volume before us, a poetic and popular fallacy. Of the work itself we can have nothing but praise to utter. All the world is aware of Sir David's competency for the execution of the task he has imposed upon himself,—of his kindred spirit and attainments,—of his polished strength as an author. The work is eminently calculated to instruct and to delight the general reader; and therefore without another sentence of criticism we proceed to offer a few samples of its matter and manner. The following passage deserves introductory prominence.

It is "a remarkable circumstance in the history of science, that astronomy should have been cultivated at the same time by three such distinguished men as Tycho, Kepler, and Galileo. While Tycho, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, was observing the heavens at Prague, Kepler only thirty years old, was applying his wild genius to the determination of the orbit of Mars, and Galileo, at the age of thirty-six, was about to direct the telescope to the unexplored regions of space. The diversity of gifts which Providence assigned to these three philosophers was no less remarkable. Tycho was destined to lay the foundation of modern astronomy, by a vast series of accurate observations made with the largest and the finest instruments; it was the proud lot of Kepler to deduce the laws of the planetary orbits from the observations of his predecessors; while Galileo enjoyed the more dazzling honour of discovering by the telescope new celestial bodies, and new systems of worlds."

The discovery of the telescope is thus described:—

"Galileo placed at the ends of a leaden tube two spectacle-glasses, both of which were plain on one side, while one of them had its other side convex, and the other its second side concave, and having applied his eye to the

convex glass, he saw objects pretty large and pretty near him. This little instrument, which magnified only three times, he carried in triumph to Venice, where it excited the most intense interest. Crowds of the principal citizens flocked to his house to see the magical toy; and after nearly a month had been spent gratifying this epidemical curiosity, Galileo was led to understand from Leonardo Deodati, the Doge of Venice, that the Senate would be highly gratified by obtaining possession of so extraordinary an instrument."

The philosopher instantly complied: the professorship at Padua for life, and an augmented salary, being the reward. For a length of time the rage for the telescope in Venice, and the eagerness to look through the tube and to possess one of them as soon as manufactured, were extreme; the instruments being purchased merely as philosophical toys, which came to be carried by travellers into every corner of Enrope; all of which occurred much after the fashion in which Sir David's Kaleidoscope was at first admired.

We now pay our respects to Tycho Brahe, in as far as quoting a passage or two concerning him of a popular character:—

"The ardour with which he pursued his studies gave great umbrage to his friends as well as to his relations. He was reproached for having abandoned the profession of the law; his astronomical observations were ridiculed as not only useless but degrading; and, among his numerous connexions, his maternal uncle, Steno Bille, was the only one who applauded him for following the bent of his genius. Under these uncomfortable circumstances he resolved to quit his country, and pay a visit to the most interesting cities of Germany. At Wittemberg, where he arrived in April 1566, he resumed his astronomical observations; but, in consequence of the plague having broken out in that city, he removed to Rostoch in the following autumn. Here an accident occurred which had nearly deprived him of his life. On the 10th December he was invited to a wedding feast; and, among other guests, there was present a noble countryman of his own, Manderupius Pasbergius. Some difference having arisen between them on this occasion, they parted with feelings of mutual displeasure. On the 27th of the same month, they met again at some festive games, and having revived their former quarrel, they agreed to settle their differences by the sword. They accordingly met at seven o'clock in the evening of the 29th, and fought in total darkness. In this blind combat, Manderupius cut off the whole front of Tycho's nose, and it was fortunate for astronomy that his more valuable organs were defended by so faithful an outpost. The quarrel, which is said to have originated in a difference of opinion respecting their mathematical acquirements, terminated here; and Tycho repaired his loss by cementing upon his face a nose of gold and silver, which is said to have formed a good imitation of the original."

What we next quote, illustrates some of Tycho's eccentricities as well as the credulity of the age in which he flourished:—

"Among the extravagant pretensions of the alchemists, that of forming a universal medicine was, perhaps, not the most irrational. It was only when they pretended to cure every disease, and to confer longevity, that they did violence to reason. The success of the Arabian physicians in the use of mercurial preparations naturally led to the belief that other medicines, still more general in their application, and efficacious in their healing powers, might yet be brought to light; and we have no doubt that many substantial discoveries were the result of such overstrained expectations. Tycho was not merely a believer in the medical dogmas of the alchemists, he was actually the discoverer of a new elixir, which went by his name, and which was sold in every apothecary's shop as a specific against the epidemic diseases which were then ravaging Germany. The Emperor Rudolph having heard of this celebrated medicine, obtained a small portion of it from Tycho by the hands of the Governor of Brandisium; but, not satisfied with the gift, he seems to have applied to Tycho for an account of the method of preparing it. Tycho accordingly addressed to the Emperor a long letter, dated September 7, 1599, containing a minute account of the process. The base of this remarkable medicine is Venetian treacle, which undergoes an infinity of chemical operations and admixtures before it is ready for the patient. When properly prepared, he assures the Emperor that is better than gold, and that it may be made still more valuable by mixing with it a single scruple either of the tincture of corals, or sapphire, or hyacinth; or a solution of pearls, or of potable gold, if it can be obtained free of all corrosive matter! In order to render the medicine universal for all diseases which can be cured by perspiration, and which, he says, form a third of those which attack the human frame, he combines it with antimony, a well-known sudorific in the present practice of physic. Tycho concludes his letter by humbly beseeching the Emperor to keep the process secret, and reserve the medicine for himself alone! The same disposition of mind which made Tycho an astrologer and an alchemist inspired him with a singular love of the marvellous. He had various automata with which he delighted to astonish the peasants; and, by means of invisible bells, which communicated with every part of the establishment, and which rung with the gentlest touch, he had great pleasure in bringing any of his pupils suddenly before strangers, muttering at a particular time the words, 'Come hither, Peter,' as if he had commanded their presence by some supernatural agency. If, on leaving home, he met with an old woman or a hare, he returned immediately to his house. But the most extraordinary of all his peculiarities remains to be noticed. When he lived at Uraniburg, he maintained an idiot of the name of Lep, who lay at his feet whenever he sat down to dinner, and whom he fed with his own hand. Persuaded that his mind, when moved, was capable of foretelling future events, Tycho carefully marked everything he said. Lest it should be supposed that this was done to no purpose, Longomontanus relates, that when any person in the island was sick, Lep never, when interrogated, failed to predict whether the patient would live or die. It is stated, also in the letters of Wormius, both to Gassendi and Peyter, that when Tycho was absent, and his pupils became very noisy and merry in consequence of not expecting him soon home, the idiot, who was present, exclaimed, '*Juncher xaa laudit*,—Your master has arrived.' On another

occasion, when Tycho had sent two of his pupils to Copenhagen on business, and had fixed the day of their return, Lep surprised him on that day while he was at dinner, by exclaiming, 'Behold, your pupils are bathing in the sea!' Tycho, suspecting that they were shipwrecked, sent some person to the observatory to look for their boat. The messenger brought back word that he saw some persons wet on shore, and in distress, with a boat upset at a great distance. These stories have been given by Gassendi, and may be viewed as specimens of the superstition of the age."

We have already seen how justly, and with what discrimination Sir David Brewster disposes of the bearings of the question between Galileo and the Church. His defence of the alchemists is not less fair and enlightened. We must quote his words:—

"The conduct of the scientific alchemists of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries presents a problem of very difficult solution. When we consider that a gas, a fluid, and a solid may consist of the very same ingredients in different proportions; that a virulent poison may differ from the most wholesome food only in the difference of quantity of the very same elements; that gold and silver, and lead and mercury, and indeed all the metals, may be extracted from transparent crystals, which scarcely differ in their appearance from a piece of common salt or a bit of sugar-candy; and that diamond is nothing more than charcoal, we need not greatly wonder at the extravagant expectation that the precious metals and the noblest gems might be procured from the basest materials. These expectations, too, must have been often excited by the startling results of their daily experiments. The most ignorant compounder of simples could not fail to witness the magical transformation of chemical action; and every new product must have added to the probability that the tempting doublets of gold and silver might be thrown from the dice-box with which he was gambling.

"But when the precious metals were found in lead and copper by the action of powerful reagents, it was natural to suppose that they had been actually formed during the process; and men of well-regulated minds even might have thus been led to embark in new adventures to procure a more copious supply, without any insult to sober reason, or any injury inflicted on sound morality.

"When an ardent and ambitious mind is once dazzled with the fascination of some lofty pursuit, where gold is the object or fame the impulse, it is difficult to pause in a doubtful career, and to make a voluntary shipwreck of the reputation which has been staked. Hope still cheers the aspirant from failure to failure, till the loss of fortune and the decay of credit disturb the serenity of his mind, and hurry him on to the last resource of baffled ingenuity and disappointed ambition. The philosopher thus becomes an impostor; and by the pretended transmutation of the baser metals into gold, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone, he attempts to sustain his sinking republic and recover the fortune he has lost. The communication of the great secret is now the staple commodity with which he is to barter, and the grand talisman with which he is to conjure. It can be imparted only to a chosen few—to those among the opulent who merit it by their

virtues, and can acquire it by their diligence ; and the Divine vengeance is threatened against its disclosure."

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that from many a vain pursuit, and reliance upon pure dreams, have resulted valuable discoveries, but which were neither expected nor sought after.

Kepler now demands a portion of our space, who while filling one of the most honourable situations to which a philosopher can aspire, and possessing a large salary, although irregularly paid, on account of the imperial treasury being drained by the demands of an expensive war, was constantly involved in pecuniary difficulties. It is humiliating to think of him feeling obliged not merely to abandon in part his higher pursuits, but begging his bread from the Emperor, and even casting nativities. Still, nothing could extinguish his scientific ardour, and " whenever he directed his vigorous mind to the investigation of phenomena, he never failed to obtain interesting and original results."

At one period England had some hopes of possessing and supporting him ; but whether the treasure would have been duly honoured and properly treated admits of doubt. Sir David is bitter on the subject of our country's patronage and encouragement of philosophers. We copy out his words :—

" In the year 1620, Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador at Venice, paid a visit to Kepler on his way through Germany. It does not appear whether or not this visit was paid at the desire of James I., to whom Kepler had dedicated one of his works, but from the nature of the communication which was made to him by the ambassador, there are strong reasons to think that this was the case. Sir Henry Wotton urged Kepler to take up his residence in England, where he could assure him of a welcome and an honourable reception ; but, notwithstanding the pecuniary difficulties in which he was then involved, he did not accept of the invitation. In referring to this offer in one of his letters, written a year after it was made, he thus balances the difficulties of the question—' The fires of civil war,' says he, ' are raging in Germany. Shall I then cross the sea whither Wotton invites me ? I, a German, a lover of firm land, who dread the confinement of an island, who presage its dangers, and must drag along with me my little wife and flock of children ?' As Kepler seems to have entertained no doubt of his being well provided for in England, it is the more probable that the British sovereign had made him a distant offer through his ambassador. A welcome and an honourable reception, in the ordinary sense of these terms, could not have supplied the wants of a starving astronomer, who was called upon to renounce a large though an ill-paid salary in his native land ; and Kepler had experienced too deeply the faithfulness of royal pledges to trust his fortune to so vague an assurance as that which is implied in the language of the English ambassador. During the two centuries which have elapsed since this invitation was given to Kepler, there has been

no reign during which the most illustrious foreigner could hope for pecuniary support, either from the sovereign or the government of England. What English science has never been able to command for her indigenous talent, was not likely to be proffered to foreign merit. The generous hearts of individual Englishmen, indeed, are always open to the claims of intellectual pre-eminence, and ever ready to welcome the stranger whom it adorns; but through the frozen life-blood of a British minister such sympathies have seldom vibrated; and, amid the struggles of faction and the anxieties of personal and family ambition, he has turned a deaf ear to the demands of Genius, whether she appeared in the humble posture of a suppliant, or in the prouder attitude of a national benefactor. If the imperial mathematician, therefore, had no other assurance of a comfortable home in England than that of Sir Henry Wotton, he acted a wise part in distrusting it; and we rejoice that the sacred name of Kepler was thus withheld from the long list of distinguished characters whom England has starved and dishonoured."

Leisure, however, according to Sir David's own statement in another part of the volume, is what the philosopher most requires; therefore the means of commanding this invaluable boon should rather be considered by governments and prime ministers, than the bestowing of ribands, stars, or titles. We conclude with the biographer's summary of Kepler's character:—

"When Kepler directed his mind to the discovery of a general principle, he set distinctly before him, and never once lost sight of, the explicit object of his search. His imagination, now unreined, indulged itself in the creation and invention of various hypotheses. The most plausible, or perhaps the most fascinating, of these was then submitted to a rigorous scrutiny; and the moment it was found to be incompatible with the results of observation and experiment, it was willingly abandoned, and another hypothesis submitted to the same severe ordeal. By thus gradually excluding erroneous views and assumptions, Kepler not only made a decided approximation to the object of his pursuit, but in the trials to which his opinions were submitted, and in the observations or experiments which they called forth, he discovered new facts and arrived at new views which directed his subsequent inquiries. By pursuing this method, he succeeded in his most difficult researches, and discovered those beautiful and profound laws which have been the admiration of succeeding ages. In tracing the route which he followed, it is easy for those who live under the light of modern science to say that his fancies were often wild, and his labour often wasted; but, in judging of Kepler's methods, we ought to place ourselves in his times, and invest ourselves with the opinions and the knowledge of his contemporaries. In the infancy of a science there is no speculation so absurd as not to merit examination. The most remote and fanciful explanations of facts have often been found the true ones; and opinions which have in one century been objects of ridicule, have in the next been admitted among the elements of our knowledge. The physical world teems with wonders, and the various forms of matter exhibit to us properties and relations far more extraordinary than the

wildest fancy could have conceived. Human reason stands appalled before this magnificent display of creative power, and they who drunk deepest of its wisdom will be the least disposed to limit the excursions of physical speculation. The influence of the imagination as an instrument of research has, we think, been much overlooked by those who have ventured to give laws to philosophy. This faculty is of the greatest value in physical inquiries. If we use it as a guide, and confide in its indications, it will infallibly deceive us; but if we employ it as an auxiliary, it will afford us the most invaluable aid. Its operation is like that of the light troops which are sent out to ascertain the strength and position of an enemy: when the struggle commences, their services terminate; and it is by the solid phalanx of the judgment that the battle must be fought and won."

It cannot fail to strike the most careless or least scientific reader that the biographer is perfectly master of his subjects, and armed at all points to bestow upon them adequate and appropriate illustration. Sir David is quite at home with them, and possesses all the powers of mind, and all the sympathies of heart as well as the abounding information, necessary to a genuine and genial work of the present class.

ART. XIV.

1. *Vivia Perpetua: a Dramatic Poem. In Five Acts.* By SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. London: Fox. 1841.
2. *Ethelstan; or the Battle of Brunanburh, A Dramatic Chronicle. In Five Acts.* By GEORGE DARLEY. London: Moxon. 1841.
3. *The Hungarian Daughter. A Dramatic Poem.* By GEORGE STEVENS. London: Mitchell. 1841.

WE have more than once entered at considerable length upon the subject of restriction and monopoly established by the theatrical system of patents and of management, which has operated most disastrously as respects the interests of the British drama. It is as impossible, however, to quench for the present or for the future all dramatic talent and susceptibilities by blind, perverse, and partial treatment of authors and of actors, as the attempt would be futile to destroy a relish for Shakspeare, by shutting up for ever Old Drury and Covent Garden; or by passing a law that he should for ever be banished from the stage. But while the absurd and exceedingly foolish order of things to which we allude cannot change human nature nor extinguish genius, it may drive the spirit of man into other channels, and to seek glorious exercise and triumphant delights in fields in some degree distinct from their legitimate kingdom, or where they ought to reign and to abide. Writers whose dramatic impulses are genuine and irrepressible; or who feel that they have a vocation in the dramatic sphere, when finding

the theatres entirely shut against them, and that they have not the remotest chance of seeing or enabling others to enjoy a representation of their noblest productions in the highest department of art, may and do direct their efforts into a somewhat different channel—may and do so frame their works that they may be examined and relished by the fireside. In what other way can we account for any one, or the whole of the gifted writers named at the head of this article having betaken themselves to the comparatively level and tame form of the Dramatic Poem? Sure we are that it is not for want of power, fertility, and enthusiasm, that either of them have shunned the lofty path of *actable* tragedy. There may be deficiencies in respect of artistic skill, arising from non-experience, and the denial of a test and a tribunal where alone it is to be begotten and perfected. But sure we are that not one of the writers before us is either denied the feeling nor the power requisite to the production of what we shall again roughly call an *actable* tragedy.

We have made use of the terms *tame* and *level* with reference to Dramatic Poems. And what else can they be as compared with *actable* productions, where *action*, of course, sudden transitions, gusts of passion, and rapid description cannot be dispensed with? Hence these poems are inferior as works of art, and as regards the purposes to be served by the creations of which the human mind is capable, to works fitted for, and worthy of, theatrical representation. The author of the Dramatic Poem properly and necessarily thinks less of rapidity and condensation, of telling a story and arousing passion by means of strong and indicative points, than of sentiment and description wire-drawn and detailed. Particular scenes too in the former case are thought of and worked up with partial feeling, instead of the author's mind and purpose being strung so as to produce a harmonious whole, with all its parts properly connected and related, and the inferior scenes and passages duly subordinated. Now this is the great drawback to *Vivia Perpetua*, as an *actable* dramatic piece; for as a historical poem, where legend and fiction find a well-proportioned space, and in regard to design and cast as well as consistent maintenance of character, it presents the elements of a fine tragedy. Then the authoress's good faith, genuine vein of poetry, intense and earnest yet steady feeling, are all that the honest and genuine admirers of the drama and of poetry can desire.

We have set ourselves in this article decidedly against divulging the plot of any one of the dramatic poems before us; but we wish to make use of such terms and distinctions as will send those of our readers who cherish a taste for poetry and character dramatically cast, for pictures of historic periods and the embodiment of traditional events and scenes, to the works themselves, being perfectly

assured that they will not rise from them without great satisfaction and hope for the *British stage*.

We discover very promising power in *Vivia Perpetua*, and dramatic talent. The propriety and diversity of character introduced speak favourably for the writer's judgment and ability. The poem, too, teaches a noble and touching Christian lesson. The story is one belonging to the early history of the church, and when religious persecution under the Roman Empire was at the height of its heat. *Vivia Perpetua* is a convert and a martyr amid Pagans; her family is one of mark and eminence, hating Christianity, and especially because its professors are low and degraded in general estimation. The picture, therefore, of family misery and anguish, as well as of state fury, is striking. Then the contrast between heathen and cold superstition and pure religion, is not less remarkable; while one of the most beautiful and seraphic spirits that ever was brought under the influence of the gospel is represented by the heroine. The scenes between her loving but Pagan father and herself, are exceedingly fine and moving. We shall not, however, descend from these generalities, but pass on to Mr. Darley's poem, after merely stating, that *Sarah Flower Adams* requires only practice, study, and trial, to raise her to a high rank among our living dramatists; for there is within her the germ for wholesome self-culture, and which will result in condensed thought and corrected versification.

Mr. Darley's "*Becket*," and indeed whatever we have read of his, convinced us that he is in possession of a rich and original vein of thought, loving, too, to run into quaint and bygone times, and to draw from our Chronicled stories. The present specimen has served to confirm our former opinion. Why, the very preface smacks of the genuine yet uncommon vintage. "These hands," says he, "unskilful as they are, would fain build up a Cairn, or rude national monument, on some eminence of our Poetic Mountain, to a few amongst the many heroes of our race, sleeping even yet with no memorial there, or one hidden beneath the moss of ages." He then goes on to tell us that "*Ethelstan*" is the second stone, as *Becket* was the first; that he desires to encourage the feeling of pride which Englishmen cherish towards their noble Saxon ancestors, by whom our "great Tables of Constitutional Law were rough-hewn and engraven," and by whom our "civil freedom was first established." He has sought to portray this people in one of its best representations, and has chosen the *Battle of Brunanburh*, one of the hardest fought fields in our olden history, for the stormy portion of the Chronicle; a battle and a field which allow of the deeply read and imaginative writer to introduce a variety of ancient picturesque characters, such as Danish invaders, North-men, Sea-kings, as well as other actors and groups that stand boldly out in

the annals of our country. But this dramatic poem deals in other matters, and breathes other thoughts than such as belong to war, combat, and battle-array; for it appeals to our tenderest sympathies, by representing Ethelstan during his seven years' penitence, and by introducing domestic scenes of repose and mellowness. Then there are private revenge, and the developments of many subtle workings of the human heart; the whole cast into characters of human stamp, as moulded by the genius of the period, and warmed by their individual natures. Nor has Mr. Darley been sparing of arousing odes sung by a glee maiden of wondrous fancy and characteristic minstrelsy.

We must find room for two specimens, the first exhibiting much of that antique simplicity which is so congenial with our ideas of the remote period selected, and also of that genuine undying affection of the heart which Mr. Darley delights to picture. The scene is one between the remorseful king and his sister, the Abbess of Beverley:—

"Scene, a small Cabinet.

Ethelstan in sackcloth, at an oaken table.

Enter Edgitha.

Ethel. My sister! my born friend! *[Embracing her.*
Why at this hour,

When none save Night's rough minions venture forth,
Was thy pale health so bold?

Edgitha. Is there no flush
Bespreads my cheek?—that's health! new life, my brother
Which joy to see thee brings. But out, alas!
What change in thee, what mournful change?

Ethel. Years! years!

Edgitha. Nay, thou'rt, if not in bloomiest spring-tide,
Yet in its Autumn.

Ethel. Autumn is ever sore!
Youth saddens near its ending, like Old Age;—
Or worse,—for this hath better life at hand.

Edgitha. No! no! that is not it—that is not it!

Ethel. And then bethink thee, Sihtric's widow-queen,
Kings wear not, like the peacocks, feathered crowns;
Our goldenest have some iron in them too!

Edgitha. Ah! wouldst thou take meek sample from so many
Of our wise Saxon kings; who gave up power
Without a sigh to those who still sigh'd for it;
And changed their glittering robes with russet weeds,
And turn'd their sceptres into crucifixes,
And bared their heads of all but tonsured crowns,
And lived out hermit lives in mossy cells,
Or died at Rome on saintly pilgrimage:
Were they not wise?

Ethel. Wise for themselves they were!

Edgitha. Then wherefore not thou for thyself as well?

Wherefore, in thy loved town of Beverley,
 Under thy patron saint, canonized John,
 As servant dedicate through him to heaven,
 Seek not thy temporal rest and peace eterne ?
 Wherefore withdraw not from the thorny ways
 And unreclaimable wilderness of this world,
 To the smooth-marbled aisle and cloister trim
 Beside us ; to these gardens, paced by forms
 Bland-whispering as their trees, and moving round
 Each shrub they tend, softly as its own shadow ?
 Wherefore retire thee not, wouldst thou enjoy
 Calm raptures of ecstatic contemplation,
 To yon elm-pillar'd avenue, sky roof'd,
 That leads from Minster Church to Monastery,
 Both by thyself embeautified, as if
 But for thyself ? Nothing disturbeth there
 Save the grand hum of the organ heard within,
 Or murmuring chorus that with faint low chime
 Tremble to lift their voices up o'erhigh
 Even in God's praises ?—Here find happiness,
 Here make thy quietary ! as thy Sister,
 Once queen, hath done. Wherefore not, thou and she,
 Abbot and Abbess, side by side, return
 To old companionship of innocence,
 Our hearts re-purified at the altar's flame :
 And thus let second childhood lead us lovingly
 As did the first, adown life's gentle slope,
 To our unrocking cradle—one same grave ?

Ethel. I could, even now, sleep to the lullaby
 Sung by Death's gossip, that assiduous crone,
 Who hushes all our race !—if one hope fail,
 One single, life-endearing hope—

Edgitha. Dear brother.
 Take hope from my content !—though pale this brow,
 'Tis calm as if she smiled on it, yon Prioress
 Of Heaven's pure Nunnery, whose placid cheer
 O'erlooks the world beneath her ; this wren's voice,
 Though weak, preserveth lightsome tone and tenor,
 Ne'er sick with joy like the still-hiccupping swallow's,
 Ne'er like the nightingale's with grief. Believe me
 Seclusion is the blesseddest estate
 Life owns ; wouldst be among the blest on earth,
 Hie thither !

Ethel. Ay—and what are my poor Saxons
 To do without their king ?—

Edgitha. Have they not thanes
 And chiefs ?—

Ethel. Without their father ? their defender ?
 Now specially when rumours of the Dane
 Borne hither by each chill Norwegian wind,

Like evening thunder creeps along the ocean
 With many a mutter'd threat of morrow dire ?
 No ! no ! I must not now desert my Saxons,
 Who ne'er deserted me !

Edgitha. Is there none else
 To king it ?

Ethel. None save the Etheling should ; he cannot :
 Childe Edmund is o'er-green in wit ; though premature
 In that too for his years, and grown by exercise
 Of arms, and practice of all manlike feats,—
 Which is bent towards them makes continual,
 As young hawks love to use their beaks and wings
 In coursing sparrows ere let loose at herons,—
 Grown his full pitch of stature. Ah ! dear Sister,
 Thy choice and lot with thy life's duties chime,
 All cast for privacy. So best !—our world
 Hath need of such as thee and thy fair nuns,
 And these good fathers of the monastery,
 To teach youth, tend the poor, the sick, the sad,
 Relume the extinguish'd lights of ancient lore,
 Making each little cell a glorious lantern
 To beam forth truth o'er our benighted age,—
 With other functions high, howe'er so humble,
 Which I disparage not ! But, dearest Sister,
 Even the care of our own soul becomes
 A sin—base selfishness—when we neglect
 All care for others ; and self-love too oft
 Is the dark shape in which the Devil haunts
 Nunneries, monkeries, and most privacies,
 Where your devout recluse, devoted less
 To God than self, works for his single weal ;
 When like that God he should, true Catholic,
 Advance the universal where he may."

The second of our specimens is in a more martial strain ; and yet it excites other interests, and speaks a language that describes other emotions and moods.

*"A Tent in the Danish Camp at Brunanburh. Armour and Arms.
 Fergus and Runilda arming him for battle.*

Run. There ! it droops well !—O how his plume becomes him,
 As the proud-bending pine the promontory !—
 And yet methinks it droops too much—it should not
 Shade his blue eyes from sight !—Now, is it better ?
 Dost feel it sway, with pleasant heaviness,
 Nobly upon thy brow ? Will it do thus ?

Fer. I should say—ay, and yet would fain say—no,
 To keep thy sweet hands still about my face,
 Thy delicate fingers touching me like tendrils

Which, 'mid the honeysuckle bowers, I've felt
Softly yet fondly o'er my forehead play!—
How blissful thus—

Run. His chin! gods, gods, his chin!
A broader, braver ribbon under it!

Fer. Thus in mine arms to hold thee, while thou peer'st
Closely o'er all my looks, as they were far
More precious than thine own and more thy pride!
To feel the halo of thy breath around me
When thy lips part to speak, thou living rose
Grafted into a lily!—Wherefore that sigh?

Run. Ah me! now thou art deck'd with mine own care,
I could sit down and weep to send thee forth
In all thy gallantry and grace, so trim,
So beautiful, so blooming young, to battle!

Fer. Herva, wilt turn my flush of pride to shame,
With fears I am too much a tenderling
For war's rough pastime,—nought but a male doll
To be dress'd up and kiss'd?—Do heroines weep?

Run. Well, I will sing—
Bright-hair'd Halmar took his bow,
And he bounded blithe o'er the fields of snow;
But the Storm-King whirl'd him in a wreath,
Where he lies as stark as his shaft in the sheath!
Here is your lance—and target—

Fer. But my gloves?
Until my hands be rough-shod, all slips from them;
My gloves, sweet Armourer!

Run. Not yet—not yet—
Ere they be on thou must in turn arm me.

Fer. Thee? thee?—O madness! thou arm for the battle?
A mere slight girl! whole winters yet from womanhood!

Run. Nay, martial sir, thou'rt but a stripling too!—
Come, arm me! arm me!—Am I not thine to death?

Fer. What are these little moulds of panoply
Thou lay'st before me,—hauberk, helm, and greave?—
Pity, O pity, do not put them on!

Run. (*chants as she arms*).
Then Odin's dark Daughters rode over the plain,
Chiding on the slow slaughter and chusing the slain!
Cries Gondula, fixing her smile on the fight,
'Ye'll join hands in the Hall of Dead Heroes to-night!'

Fer. Look at this toy of helmets!—'tis too thin,
Too frail, to bear the stroke of Mercy's sword,
Though that mild chastener would warn, not harm thee!
What's here?

Run. My brand!

Fer. O heaven, 'tis scarce a dagger
To fence away the fate those Saxon deathsmen

Run Wert thou half as safe!
This armour, Dwarfs in Hecla's smithy forged :
See! the lines graven round it all are Runes—
Mystic inscriptions, full of wizard power
'To ward off ill: I am not vulnerable,—
Except by grief!—My soul is very sad!—
What sound is that without?

Fer.

Trampling of steeds.

Why doth the Night-mare whinny so loud?

Her heavy knees trample the groaning one deeper!

Her flurried black mane like a thunder-cloud

Flickers forth serpents of fire o'er the sleeper!

How he writhes him beneath her.

The blue flame breather!

And his eyes wild staring

At hers wilder glaring!

Mark how they glow in their sockets without flashes.

Two gray bale-fires mouldering in their ashes!

Fer. Cease! cease! —No death-cry terrible as this!

Hear you that signal?

[A low war-whistle without.

Run.

It thrills through my marrow !

Fer. And my glad heart—if thou wouldst but stay here?—

Come since it must be so!

Run.

Ay, with my harp!

See how I fling it gallant o'er my shoulder,

As if we tripp'd to banquet!—So we do!

The banquet of the eagle and the raven,

Where they shall have their glut!—Come, my sweet harp,

Echo the warriors' shout and drown his wail.

And chant his death song!—Come, to battle! battle!

Exeunt."

Mr. Darley's feundity of poetic diction and fancy is uncommon ; and he errs in allowing his genius to run riot with his wealth. His fondness, too, for quaint phraseology and antique terms has the appearance of affectation. Towards the end of the present production, we began to get tired of both kinds of extravagance ; especially of the repeated and prolonged combats, of the tauntings and boastings of the warriors, as met with in several of the single trials of

valour, strength, and skill. But these and other blemishes are only the excrescences of an overstocked imagination, and an unmeasured enthusiasm towards the subject of his *Chronicles*; and should he continue to add to his *Cairn*, he will at length rear a pyramid that will far overtop the rubbish that he may have gathered; the stones, whether rough or hewn, having a strength that will not sink under any trampling by rude or irreverent feet.

Mr. Stevens's Introductory preface, which we had not an opportunity of perusing before we had written the earlier portion of the preliminary observations in our present article, proves that we were not mistaken in the view there taken by us. He tells us that he has had lately returned upon his hands a Tragedy, in manuscript, entitled "*The Patriot*," the subject of which is identical with that of "*The Hungarian Daughter*," in the former the spirit of the poem being condensed, and the language compressed to meet the necessities of representation; whereas in the present performance complimentary lines, passages, effusions of solitary musings, and even entire scenes abound, which do not cause any perceptible advancement of the plot. "*The Hungarian Daughter*" cannot therefore be intended as an acting play; "a species of composition," observes Mr. Stephens, "subjecting the attention of the reader to a severer trial than does the Dramatic Poem, and which ought to be regarded according to its artistic merit, as presenting, beyond all comparison, a more decisive test of the writer's poetical dramatic genius."

Mr. Stevens then goes on to inform us that he has been so unfortunate as to have had others of his dramas as well as "*The Patriot*" rejected by theatrical managers. He also at some length complains of, and denounces the patent monopoly of our theatrical system. But upon his bad usage, his griefs, and the evils alluded to, we shall not now dwell, but simply give it as our opinion that in the present poem there are materials for a play that would be effective in representation. It is altogether a stately production in its present shape.

We quote, first, part of its opening scene:—

*"Library in the Palace of Cardinal Martinuzzi.—Dawn of Day :
Martinuzzi seated writing.*

Martinuzzi. The morning breaks ; the blue and vigorous air
Doth shake his wings ; the blithe immortal day,
Bounding to light the darkness of the earth,
On yonder ocean-shore is young again.
The orbs of heaven are closed in sleep ; I, too,
Have worn the toilsome night out with my lamps ;
And fain would hide me like the sickly stars
Who trick the lazy minutes until dark,
Beneath some wizard arch. But ah ! I may not,
The while I brooding sit with open eyes,
Companioned by majestic silence, and

The owl, my sister, wrap me up from time
In the dun air of some delicious cavern,
Where the arch-spider mocks me to the life,
And like myself grows great with evil travail.

Enter Secretary.

Secretary. The light doth dawn, my Lord.

Martinuzzi. Put out the lamps.

Art sure 't was Rupert sought an audience with us?
I would thou hadst not denied him.

Secretary. Good your Highness,
You bade me advertise him 'twas your pleasure
To be alone.

Martinuzzi. I was disturbed: I should not
Have said that else. In Hermanstadt! . . . Well, leave me.

Secretary. And for the protocol?

Martinuzzi. Right, Sir. 'Tis the order
That the red glaive, according to old use,
Be borne aloft through Transylvania;
And let each Herald at arms shout forth this war cry;
' *My voice is the voice of God! the rallying point
Coloswar! vassals, speed to save the nation!*'
Here look to 't. And if Rupert . . . no, 't was nothing
Of consequence . . . but should he seek again
An audience with me . . . he must be admitted.

Secretary. Your eminence, I'll not fail.

[Exit Secretary.]

Martinuzzi. Another morrow

Is pealing in the East: the sensible air
Hath caught the warning: red-lipped morn casts back
Night's heavy curtains, while the golden sun,
Like a true prodigal, begins betimes
To waste his substance, and with thoughtless speed
Shakes day about, like perfume, from his hair.
I am a frown upon the scene! and yet
I cannot fly my soul, nor my soul me.
Hush! (*He pauses to listen.*) No.

I shall go forth into the crowd
Erect, as if no burning livid spot
Deformed me under the corroding beams
Of my ennobling purple, which doth still
Cleave to my loins like Nessus' poisoned shirt.
I'm worn with toil! (*Presses his hand to his forehead.*)
I never thought to do what I have done
Of good or evil since I was a boy.
Oh golden age!

'Twas then, beguiled by Hope,
All sounds and sights of life's diurnal round
Enkindled omens to my thoughtful heart.
The solid globe grew animate and vocal,

On lake, in sacred grove, where never came
 White moonbeam visiting by me unfelt
 Through any careless bough ; all tender flowers
 Wept, while the young Air spoke sweet syllables ;
 Wood nymphs, their loose robes falling, bathed their feet
 'Mid crystal blossoms in the coral'd stream ;"
 And beautiful the twilight from the East
 Sank on the fisher's cove, by the rippling tide
 Washed softly to his threshold ; Night sublime
 Walked the pale rocks when the bewildered light
 That rode upon the misty mountain air was mildest.

(Lost in reminiscence ; after a perturbed silence)

Bright shapes ! ye came no more since Young Ambition
 Gilded my low-roofed home, which Fortune truly
 Hath made a habitation fit for kings . .
 Most meet for me who merit such a curse !
 Banquet of Peace unbought, Streams not suspected,
 Because transparent as the heart of truth,
 Yellow-hair'd Morning, and the weeping Rose,
 Ye Vespers sweet, and Matins, that from lips
 Of holy men die faintly in the distance,
 And oh ! ye Torrent-floods, Ice-brooks, and thou,
 Dear annual Redbreast ! and the virgin Flower,
 No purer than myself, whose delicate birth
 The lispng wind of spring-time wots not of ;
 How in my youth of wandering vacancy,
 When the heart crowed in blissful foolishness,
 And joyous time saw all things good and lovely . .
 Whether the Winter chid his barking waves,
 Or, with the silence curtained, Summer slept . .
 How I did love ye !

(Rises with sudden anguish.)

Now !

Fame, pomp, and sceptred power, ye Furies old !
 All freshness of the mind makes food for ye.
 The air I breathe comes like the steam of tombs ;
 The quilts I lie on are too sumptuous
 For sleep ; the viands delicate overmuch,
 And in digestion turn to aconite ;
 The jewel'd chalice foams above the brim
 With gall of asps ; all language is a lie ;
 The wisdom I endure is terrible ;
 The thought I bear is like the eternal agonies,
 Methinks, I am inured for.
 If this be glory ? Tush ! the heavenly bodies
 Forego all rest but to be venerated,
 Moving upon the centre of the orb
 They benefit. I am myself the error !

(Sinks upon his knees.)

Take another specimen given at a random opening of the volume :—

" Martinuzzi. Why you would not pause
To drain your heart's blood for your kingdom's weal?
You would not pay a debt unwillingly?
You would not play at fast and loose with duty?
Hath gratitude bounds?

Czerina. I've learned so much of you.
When Solyman in return for his alliance
Asked you to cede the Banat of Temeswar,
Proudly you made response, '*that Hungary*
Could not be grateful with her freedom, nor
Her Regent with his honour.'

Nor will I
Lightly dispense with either.

Martinuzzi. They 're not called for.
Your Majesty's wit's to quick and sharp, and thrusts
Beyond the point.

Czerina. 'Tis my impatience, sir,
God help me! Not my wit. Honour and Freedom!
Wer't not dishonour to bestow this hand
But with this heart? And for my apprehension,
'T were blind not dull did I forget I am
Shut from the world. I'd be a farmhouse thrall,
And change my crown for cap, my robes for russet,
And rule my subjects of the dairy rather
Than Queen on this condition.

Mart. Since your Grace
Will traffic with me for a word or two,
I'd ask on what condition?

Czerina. That my blood
Royal should be so chafed and constantly
As 'tis by you, my Lord.

Mart. Your royal blood!
It burns your brow: would it were cooler, Lady!
I think it is too hot.

Czerina. Be it the lightning
'Tis not for thee to track its course, but shun it.
And since you carry it so proudly know,
My lord, I'll do henceforward just what likes me,
Pursue my pleasures in what shape I fancy;
Call 'em my humour, spleen, or will, I'll act them.

Mart. So: have you said?

Czerina. As for that forced contract,
Think not but if you drive the hazard on
Worse will come of it.

Mart. Hath your Highness ended?

Czerina. When I find breath. I've but another word.

You've heard our regal will, Lord Cardinal ;
 You'll not let memory cheat you of the hint ;
 And so we take our leave.

Mart. (*going up to her sternly, grasping her firmly by the wrist,
 and speaking in a severe voice.*) Refrain thy foot !

Czerina. I'll not : I pray you set me free : I cannot
 Brook to be overruled. Am I not Queen ?
 No more : how dare you ?

Mart.

This to me ?

Czerina.

Why not ?

Mart. 'Why not,' my Liege ? suppose I say mine order
 Gives to my will the impress of divine,
 Or that thine orphan'd years require the curb ?
 Suppose I say because of all my toil
 For Hungary, or for your great defence
 In this my victory, when, your bulwark, I
 Wrestled and took in death that you may live ?
 I might . . and none could doubt my plea were just, . .
 Thou, least of all ! But oh ! I need not thus.
 I bid thee but recal my anxious care
 From infancy to fit thee for thy throne :
 I bid thee think how once, when all besides
 Shunn'd your infectious chamber, I alone
 Played there the hireling, helped your healing draught
 To your parched lips ; and afterwards through nights
 Have sat, and watched, and prayed, whilst you were sleeping.
 Thou hast seen my face all shrunk and pale with grief
 Until you rose again. Oh ; I did tend you
 Like . . like your nurse, my daughter. What shall now
 Estrangement come betwixt my heart and thine,
 That from thy cradle grew before me still ?
 And canst thou level taunts 'gainst thy confessor ?

"*Czerina.* No, not 'gainst thee. Mercy ! The absolute charm
 Thou hast to make me weep for bitter words,
 Wrung from my lips by thine own tyranny !
 Forgive me : Let us talk of something . . something
 Shall be to purpose, but I cannot wed
 Sir Sigismund : No indeed.

"*Mart.*

This day is wasted

Down to the dregs. The fountains of the light
 Spring silently and slowly, and the tide
 Of beamy noon hath fled up to the arch.
 I must be gone : Hours fly not by our wisdom,
 Nor lag for our resolves. Affairs of State,
 Of Hungary . . of Europe, tarry for me,
 And like myself are held suspense the while.
 Power hath no spell to clip the wings of Time,
 To accommodate his speed to our caprice.
 He knoweth his appointed way, and like
 Our native fowl doth flutter from the world

While men are sleeping ; but the hopes of men
 Asleep are sterile as the wilderness,
 O'er which the mighty bird hath ta'en his flight.
 (*Going : He turns back.*)
 Farewell then till . . until . . . You said, I think,
 Touching the matter of your marriage, that
 You would subdue your pride to my great scope,
 And do my will exactly . . . Did you not ?"

Our readers will form some idea of the intellectual power and the boldness of conception which distinguish *The Hungarian Daughter*, from these extracts, although from their disjointed position in our pages and the want of a connecting outline of the entire plot the force and propriety of them cannot be fully apprehended. Neither do these specimens convey any notion of the action or the passion that abounds in the poem.

The reading and the ardent study of Mr. Stevens has thrown him much upon Hungarian story, and the remarkable men and events which that field so richly furnishes. He seems to think, and to feel as if he were moving amid the scenery of the country, and witnessing the very things which he portrays. Well read in the human heart, learned, earnest, and having a clearly defined purpose to accomplish, he proceeds with confident and firm steps. We have been particularly struck with the manner in which he personifies extraordinary characters and makes persons of proclaimed genius support and develope themselves. Nothing comes amiss to him in the shape of persons or things, be they beautiful or startling, grotesque or sublime. No doubt odd ideas and expressions, strange combinations, and even questionable liberties occur in our author's writings. But after all he possesses much that is sterling, as well as original in the best sense of the words that he could afford to part with a considerable share of his wealth, and yet have fertility sufficient for the production of a stock-play. Having said this much in a vague manner, we shall only further enable our readers to obtain a distant and indistinct notion of the story of "*The Hungarian Daughter*" by quoting the author's prefatory notice of it :—

"I have endeavoured, but certainly with poor success compared with what I should have wished, to give life and soul to the warlike Prelate (Georgius Præsul, as he was appropriately styled by his contemporaries), who will be found a conspicuous agent, both in the following Poem and in my unpublished Tragedy of '*The Patriot*.' I am indebted for the *vraisemblance* of my portrait to the biography of M. Bechet, Canon of Usez.

"Cardinal Martinuzzi, towards the close of his eventful life, occupied a position in the eye of Europe, which was most interesting, and which strikes us when we look back upon it with an air of magnificence. His surpassing mental endowments seemed to have combined, by a rare conjunction, the most profound acquirement, with an unwearied, patient, and eagle-eyed

energy of thought. His heart was the seat of all the finer charities of our nature. His genius, at once enthusiastic and full of judgment, might almost be deemed an emanation of the Superior Intellect. The assassination of this great Patriot will be accounted the opprobrium of diplomacy as long as the world shall last.

"The English reader's knowledge of the history of the period will be probably derived from the pages of Robertson, Coxe, and Knolles. He may, therefore, be apt to conclude that I am unwarranted in substituting to a Daughter of Martinuzzi so conspicuous and exalted a station as that in which I have introduced Czerina. I have, however, good authority for my apparent disregard of the frontier line which separates historical truths from the traditions of the legendary or the fictions of the romancer.

NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*A Treatise on the Copyright of Designs in Printed Fabrics.* By J. EMERSON TENNENT, Esq. M. P. Smith and Elder.

THE title of the Honourable Member's volume, and the nature of parts of its contents, induce us to notice preliminarily the fact that a bill for the regulation of Copyright, in works of literature, science, and art, has been introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies, by the Minister of Public Instruction; the provisions of which are not only generally framed with an anxious desire to effect an equitable compromise between the rights of individuals, and the interests of the public; but, in certain cases have been drawn with a view to the facilitating of such future arrangements for the general protection of international copyright as France may be able to effect with her neighbours, in the spirit recommended by her booksellers, and partially acted upon already in the States of the Germanic Confederation. The leading booksellers, it is also stated, have petitioned the Chamber, to add, at once, and unconditionally, to the new law, a clause recognizing the rights of authorship in foreign works, and thus to extend all its provisions to the foreigner. But what has the House of Commons just done with regard to Serjeant Talford's Copyright Bill? Why, refused it to be brought in and decently discussed, presenting an extraordinary contrast to the French.

But to come to Mr. Tennent's "Treatise on the Copyright of Designs in Printed Fabrics; with Considerations on the necessity of its Extension," together with his "Copious Notices of the State of Calico-printing in Belgium, Germany, and the States of the Prussian Commercial League,"—we have first to mention, that he differs from others whose reports we have lately noticed concerning the rivalry which this country has to contend with, and to fear from foreigners engaged in the cotton trade. In fact, he shows, or is persuaded that he shows, that England is not endangered by Belgium, Prussia, or Saxony; and not even by America.

As to the Copyright of Designs for Printed Fabrics, a Bill for the regulation of which has been brought into Parliament by the Honourable

gentleman, the reader will find in the volume before us, reasoning as well as many facts that are valuable and interesting. A committee sat on the subject last session, and Mr. Tennent's examination of the evidence then adduced is able, full, and clear.

Our readers are to understand, that London was originally the seat of the manufacture of Printed Fabrics, the productions of that early period being still looked upon as "those of the old masters of the English school of calico-printing." But when Lancashire, in consequence of Arkwright and Watt's inventions in machinery, made sudden and prodigious strides in cotton manufactures, the designs of the Londoners were uncereemoniously pirated, and the old masters nearly driven out of the field; so that at length an act was passed which secured a copyright for three months in any new pattern, a period deemed sufficient to protect the London printers; or, in other words, to extend over the London season. This was the act of 1794; but since that time, London has had to contend with many other markets throughout Europe, and in the United States of America; and three months constitute a period that is far too short to protect new designs, whether the article be for foreign or English consumption; for if the manufacturer has produced a pattern in the autumn for the foreign market, his copyright expires before the time that the London season commences; and thus he may have been putting himself to much expense, and indulging in anxious speculation for the benefit of mere copyists at home; or, if at another period of the year he has been preparing for the home trade, a similar use will be made of his exertions and ingenuity at the end of three months, and in a very short time he may be undersold,—the plagiarists not only having been saved the bulk of his expense for designs, but generally contriving to manufacture an inferior article after his pattern. All this operates injuriously and grievously to the proprietor of the invention. Then the consequences to the interests of art are serious, occasioning a great inferiority to the French in respect of designs, although the English surpass our Gallic neighbours in the matter of cheapness.

Now the alteration proposed by Mr. Tennent is, to extend the Copyright from *three to twelve* months, which he considers will be sufficient protection, and by no means unfair to the public; the same period being already allowed to some other kinds of fabrics with colours. But we shall not go further into the subject, except by presenting two passages from the volume before us. From the former it will be seen, that not only very considerable expense attaches to calico-fabrics arising from the cost of designs, but that great uncertainty exists with regard to the success of any one new pattern:—

"As even the most experienced judgment cannot, from the mere inspection of a pattern upon paper, form a correct decision as to its precise appearance when transferred to cloth, and cannot possibly anticipate all the caprices of public taste on which the favourable reception of a pattern depends, it constantly occurs, that of the number even of those selected designs, only a proportion attains a successful sale, the remainder either never being in demand at all, or only to such a limited extent as to be unremunerative to the producer.

"Thus, of five hundred patterns produced in one year by one house, one hundred alone were decidedly successful, and only fifty moderately so, the

rest being failures. And here again it must, of course, be on the sale of the successful that the printer must rely for compensation for the loss of those which fail; and if his property in these be not secured from infringement, the ruinous consequences to his entire trade must be sufficiently obvious.

"As to the joint cost of designing, engraving, and cutting, it is difficult to arrive at an accurate calculation, as it varies according to the economy and arrangements of different establishments; but from the evidence given by gentlemen examined by the Committee as to the expenses of their several houses in this particular, it appears that it amounts, on an average, to from 5*l.* to 10*l.* each for those employed for garment-printing; but for furniture-prints the expense is much greater, averaging from 10*l.* to 35*l.* each; and many in both branches costing considerably higher than either of these relative estimates; whilst for designing alone, apart from engraving, the expense is equally variable, and ranges from a few shillings to 20*l.* per pattern.

"The preparations of designs and patterns for some establishments is stated to occupy nearly three months in each year; and the successful patterns which are the real product of that period may be copied by a pirate in a few weeks, at a consequent saving of what is of equal value with money, its equivalent *time*."

The eagerness for new patterns on the part of the trade and of the public amounts to a strong passion; and, although designers can never be certain of what will become popular, yet, there are general principles which skilful artists understand and follow, as we gather from our second extract. Mr. Lockett, pattern-engraver, stated before the Committee that—

"It is the simple and inartificial designs which are in general the most successful with the public, requiring at once the least labour and expense to invent and the least possible cost to copy them. One pattern, known in the trade by the name of the Diorama, was produced by an accident, and at no cost whatever for designing, and yet sold to the extent of 25,000 pieces in one day. Another, known as Lane's Net, consisting of a very simple arrangement of right lines, was equally a favourite with the public. A simple figure upon a pattern for neckcloths, which costs but a few pence to invent and a few shillings to engrave, and might be copied for 2*l.*, was so successful that the proprietor states it in his estimation to have been worth to him from 200*l.* to 300*l.* A popular class of productions, known in the trade by the name of Eccentrics, are produced by a machine combining a peculiar adaption of the eccentric chuck with Bate's process for engraving *fac-similes* of bas-reliefs, which at once delineates the device and perfects the engraving at a trifling expense. Some houses likewise publish no designs except those apparently of the most simple and inelaborate kind; but these are applied with so much skill and judgment, the result of long study of the public taste, that the inventors have established a peculiar reputation for their production, and obtain a more extensive sale, and of course a greater amount of remuneration in consequence.

"In all cases, the designs, like the handwriting of an individual, invariably exhibits some feature peculiar to its author, and participates in the general character of the taste which pervades the productions of his

house ; so that the invasion of his copyright, by the piratical imitation of his works, is not merely an appropriation of that which cost him a certain portion of his capital to provide, but is in some degree a trading under his firm, and a gratuitous participation by a stranger in the profits of that reputation which has cost him years of study and labour to acquire and to establish for himself."

From what we have said and quoted, it will be seen that there are curious and interesting points connected with calico-printing and the cotton trade.

ART. XVI.—*History of the French Revolution.* By D. W. JOBSON.
 Sherwood and Co. : Part I.

THIS is the first of Ten Monthly Parts to complete the History of the Revolution, the volume to form a portion of a much more extensive work, viz. a History of France, from the Invasion of Cæsar to the overthrow of Napoleon. Mr. Jobson's narrative is rapid and lucid, well calculated to supply what was wanted in our language, a popular, and at the same time, a liberal and searching account of the wonderful period and events indicated by the title of the book.

ART. XVII.—*A Weather Almanac for 1841.* By PETER LEGH, Esq., A.M.
 London : Tilt.

PREFIXED to the Almanac are "Hints for an Essay on Anemology and Ombrology, (the science of wind and rain,) founded partly on admitted principles, and partly on observations and discoveries, recently made, on the influence of the planet Jupiter and its satellites on our atmosphere." The manner in which many of Mr. Legh's calculations appear to have been corroborated by the actual state of the weather last year, has encouraged him to come forward with a second work of the same kind, and with such additional lights or reasonings, as further study and more extended observation may be supposed to afford. He makes no pretensions to the gift of prophecy, and is far removed from a quack ; for he proceeds on scientific principles, when he can use these as guides, and on the facts which experience has furnished. The "Hints" are very striking, and must be serviceable to meteorologists.

ART. XVIII.—*The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art.* London, Tilt
 1841.

THE Year-Book of facts bring down the history of the advances made in Science and Art, the discoveries and improvements, to the latest date, being a compilation very carefully made, and by a person—the author of the "Arcana of Science," who is perfectly competent to judge between what are facts and fictions, what is new and what a plagiarism. We have in this neat volume, as it were a bird's-eye view of the last year's contributions ; and the engravings which illustrate some of the more curious and complex subjects add very considerably to the usefulness of the publication. It is obvious that a work of this kind, compiled as we have stated, must be highly

interesting and valuable; and when it is borne in mind that the present volume forms one of a series of such annuals, it will be manifest that each year's addition can only be properly appreciated, and its information fully perceived and understood, by examining it in connexion with its predecessors.

ART. XIX.—*A Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art.* Edited by W. I. BRANDE. Part. I. London: Longman.

THE learned and scientific editor, assisted in the various departments contemplated in this Dictionary by several men of acknowledged eminence in each, intends to furnish an explanatory book of reference; the definitions and the information to be between the copiousness of the encyclopædia and the brevity of the dictionary. The work is to comprise the "History, Description, and Scientific principles of every Branch of Human Knowledge; with the Derivation and Definition of all the Terms in General Use. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood." From the glance which we have given to the articles in this first part, we should say that together with a condensed comprehensiveness there is an apparent infusion of the writer's own ideas in every case, and that sort of spirit which shews that his mind is in the subject. The names of the strong array of contributors are sufficient vouchers for this.

This is the twelfth of Longman's series of Dictionaries, a species of publication admirably calculated to supply with sound and useful knowledge the craving of the age for practical information in every department of human inquiry as well as human occupation. The series indeed promises to supply a library of immense compass, out of which every person may select a large mass of instruction both as to principles and details, that immediately concerns himself. Crude compilations have done much harm of late years, and exceedingly erudite treatises are of little or no service to the general reader; while the expense to which they subject the student is formidable. Longman's Encyclopædias supply the desideratum, and have already done much good.

ART. XX.—*Holkham; the Scenes of my Childhood. And other Poems.*

By SARAH BILLER. 2nd. Edition. London: Foster and Hextall.

SARAH BILLER has had the good fortune to obtain the patronage of the Earl and many of the Earl's friends, in as far as subscription for copies goes. But we must add that the verses are far better, both as respects sense and rhyme, description and sentiment, than nine-tenths of those which we are fated to read.

ART. XXI.—*Adventures of Susan Hopley; or Circumstantial Evidence*
3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

QUITE a novel for the greedy devourers of the provisions offered by circulating libraries, and who are neither very nice about probability, nor critical as to consistency of character; but prefer what is startling, rapid, and full of bustle,—incidents, it matters not how brought about, and atrocious

actions to balance those of the wondrously amiable and virtuous. "Circumstantial Evidence" gives us, although not disgustingly, a good deal of the Newgate Calendar sort of literature intermixed with melo-dramatic scenes. The reader is taken to France, as well as made a resident in England; and is led to behold not a few striking scenes in life, as well as to obtain frequent glimpses of nature. There is no lack of cleverness and the necessary confidence of one who would manfully go through his task. It does not appear to us, however, that the writer had any very clear or decided aim when he began; nor have his stirring pages that sort of polish, much less that idealism, which is the essence of ruth and reality, conspicuous in first-rate fictions. He is literal instead of being picturesque, and vulgar when he should be tastefully homely. But after all, it is impossible to sleep over his pages; and we are no judges if Susan Hopley is not much sought after by the kind of readers mentioned at the commencement of our notice; although it will be difficult for any one of them to tell, after having reached the end of the third volume, what is the benefit received, either for heart or head,—what other feeling has been produced but an additional degree of greediness for another work of a like nature, and a positive reluctance to re-peruse the one that has just been devoured.

ART. XXII.—*The Morea*. Second Edition. To which is added *Meditations of Other Days*. By A. B. COCHRANE. London: Saunders and Otley.

WE have heard these poems praised; but, according to our judgment, they are merely smooth verses, clothing commonplace and frequently feeble thoughts.

ART. XXIII.—*Recollections, &c. Miscellaneous Poems*. By JOHN JONAS JONSON. London: Saunders and Otley.

THESE poems, in our estimation, in no respect rise above mediocrity. We quote a specimen. It is called a Sonnet; but either we are very cold, or we have been frozen by it.

"NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA.

" 'Thou wagest war with me!' Thus thundering spake
The ghastly king, Genius of Winter; 'thou,
A baby-king,—a king of clayey brow!
Listen and tremble! Nations are the stake,
And *we* will play the game! What! dost thou quake?
Thou lovest not perchance to rave and vow,
And roll in misery, while thy warriors bow,
Cold to the dust;—thy conqueror is awake!
Art thou a spirit of hell?—hark! so am I!
Thou goest forth, and hundreds, thousands fall!
I march triumphant,—tens of thousands lie
Breathless and still; my thunderbolts appal
The noblest—bravest. Ha! thou *canst* not fly!
Ha! ha! the game is won! I've vanquish'd all!' "

King Frost, although a "spirit of —" is a bombastic boaster.

ART. XXIV.—*An Introduction to the Evidences of the Divine Origin of the Christian Religion.* London: Nisbet.

A GOOD compilation, in the form of Question and Answer, for the use of schools and young people. It purposes by a copious selection of the main arguments, by a plain and concise manner of stating them, and by a simple arrangement, to keep a middle course between the diffuse comprehensiveness of some of the popular treatises and the limited range of description in others. The catechetical mode has been chosen in order to make the treatise more convenient for use in those seminaries where the system of mutual instruction is followed.

ART. XXV.—*Popular Errors Explained and Illustrated.* London: Tilt. 1841.

MR. TIMBS proceeds spiritedly with the numbers of this work, collecting under distinct heads multitudes of current opinions which are either in part or wholly erroneous. The judgment which he pronounces or quotes may not always be free of error itself, and the cases chosen not always the most striking or important. But his system of sifting and its habit are good.

ART. XXVI.—*The Family Reader of the New Testament.* No. I. By the REV. J. E. RIDDLE, M.A. London: Simpkin. 1841.

THE first number of a plain and instructive commentary upon the New Testament, beginning with St. Mathew, thrown into the form of conversation between two supposed members of a family, the one the eldest and the other the youngest of the circle, together with the Reader himself, who represents the author, and who occasionally proposes questions and frequently performs the part of directing attention to important as well as difficult points.

ART. XXVII.—*Outlines of Turkish Grammar.* By JOHN REID. London: Black and Armstrong. 1841.

MR. REID is the Author of "Turkey and the Turks," &c., and has resided in Constantinople. The present "Outlines" are intended to supply to our countrymen a small practical grammar of the Turkish language, with the view of showing its structure, and enabling the student to understand the *spoken tongue* of Turkey, without the use of the Turkish alphabet, and in the Roman form of letters. Mr. Reid purposes to follow up this small publication with a vocabulary of the Turkish words most commonly in use, and afterwards, a phrase-book. A grammar of the language is also contemplated, to comprehend the literal as well as the spoken Turkish, "and most probably also a Turkish-English and English-Turkish lexicon."

ART. XXVIII.—*Henry of Monmouth; or, the Field of Agincourt.* By MAJOR MICHEL. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1841.

THIS Major, we believe, is a new adventurer in the realms of romance, and

we anticipate that his progress and future achievements will be watched and looked for with more than the ordinary interest which attends the novelist's career.

The title of these volumes will at once prepare the reader for an historical work ; and in several respects the author proves himself competent to shine in that department of mingled fiction and fact. He has antiquarian knowledge ; he can throw himself upon bygone periods with a genuine sympathy ; his spirit is courteous and gallant, and he has wealth of conceptions as well as plenteous expression to do his imagination justice. He has in consequence of a very good use of these qualifications shed a mass of light upon the times of the Fifth Harry, whether the battle-field or the fire-side be contemplated. Agincourt perhaps was never more vividly and unaffectedly pictured.

Still, we regard the promise rather than the actual execution in the present volumes with high gratulation ; for the Major is still unpractised, we presume, as a *litterateur*, and lacks art. He has, for example, perplexed himself with parallel not properly dove-tailed stories ; he gives too much of every one thing which has been seized by him, without subordinating effectively ; so that while particular parts, perhaps any one part, will be read with satisfaction, the whole perused consecutively is felt to be loaded and encumbered, more unreal than when taken piece-meal. It is impossible not to discover the gentleman in every paragraph, and very often the soldier. But then we must have more of simple nature, more of progressive and combined action, and more rapid development of character, in a cunningly contrived plot in which every one not only performs his proper part but is more or less affected by every incident and individual introduced. We shall not now say more, in the hopes that we may ere long again meet with our military author. But we must look for a specimen of the Major's very neat and forcible style of writing, and also of his vivid description. A passage has been pointed out to us which suits our space ; and which we quote with pleasure. Knighthood was never put to its prompt darings more dashingly than in the hunt of Sir Ingram :—

“ Sir Ingram, knowing that all the main roads would be closed to him, or that the pursuit would be too hot for him to escape, chose the by-paths and circuitous routes, avoiding all towns. In this manner, occasionally getting assistance from the small villages at night, and at others trusting to the fruits and raw vegetables that he might chance to find, he arrived at Carlisle : through this city he was obliged to pass. Having, however, refreshed his horse just before he entered, at the dawn of day he deliberately walked his horse through the town. One reaching the long narrow bridge he passed the guard ; but when arrived at the centre, he found a second guard, drawn up at the other side, to oppose his passage, without his first accounting for himself ; this he was fully aware was impossible ; and since in all probability a description of his person had been sent to Carlisle, he would be immediately recognized, as a slant in his eye rendered his countenance peculiar. For a moment he hesitated what to do ; but at length taking his resolution, he backed his horse to the parapet-wall, then suddenly rushing forward, darted his spurs into the sides of his noble charger ; the opposite parapet was cleared, and the astonished guard beheld horse and rider in

mid-air, he boldly holding his horse up, to pitch, as it were, in a masterly manner into the stream. The river was swollen with rain, and the stream ran so strongly that it appeared morally impossible for either to live. Sir Ingram and his horse disappeared; and in admiration of the gallantry of the deed, the guard remained as it were stupified. It was long before the engulfed horseman emerged from the bubbling flood, and then at a great distance from the bridge. Although Sir Ingram was in his seat, his escape from a watery grave appeared impossible, when suddenly they beheld him make for land. The guard now mounted for pursuit; but so intersected was the bank with dikes, that they were forced to make a considerable circuit to reach the spot. Sir Ingram now guided his horse to a steep bank, termed the Stanmers. The animal at first failed in its attempt to ascend; but the rider, throwing off his large horseman's cloak, which was saturated with wet, bounded to the bank, and his steed was soon seen standing by his side. The country Sir Ingram well knew, and he saw that a short time was still left him before the guard could have made the circuit before-mentioned, and he also knew that they could not cut off his retreat; he quietly, therefore, stood by his horse until he thought it was sufficiently recovered for a second struggle; and when the enemy, out of breath from their haste but confident of their prey, were seen approaching him, he suddenly vaulted into his saddle, and dashed forward. Although his steed was far superior to those belonging to his pursuers, it was still a doubtful case, as his had used such extraordinary exertions in ascending the bank: three only were closing with him, when, suddenly halting, he struck the foremost from his horse by a back blow of his sword; but the weapon was broke from the force of the blow: throwing it away, he was then forced to trust to the fleetness of his steed, who failed him not in this emergency, and reaching the Eske, he plunged fearlessly in. Here the race terminated, as his pursuers had no inclination to follow him further, and remained on the southern bank. Having reached the opposite, he quickly dismounted, and taking off the light cap in which he had ridden, requested them to send their chief to drink with him! He then rode leisurely away."

ART. XXIX.—*Illustrations of German Poetry, with Notes, &c.* By E. B. IMPEY, Esq., M.A. 2 vols. London: Simpkin.

MR. IMPEY must be well read in German Poetry and general literature. The body of selections, independent of his illustrations, is rich; but with these aids and elucidations the collection is rendered doubly valuable to the English reader, who is desirous of comprehending and relishing a large and characteristic amount of foreign compositions.

ART. XXX.—*Fox's Book of Martyrs.* Edited by the Rev. John Cummins, M.A. Part I. London: Virtue.

A REPRINT from the first English translation of the old Martyrologist's well-known chronicle, excluding, however, certain parts and matter which the editor does not consider necessary for his purpose, such as Latin quotations and some other superfluous matter. Wood-cuts after modern designs

are interspersed, to bring more vividly before the mind characteristic events and points. A striking portrait of JOHN FOX distinguishes the Part before us. The editor, of course, looks upon Popery with great dislike, and the persecution in England when the Roman Catholics were all powerful, with horror. His Introduction clearly and forcibly exhibits his feelings and principles.

ART. XXXI.—*The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland Illustrated. Part I.*
London: Virtue.

ANOTHER of Mr. Virtue's pictorial and descriptive speculations; the drawings by W. H. Bartlett; the letter-press by N. P. Willis, Esq. Among the views in the present Part, we have those of the "Cross of Clonmacnoise," of "Kilkenny Castle," &c., in Mr. Bartlett's pleasing style; there being also great pains taken in the engraving of them. MR. WILLIS figures in his agreeable and graceful fashion. He appears to have been in exceedingly good humour when he started: and to have resolved neither to be soured by politics nor easily annoyed by blarney. *Ireland Illustrated* promises to be one of Mr. Virtue's most beautiful and characteristic publications. It is remarkably cheap, considering the superior manner in which it is got up.

ART. XXXII.—*The Gipsy King, and other Poems.* By RICHARD HOWITT.
London: Ball and Co.

THIS volume is from the true, from the genuine and sterling Howitt mint. Why, Richard sings as well as William or Mary, with, perhaps, some difference of tone and pitch of note. Still the voice has an unmistakable family character; it is artless, honest, and perfectly English. One specimen, which we observe has charmed some of our contemporaries, and which must find a response to its healthful and fresh-breathing utterances wherever there is a bosom not utterly dead to the voice of simple and lovely nature, will convey a better idea of these Poems, than a whole chapter of descriptive criticism could do.

" TO THE BEE.

"Odorous reveler in clover,
Happy hummer, England over:
Blossom kisser! wing thy way
Where the breeze keeps holiday:
Thou art like the Poet, free;
All sweet flowers have sweets for thee,
Insect minstrel! blessed Bee.

Sunburnt labourer, brisk and brown,
Everywhere o'er dale and down:
Spring's brith pursuivant, and page;
Hermit holy, Druid sage:
Pattering in a Foxglove-bell;
Cloistered snug as in a cell;—
Fair of the lonely dell.

Sometimes a small spot of shade
 By the dappling maple made,
 Do I think thee, and thy note
 Hum of cities heard remote :
 Here and there, now more, now less,
 Seems thy droning to express
 Noontide lazy weariness.

What sweet traffic dost thou drive—
 Endless nature is thy hive !
 Pasture after pasture roam—
 Vagrant ! everywhere at home !
 We but see thy gorgeous bowers,
 Whilst thou spendest all thy hours
 In the very heart of flowers.

Freshest feeling hast thou wrought
 In me of old homebred thought :
 Of dear homesteads flower-o'ergrown,
 Well in blessed boyhood known ;
 In thy warm familiar sound
 Years of summer youth are found,
 Sabbath, sunshine, without bound !

Temples, nobler none, are thine,
 Where each flower thou mak'st a shrine :
 Nor may any pilgrim bow
 More devotedly than thou :
 Gate-like petals, open-blown,
 Wide for thee, and thee alone,
 Where thou com'st as to a throne.

Ah ! how sleepy—thou I ween
 In the poppies' bloom hast been ;
 Or art drunken with the wine
 Of flushed rose or eglantine :
 Boundless revel dost thou keep
 Till o'ercome with golden sleep—
 Tiny Bacchus, drinking deep.

Cheery Pilgrim, sportive Fay !
 Sing and wing thy life away !
 Never pang thy course attends.
 Lack of love nor feigning friends :
 In a blossom thou art blest,
 And cast sink to sweetest rest,
 Homed where'er thou likest best."

Richard has an apt ear, as well as a plastic rhythmical power, so as at will, and even with sportive ease, to produce a variety of lyric measures. But he must be careful to avoid conceits both of diction and fancy.

ART XXXIII.—*Engines of War, or Historical and Experimental Observations on Ancient and Modern Warlike Machines and Implements, &c.*

By HENRY WILKINSON. M. R. A. S. London: Longman.

THIS volume first gives us a compiled sketch or history of warlike implements from the earliest or rudest species down to the most finished and fell. Next, there is a description of the methods of manufacturing the most efficient articles or engines used in war, a part of the work which the author, (he is, we understand, a member of the firm so celebrated for its manufacture of fire-arms) has treated with professional interest and practical knowledge. And lastly there is a variety of inquiries gone into and curious speculations, together with illustrations, relative to the strength of particular substances out of which weapons are made, and the value, beauty, &c., of certain famed instruments of destruction.

It appears that, as in many other branches, the eye to cheapness which has become so vigilant, yet often so rash, is in these modern days of rapid and gigantic manufacturing production, tending to deteriorate some of the implements for destruction, even to the production of unsafe muskets.

The best material that has ever been used in the manufacture of these weapons consisted of stub-iron, that is, old horse-shoe nails; nor only because these nails are originally made from the best iron, but because when a barrel is prepared from a fused mass of such small pieces, the fibres become interwoven in every possible direction and way, so as greatly to increase the tenacity of the union. But Mr. Wilkinson informs us that very few *plain stub* barrels are now made; that twisted iron of an inferior quality finds a more ready sale in the Birmingham market, "where every species of deception is practised on a large scale," and where "they often wind a thin riband of Damascus, or superior iron, round iron of the worst quality; even gas-tubing is considered good enough, when coated in this manner, to form gun-barrels of a very low price with a high-priced appearance."

Much that is interesting, as well as useful, is contained in Mr. Wilkinson's volume. Take an example or two:—

"Every best-finished gun usually passes through fifteen or sixteen hands, each of which constitutes almost a distinct trade; although two or three branches are oftentimes combined or subdivided, according to the extent of business. They may be arranged in the following order: 1. Barrel-forging; 2. lock and furniture forging; 3. barrel borer, and filer; 4. lock-filer; 5. furniture filer; 6. ribber and breecher; 7. stocker; 8. screw-together; 9. detonator; 10. maker-off; 11. stripper and finisher; 12. lock-finisher; 13. polisher and hardener; 14. engraver; 15. browner; 16. stock-polisher. The barrel-making being also divided into several branches."

Anecdotes:—

"Philip de Comines has recorded, that at the battle of Fournoné, under Charles the Eighth, a number of Italian knights, who were overthrown and unable to rise on account of the weight of their armour, could not be killed until they were broken up like huge lobsters, with wood-cutters' axes, by the servants and followers of the army; which fully justified the observation of James the First, who, speaking in praise of armour, said, 'That it not only protected the wearer, but prevented him from doing any injury to

others.' In fact, we find in several battles about the time referred to, that not a single knight was slain. An anecdote in point is also related of George the Fourth. After the battle of Waterloo, it was proposed to make some change in the dress of the Life Guards : The King ordered one of the soldiers to be sent for, who had greatly distinguished himself, and was said to have slain six or seven French Cuirassiers in single combat. He was asked a variety of questions, to each of which he assented ; until the King, perceiving that his opinion was biassed by the presence of royalty and his own officers, said to him, ' Well, if you were going to have such another day's work as you had at Waterloo, how would you like to be dressed ? ' ' Please your Majesty,' he replied, ' in that case I had rather be in my shirt-sleeves.'"

Mr. Wilkinson throws much light upon Damascus blades ; but his proofs that ours is an iron age require much less disquisition. :—

"Iron has been applied to numerous useful purposes by every civilized nation, for thousands of years ; but never has it been so extensively employed as at the present period. We have iron roads and iron carriages ; the ' wooden walls of old England ' will probably be made of iron in another century ; numerous steam-boats are already constructed of that material ; the cushion of our chairs are stuffed with iron in place of horse-hair ; and not only our bedsteads, but even our feather-beds (to use an Hibernicism) are made of iron."

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1841.

ART. I.

1. *The Chinese as they Are: their Moral, Social, and Literary Character; a New Analysis of the Language; with Succinct Views of their Principal Arts and Sciences.* By G. TRADESCANT LAY, Esq. London: Ball and Co. 1841.
2. *Manners and Customs of the Japanese, in the Nineteenth Century; from Recent Dutch Visitors of Japan, and the German of Dr. Ph. Fr. Von Siebold.* London: Murray. 1841.

MR. LAY, who was Naturalist in Beechey's Expedition, and is the Author of "The Voyage of the Himmaleh," &c. has resided for some time at Canton in the capacity, it would appear, of a servant of the Bible Society, the state of his health, however, forbidding him to extend his efforts, in China, in the manner that he desired. He seems, while at Canton and Macao, and during some excursions along the coasts and visits paid to certain islands, to have devoted his time not merely to a discriminating system of distributing the Scriptures, but to the not less essential habit of making himself acquainted with the character and manners of the Chinese people, and also to the study of their language and their literature. By the term *discriminating* just now employed, we mean that, according to his own account, he seriously questions the method, or rather want of method, pursued by some professed teachers of Christianity, who scatter lavishly portions of Revelation, without inquiry or reason for believing that the books can or will be read. He thinks that the broad cast and unsparing mode of dealing out books should never be resorted to where a better one can be adopted. He is not so much concerned about the arithmetic in such cases as the working silently and unobtrusively. He is not for giving wherever a hand is held out, but, if possible, by first kindling a desire for religious reading; after which a demand for books would necessarily follow, and native distributors would be called into the field.

But there is a great deal more in Mr. Lay's volume than what immediately concerns the propagation of the Gospel among the Celestials; for he brings science, learning, general knowledge and accomplishments to his task of describing the "Chinese as they Are;" and instead of producing a compilation, he does not appear to us to have gone beyond the truth when he says, that he "has not made free with anything belonging to his predecessors, but has confined himself to what fell under his own notice, with the help of native books." We may here state also that he displays good sense as well as ingenuity in his interpretations of circumstances, and also in deciphering *indices*; and that his conclusions with regard to China as a sphere for Christian efforts, as well as for the introduction of foreign enlightenment in secular concerns, are much more hopeful than those which have been often, and indeed are generally adopted. The fact is, that he appears to believe that the Tartar despotism and exclusiveness will soon be broken to pieces; that the Chinese, as a nation, do not really partake of the Government's jealousies, or, at least, that they very soon become alive to the real nature of their interests, and are not slow to perceive whatever of foreign superiority is presented to them. "The Government of China," says Mr. Lay, "is purposely absurd, but the people are reasonable in their views and conceptions."

The arm that is to break the Tartar despotism mentioned, will be that of Britain. Such is his fond anticipation, such his strong assurance. He is prepared to hear of delays, mistakes, and half-executed measures in the progress of the armament in China. But he believes the Chinese will be easily subdued in battle. He, in his Preface, talks of them, "as soon as they are practically convinced that the civil administration has been changed, not for the worse, but for the better, ranking with the most quiet, most happy, and best conducted subjects of the British empire;" that is, if "the greatest moderation, sagacity, and tact, on the part of an officer appointed to govern a province, or an island, to make them acquainted with the blessings of peace under a new system of public discipline," be exercised.

From all we have ever read that has been considerably written concerning the "flowery" people, they are so peculiar and so far removed from European modes that we shall hesitate before expressing any decided opinion relative to the accuracy of Mr. Lay's representations, further than to say, that while he frequently gives tokens of being under the sway of a sanguine temperament, and to be ambitious in the matter of style, his pictures have verisimilitude about them. We regard them as being characteristic, although sometimes corrective of our preconceptions, or running quite counter to their import.

Mr. Lay in his moderately-sized volume so divides and arranges

his matter as to render it very easy for the reader or reviewer to pick out what he may be particularly in quest of, or so to combine abstracts as to furnish a summary of the whole; and as "The Chinese as they Are," is a subject which at this moment, and indeed at any period, presents unusual features, we shall be at pains to satisfy the excited curiosity in as far as our limits will permit; thereby also recommending, we hope, the volume from which we draw numerous morsels to the attention of not a few.

The first of the *thirty-six* chapters of the volume treats of the present aspect of China, and the causes and probable results of the war with the British; Mr. Lay representing in strong terms the patience which this country has exercised to the tea-growers and opium-consumers; this forbearance being "attributable perhaps to that paradoxical air which was industriously thrown over everything connected with China, and to that false philosophy which sought to prove that the notions and habits of the people were so singular and so eccentric, that they could never be reduced to the ordinary principles of humanity." Such a persuasion appears to have been our author's previous to his sojourn in China, which however was dispelled by experience, he having become convinced that it was founded in misconception; the Government, as we have above noticed, being charged with its propagation, not the real character of the people. Much of our author's chapters go to substantiate the view which he at length adopted; nor are the facts, anecdotes, and arguments lame or uninteresting which he adduces in support of his doctrine. We like the way in which he marshals his illustrations, the skill with which they are dove-tailed, the feeling with which they were sought after, and the tone in which they are delivered.

It will already be perceived that Mr. Lay approves of the policy which at length sent an armament to the Yellow Sea. He feels assured that the demoralizing effects which the use of opium produced were only the pretended cause for the Tartar government throwing down the gauntlet and defying Britain; the state of the empire's currency being so serious as to call for a remedy. Thus far opium may be reckoned amongst the real causes of our expulsion. But he thinks there were deeper and more powerful motives at work. First, the Government's fear, extending throughout all the ranks of poorly paid officials, of truth and discovery. Therefore no means were left untried to render the British base, poor, and feeble in the nation's eyes. Expulsion was necessary to prevent the natives from becoming convinced of our humanity, power, and just government. Secondly, there was a secret, though ill-defined abhorrence of Christianity; and thirdly, a dread of our arms, till at length a persuasion that our India possessions were in danger, and that the British lion was there fast bound, led the Celestials to

"pluck his hair and sport with his mane at pleasure." But what as to the probable results? Hear our author:—

"If the discontented spirits of the country and the foreigner should come to an understanding, emancipation from the Tartar yoke, and the setting up of some native prince, are events within the calculations of likelihood. Such a prince would feel it to be a matter of duty, or of policy at least, to cultivate the friendship of his patrons; and the smallest proof he could shew of his gratitude would be, to lay open his vast territories to all the fair appulses of commerce, religion, and science. The blessings of religion and her handmaid, philosophy, would have a scope in the Celestial land as wide as the prospect is goodly; and commerce would pour wealth into the stores of the Chinese, while it enriched the stranger. They need a multitude of things which the foreigner can make for them, and which they would purchase with eagerness if their taste were a little consulted in the fashion of the articles. But what would they give us in return? Why, apart from their silks and teas, they would supply us with beautiful paper for our woodcuts, native books for that generation of students which will ere long spring up in this country, with curiosities of all sorts, and with many ingenious manufactures; and if these were not enough, their mountains would make up the deficiency. A few mining companies, with the improvements of modern art, would extract many an unseen mass of treasure from the ancient hills of China, to stimulate adventure and enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. The interdicts against opium have been one great cause of the increase in its consumption, for the inhibition gives a charm to enjoyment, and the seller and the custom-house officer a triple interest in the sale. Repeal the prohibition, and the inducements to sell and to smoke will be lessened by one-half, and the curse under which the country lies will be lightened by just so much. The legislator's business is to see that every subject has his own: when he begins to make laws about morality, he encroaches upon the rights of the governed, and instead of being by appointment for the good of society, he becomes a pest to it. The Tartar authorities have pursued a course which is as wicked in theory as it has been in practice. Mother Church legislated against heresy, and became herself the sink of everything that is filthy and abominable in false doctrine and practice. In the same way, the former promoted the very thing that, in show, they were aiming to destroy. The tendency of the present controversy may put a stop to such unnecessary interference, and consequently some of the evils which it has generated. If commerce be free, there will be found health enough in her general constitution to overcome any disease that may have seized upon one of her members; and many evils, when they have come to a crisis, will correct themselves, if the priest and the magistrate will but leave them alone. As a remedy for the evils which a free and unrestricted intercourse with foreigners and the abolition of those odious interdicts may leave unredressed, Christianity, with the Bible in her hand, comes to our aid; and the only stipulation she wishes to make is 'fair play.' The result of the present war may ultimately be to sweep away all lets and hindrances, and to give the opium merchant full licence to sell his drug where he pleases. Well, and what of that, so long as we have equal

licence to disperse the Scriptures and to teach the natives the way of salvation."

So much as regards politics, peace, and war. We now look into a chapter which presents a different array of themes, and one on which more satisfactory reading may be expected, viz. that which treats of the physical and moral character of the Chinese, our author tracing with a Naturalist's minuteness "a few of those outward lineaments and proportions which nature has impressed upon a Chinese, in close association with some of his leading habits and natural talents."

We first have a description of the Chinese head, the advantage being on the side of the Caucasian (the European) race, in respect of conformation indicative of intellectual capability, over the Mongolian or Chinese. The head of the latter, however, according to the discoveries of science, is represented as giving intimation of *perseverance*, *good humour*, and *veneration*; qualities prominent in the character and history of the Chinese. Other physical peculiarities are enumerated and described, which we cannot stop to notice; neither is it easy in a small space to convey our author's ideas of the moral character of the Chinese. We may remark, however, that while he thinks it would be an abuse of terms to call them a highly moral character, yet that their moral sense is in many cases highly refined by education, the theory being pretty correct even when the practice is bad and the system reared on other than the inward dictates of the heart and understanding. The value of honesty is understood amongst them, because mercantile transactions cannot be carried on without it, and therefore only as the best policy it may be observed. Still, generous deeds are not unfrequent amongst them, indicating a goodness of heart, although "they show by their practice that they consider moral goodness only as the issue and recompense of moral training."

From the chapter on "A Chinese Woman," we shall, from a comparatively limited and yet very illustrative source, discover some more precise notions of appearances, habits, and acquirements. First, as to certain external features:—

"In the general outline of the person, the Chinese females differ from those of the Caucasian variety nearly as much as they do in the form of the head and the lineaments of the face. We miss the expansion of the hip and the graceful flexures of the rising breast,—characteristics which both nature and art have conspired to stamp as singularly feminine among those nations where the understanding and the heart have reached the highest pitch of refinement. The dress of the Chinese females, which is perhaps the most becoming in the world, renders these attributes of a good figure unessential. It is considered as a grace that the shoulders should be low—a quality that belongs to the woman in contradistinction to man. A Chinese who explained

the ideas of his countrymen on this subject, shrugged up his shoulders when he referred to the characteristic of man, and let them fall as demonstrative of what pertained to womanhood. A curiously wrought collar surrounds the neck, while the vesture hangs loosely from the same point as from a centre, and so favours this admired sinking of the shoulders. The arm is generally well turned, and therefore comes in place of the neck for the display of natural beauty. The sleeve is short and large, with an embroidered border; so that by a slight motion of the arm the greater part of it may be seen, while the gorgeous needle-work helps to set off the fair complexion and the rounded form. The fingers are long and taper, with their ends embellished by nails that in their length do not agree with our idea of what is most becoming. The encouragement given to the growth of the nail seems to have two effects: it keeps the tip of the finger from enlarging, and prevents the nail itself from widening after it has parted from it. The groove on each side of the nail is very deep, so that they can fasten an artificial one of brass for playing upon the *Tsing*, an instrument strung with wires, with no other means of confinement than the inflection of its side. This groove appears deep in my own case, but these curious plectrums would not stay a moment upon my finger when applied to the instrument just mentioned. The love of effect induces them to wear tips of silver upon each of the fingers on some occasions when the presence of the guitar or the harp does not render their use a matter of necessity. In all this we may easily forgive them; human nature loves to display its perfections on one hand, and to heighten them by the inventions of art on the other."

But there is one peculiar practice which occasions several remarkable things both as to outward form and gait, habit and taste; this is that of *killing* the foot; the instep being pressed into a line with the leg, to add to the height of the little sufferer; while two of the toes are bent under the sole, that its breadth may be only of the least dimensions. The process of destruction or of arresting nature is said to occasion agony for about six weeks; after which, perhaps from the wasting of all the parts and the cessation of many functions, the whole becomes insensible to pain; and on inquiry, our author learned that, in after life, disease was not the result. No case at the missionary hospitals was known to be the effect of such a monstrous custom. One thing, however, is consequent upon it, —the muscles which form the calf of the leg being checked, the limb tapers from its socket down to the foot, without any risings or swellings; this being the perfection of beauty of that part of the frame, in the eyes of the Chinese. Let us now hear what are the standard dimensions, as well as the real effects of the vile practice:—

"A foot two inches in length is the idol of a Chinaman, on which he lavishes the most precious epithets which nature and language can supply. But its beauties are altogether ideal: for when stripped of its gay investments, it is a piteous mass of lifeless integument, which resembled the skin

of a washerwoman's hand after it has undergone a long maceration in soap and water. The sight of it is well fitted to excite our compassion, not our commendation—a beautiful limb crushed into a heap of deformity! The thought of seeing a Chinawoman's foot might awaken a smile; but I think I might defy the most merry-hearted to laugh, when the loosened bandages had disclosed the sad reality to his eye. But fancy has played her part so well, that this piece of ruined nature, which is seldom or perhaps never seen by men, is treated as the prime essential of all feminine beauty. 'The foot of a native woman,' said I to a Chinese acquaintance, 'is very handsome, so that it is a great pity to spoil it.' He smiled with much satisfaction at the compliment, but would only allow that it interfered with the gait: 'They cannot walk so well,' was the amount of his concession in my favour. He was so blessed as not to know the real state of this organ, and therefore his admiration had no alloy. Custom rendered my eye so familiar to the small foot, that a Chinese lady would scarcely seem to be complete without it; but it was my misfortune to have seen it unmasked, and therefore I could not sympathize with him. To shew that there is something like masonic secrecy about this small foot, I need only mention that the servant, when her mistress proceeded to unwind the bandages, blushed, and turned her face to the wall. It was the custom in former ages for the dames to wear long robes, which swept upon the ground, and kept the feet out of sight: it would be an ingenious device for the ladies to restore them again to use, and allow the instruments of progression to retain their natural size in the asylum of a long train. Poets might still celebrate the little 'golden lilies,' in conformity with hoary custom; and it would be indifferent as to the morality of the thing, whether he said a foot was only two inches long which was thrice that length, or called that the perfection of beauty which is in truth only a mass of deformity. Should Christianity begin to shed any of her fair beams upon this vast empire, this cruel and revolting practice will be dropped, as unable to bear the light. In walking, the knee-joint does not bend, so that any one may imitate the much-admired mincing gait of the country, by stepping with only a rotatory movement of the hip-joint, and keeping the knee and ankle stiffly in one position. To ornament and to relieve the stiffness of this mode of progressing, the body is thrown into an assortment of ever-varying inclinations, whether the fair owner sit or stand, while the arms are always shifting their state, both to display their own peculiar graces, and to give effect to the whole of the person. In the picture which illustrates the opposite page, not a single straight line can be found; every attitude exhibits a certain degree of curvature. In walking, the body reels from side to side, so as never to appear upright. Right lines and perpendiculars are proscribed by the rules for regulating the carriage of the body, as well as by the canons of pictorial beauty. I had almost forgotten the fan, which in China, the land of its nativity, is managed with an address and propriety that give a force to everything that is eloquent either in speaking or acting. Furled or unfurled by a slight jerk, it gives a smartness to the ebbs and flows of resolution."

As to intelligence, moral habits, and social feelings, we are told that a Chinese woman presents an attractive subject; and Mr. Lay

produces interesting examples of these qualities, setting down motives of propriety and the sentiments of inculcated respect, instead of a sense of degradation, or a consciousness that she was born to be despised, as the real source of the usual want of expectation that she is entitled to receive any civility or acts of courtesy from the friend of her husband. "The deference," says our author, "which a wife pays to her husband is spontaneous on one part, and a cheerful compliance with a wisely-ordered usage on the other." Again, a Chinese woman is remarkable for the development of that social feeling "which knits the heart of one human being to another." As to the knowledge of books among the females, our author makes the distinction between that which is sufficient to enable a person to read a letter and the minor works of ordinary instruction, which, he says, is general, and that which consists of a capability to peruse the ancient classics with advantage, which is much rarer, being perhaps as three to one hundred. In Mr. Lay's own experience "the ladies were said to be the first to understand the New Testament;" and therefore, while unwilling to allow that the women of China are uneducated, looks to them as destined not only to be the earliest amongst the trophies of Christianity to be benignly won in their country, but the early and most efficient agents in its propagation. We are glad to find that his inquiries and personal observation lead him to discredit many of the accounts of infanticide which have been current against the Chinese. If the affectionate character and social feelings of the mothers be of the cast which he describes, the crime would offer strange contradictions. All he saw of them in the streets, at dramatic representations, or anywhere else, displayed soft and warm maternal affections, and pride in their daughters.

We shall before going further allow our author to give a summary of what he considers to be the main difficulties to the introduction of the Gospel in China, according to the usual operations of Divine grace with the human heart. He has previously noticed the facilities, after "all political embargoes and restrictions shall have been repealed," which he believes will ere long be witnessed. He marshals the difficulties under three categories:—

"The Chinese are lovers of pleasure, from the greatest to the least. They study ease and comfort in a way that leaves them, as a nation, without a rival in the art of ministering to sensual gratification. The man who knows that to-morrow he shall smart under the lash of reproof, and cry like a penitent child for pardon, cannot resist the soft syrens of Voluptuousness to-day, but pawns his character, interest, and future peace, for a little present enjoyment; and then, to palliate or excuse his delinquency, he will tell a hundred falsehoods, so palpable that you resolve never to believe him again. 2. At a very early age, the love of money is implanted in his nature: indeed, one of the first lessons a mother teaches a child is to hold out its hand for a bit of coin. Nothing is proof against a valuable consideration in

China, if it be offered in due form, and at the right season. Many an officer has gained credit for being an honest man, because, forsooth, the bribe came too late, or he could make more by refusing it. I do not pass a general censure upon the love of money by these remarks,—I am as far from doing that as I am from commending asceticism. The moral character of a nation is generally some function, as mathematicians say of the love of money : where this does not exist, I have scarcely seen anything else that was worthy of praise. 3. But the greatest impediment will be found, if I mistake not, in a peculiar imbecility of mind,—the genuine result of absolute obedience to the will of one man. To be a Christian, indeed, requires resolution ; for a man must take upon himself the hazard of deciding against the unanimous vote of the many. This is a practice to which a Chinese has never been accustomed. The authority of his ancestors and the concurrent voices of his neighbours are law with him, absolute and incontrovertible. The missionary will at first have a hard task to persuade him to act upon the decision of his own mind. He will say, perhaps, ‘Your arguments, enforced by your wise and philanthropic life, I cannot gainsay ; for my country’s gods, which we sometimes honour and sometimes despise, with all their childish rites, I will not plead a single apology : but what can a solitary individual do against the united sense of his kinsmen and friends ? I believe that yours is the true religion, but I dare not embrace it.’ Most things have two handles or two sides ; and thus a want of mental daring and independence of thought, the source of so much hindrance at first, will in the sequel turn out to be a powerful means of success. Let there be a few shocks, with here and there the heavings, of an earthquake in public opinion, and the pulsations will spread far and wide, till the whole nation begins to tremble. Idolatry, which rests upon the entire or partial stagnation of the human intellect, will begin to totter, and Christianity be seen advancing to take its place, as if by some mighty, but unseen movement. The Chinese will believe by tribes, by families, and by provinces ; and the victory, so far as formal evidence goes, will be now on a sudden. ‘Eleven Chinese were lately baptized at Malacca,’ said an intelligent friend ; ‘and this has created so great a sensation among the rest, that they are flocking to the chapel in great numbers.’ A sheep, from its natural imbecility, is loth to venture upon a new course, but as soon as the example is set, the whole flock will follow without hesitation.”

The titles of several of Mr. Lay’s very interesting chapters can alone be given by us ; but these will indicate the range which his pen takes. Thus we have the Music,—the Husbandry,—the Philosophy,—the Festivities,—the Architecture,—the Maladies,—the Arts and Manufactures,—of the Chinese, with a number of cognate subjects, each illustrative and curious. “The Chinese Language” has particularly engaged our author ; and in this branch of his work he has advanced some novel and important views to which no abridgment can do justice. Two or three chapters dealing with more popular and manageable topics must for a little while engage us ; the first of these having the Dramatic Entertainments of the

"central nation" for its theme ; which affords good scope for observation and disquisition.

The social character and the civilization of a people may generally be gauged by the estimation in which the female portion of the community is regarded. Now it is upon the stage our author remarks, where the clearest views can be obtained of the line in which a Chinaman's thoughts run in reference to woman ; everything there being exhibited with a fidelity and minuteness of detail which render the scenic shows the mirror of real life. "In such scenes the female always appears with some prerogative of the mental kind about her. If called upon to mix in the affairs of state, or in the negotiations of diplomacy, her tact and discernment give her a place above all her male competitors."

Our author seems to have lost no opportunity of witnessing the dramatic entertainments of the Chinese, in order to philosophize not only upon the exhibitions themselves, but to gather knowledge of the people from their appearance and behaviour while viewing the spectacles. Now, in both respects he observed that great deference was paid to the ladies. For example, the most advantageous part of the theatre for seeing the performance is set apart for them ; and although there may be a good deal of jostling on the part of the men in other quarters of the house, there generally prevail great good humour, and a determination to be pleased. We quote an account of one entertainment of the kind, which took place at some distance from the English factories. Says Mr. Lay,—

"I sat down on the first seat I could find, with my cap on ; but thinking after awhile I would take it off, by way of compliment to the company, I attempted to remove it unperceived if possible. This, however, did not escape notice, but was applauded by a murmur that ran in all directions around me,—so alive are these people to the least act of respect that is paid them by the foreigner. I found that report had not exaggerated in reference to the robes, which, in beauty, surpassed all praise or description. The first scene was intended to represent the happiness and splendour of beings who inhabit the upper regions, with the sun and moon, and the elements, curiously personified, playing around them. The man who personated the sun held a round image of the sun's disk, while the female who acted the part of the moon had a crescent in her hand. The actors took care to move so as to mimic the conjunction and opposition of these heavenly bodies as they revolve round in their apparent orbs. The Thunderer wielded an axe, and leaped and dashed about in a variety of extraordinary somersets. After a few turns, the monarch who had been so highly honoured as to find a place, through the partiality of a mountain nymph, in the abodes of the happy, begins to feel that no height of good fortune can secure a mortal against the common calamities of this frail life. A wicked courtier disguises himself in a tiger's skin, and in this garb imitates the animal itself. He rushes into the retired apartments of the ladies, frightens them out of their wits, and throws the 'heir apparent' into the moat. The sisters hurry

into the royal presence, and, casting themselves upon the ground, divulge the sad intelligence that a tiger has borne off the young prince, who it appears was the son of the mountain nymph aforesaid. This loss the bereaved monarch takes so much to heart, that he renounces the world, and deliberates about the nomination of a successor. By the influence of a crafty woman, he selects a young man who has just sense enough to know he is a fool. The settlement of the crown is scarcely finished when the unhappy king dies, and the blockhead is presently invested with the 'golden round.' But the lout, instead of exulting in his new preferment, bemoans his lot in the most awkward strains of lamentation. He feels his incompetency, and cries 'O dear, what shall I do?' with 'such piteous action,' and yet withal so truly ridiculous, that the spectator is at a loss to know whether he is to laugh or to weep. The courtier who had taken off the heir, and broken the father's heart, finds the new king an easy tool for prosecuting his traitorous purposes, and the state is plunged into the depths of civil discord at home and dangerous wars abroad.

"In the sequel a scene occurred, which is still fresh in my remembrance. The reconciliation of this court and some foreign prince depends upon the surrender of a certain obnoxious person. The son-in-law of the victim is charged with the letter containing this proposal, and returns to his house and disguises himself for the sake of concealment. When he reaches the court of the foreign prince, he discovers that he has dropped the letter in changing his clothes, and narrowly escapes being taken for a spy, without his credentials. He hurries back, calls for his clothes, and shakes them one by one in an agony of self-reproach, but no letter appears. He sits down, throwing himself with great violence upon the chair, with a countenance inexpressibly full of torture and despair: reality could have added nothing to the imitation. But while every eye was rivetted upon him, he called the servant maid, and inquired if she knew anything about the letter; she replied, that she overheard her mistress reading a letter, whose contents were such and such. The mistress had taken her seat at a distance from him, and was nursing her baby; and the instant he ascertained the letter was in her possession, he looked towards her with such a smile upon his cheek, and such a flood of light in his eye, that the whole assembly heaved a loud sigh of admiration; for the Chinese do not applaud by clapping, but express their feelings by an ejaculation that is between a sigh and a groan. The aim of the husband was to wheedle his wife out of the letter, and this smile and look of affection were the prelude merely; for he takes his chair, places it beside her, lays one hand softly upon her shoulder, and fondles the child with the other, in a style so exquisitely natural, and so completely English, that in this dramatic picture it was seen that Nature fashioneth men's hearts alike. His addresses were, however, ineffectual; for though a Chinese woman may be won to yield up her heart, she is too resolute to betray a parent or sacrifice her honour."

The morals of the Chinese stage are said to be generally good, the acting excellent and perfectly to the life; but the theatres, architecturally speaking, are exceedingly primitive, while the scenery is wretched.

The chapter to which we next resort has for its title "Chinese Military and Navy;" and it sets out in these terms:—

"The Chinese appear to have as great a taste for martial achievements as any nation that owns a place among the records of antiquity. The charms and the brunt of battle, the victories and defeats of warlike champions, are displayed upon all their stages; and the educated and the rabble kindle alike with enthusiasm at such spectacles. We see how the mighty man catches a spear which two ordinary men can scarcely carry, whirls it round as if it were only a walking-cane, and then, breathing carnage, throws himself out at the door to charge the enemy at the head of his followers. Another grasps an ensign, and stamps on the ground, as if he meant to shew the vigour of his mind by the firmness of his step. A third jets out his beard, claps his hand upon his sword, and paces to and fro, in a paroxysm of martial wrath, panting for action. In all ages, the Chinese have shewn a love for fighting, if not always in practice, at least in theory. They have taken a pleasure in the 'glorious circumstance of war,' although on some occasions they have exhibited a disposition to shun some of its severe realities. They have had frequent struggles among themselves in times of yore, have fought many battles with their neighbours, with different issues; and, at this time, exercise a real or nominal sway over all the adjoining countries—an ascendancy which they have gained by their arms. If Commissioner Lin had succeeded in burning our ships at Toonkoo, and found that we were too feeble or too much shackled with our Indian possessions to resent it, he would have followed up his work by marching an army from Tibet to take possession of Calcutta."

The Chinese seem to be imbued with the notion that the execution done by a weapon will be in exact proportion to its size and savage aspect; and their arms consist of various kinds of lances, bows, swords, and matchlocks. Sometimes they carry lighter armour, which they can not only use with dexterity, but carry with them when they run, which they are taught to do with speed and ease. Their matchlocks are contemptible. Upon the whole our author regards the Chinese army as knowing little or nothing of military tactics, or the methods of marshalling a host in the order of battle. From what he beheld of their soldiery they were anything but formidable; so that the very swarms they could bring into the field would be a circumstance of secondary importance; the greater the number, the more difficult to preserve order. From whatever he has seen or heard of them they possess no general and uniform system as to the equipment of a detachment, nor do they seem to have any idea of a simultaneous step when ranged in a line. A good deal of what our author delivers on this subject has been derived from a native encyclopædia, and something from dramatic representations, as well as small occasions in repressing mobs. Boxing, after a fashion, appears not to be unknown to them; but not with clenched fists; merely with the hand open, the grand endeavour

being to thrust their long nails into the eye. It never was Mr. Lay's "lot to see a blow struck that would give a European a moment's thought."

As to the Chinese navy, our author represents it as scarcely deserving so important an epithet. He tells us:—

"Their war-junks, or 'soldier-ships,' are about two hundred tons burden, with two masts, and as many sails, which are hoisted and lowered in a series of tiers, or folds. Their form is rather more compact than that of the common junks, but still very awkward and unwieldy. A great deal of timber, with very little firmness in construction, or principle in workmanship, is the principle of Chinese ship-building. Enormous beams run from stem to stern, and from side to side, to give stability to the whole, or rather to keep the different parts of the fabric together. But as the ribs and timbers are hung in some measure to these beams, if a heavy shot should happen to displace one of them, the soundness of the entire framework would be endangered. The bulwarks or parapet are high towards the ends of the vessel, and are cut away in the waist or middle, where the guns are ranged. The guns are few in number, and inconsiderable in size—the largest not more than a twelve-pounder. They are mounted upon wooden carriages, and are incapable of elevation or depression. In the short action at Chuenpe, most of the shots ranged among the sails and rigging of the *Hyacinth* and *Volage*, and consequently did very little damage. As China is populous, these junks usually carry a great many men, who, from a natural facility, can be stowed in very close compass: but their seamanship has but little scope, as the masts and rigging are very simple. For this reason, the design of employing foreign vessels was dropped, as, in the hands of native sailors, they would only have been as so many inclosures, where several hundred human beings were shut up in readiness to be sent to the bottom at the discretion of the enemy."

It is for our readers to consider how much the very limited range of a European's opportunity to study the Chinese character can be held, as entitling him to pronounce an opinion of the nation. It ought also to be borne in mind that the external provinces, and where strangers alone can gather information from what they observe, are at the lower end of national life and character. China too is inhabited by different races, and therefore we must look with caution to any sweeping representation taken from stray examples. On the other hand, in no other country has the government insisted on a greater degree of uniformity, actual and traditional,—of restriction and prohibition; and therefore we cannot expect to meet with those strides which rivalry and free intercourse among all nations, in other parts of the world, have produced.

At the beginning of the only other chapter from which we shall draw any particulars or illustrations, viz. that which is devoted to the "Medical Missionary Society," branches of which are established at Canton and Macao, Mr. Lay observes that it has often

been said that the Chinese tremble at the sight of blood, and shrink at the name of an operation. Now, while in this chapter we have several striking examples to the contrary, we also see that whenever a new opportunity is offered on which character and temperament may be tested, we find new phases and new discoveries; so that we are to conclude that a much wider range of experience than Europeans yet can command, is necessary to any full and fair portraiture of the Chinese people. Even Mr. Lay and the latest residents in the outskirts of the empire cannot have arrived at anything more than certain finger-posts, the indications furnished by these signs, admitting of various elucidations that may greatly modify their expression. We feel, however, that our author has brought the results of not unextensive travel in other countries, of fair analysis, and also the quickness of an eye to seize upon characteristic points, to his subject; and therefore, we must recommend his volume, although a twelvemonth has elapsed since the time at which it might have been given to the public, as one of the most satisfactory and informing that has yet appeared on China. But to return to the "Medical" chapter:—

"While the hospital at Macao was open for a few months in 1838, it was frequented by Chinese who, on more than one account, are not to be regarded as the best specimens of their country: but on one of the operating days a long line of persons was seated upon a form, some to be tied to the operator's chair, and others to be bound fast to his table, following the order in which they were ranged upon their seat. Only a few cries were heard, though some of the patients suffered severely, as now and then a deep-drawn, but half-smothered sigh or ejaculation indicated in a way by no means hard to understand. This wholesale mode of despatching matters was attended with becoming solemnity: the surgeon proceeded with his wonted steadiness and consideration, and the row of patients interrupted the silence only at intervals, by some remark touching their individual cases. At the lower end, a native lady of a very comely appearance had taken her seat, without the necessary etiquette of an invitation; and as the work was advancing, she was heard to say that her eyes were not better; 'Why,' said the surgeon, addressing me, 'that is a fib; for she told me this morning, when I inquired, that they were better.' The reason of this change in her statements appeared at the close of the operations, when she asked, with a well-affected astonishment, whether no cutting was to be done to her eyes. The answer was, that there was no need for such interference, since the remedies he had given her, if applied at their proper seasons, would remove all the inconvenience. This, however, was by no means satisfactory; for she had observed that those who submitted to pain soon recovered and left the hospital, while she was still under treatment; and therefore she had resolved, upon mature consideration, that a speedy relief was worth a little smart, though it might be very keen for the time."

To the accustomed report that the Chinese have an ingrained and

rooted repugnance to, and distrust of foreigners, Mr. Lay offers his hospital observation as an answer. He says,—

“It would be no unfair inference from what we sometimes see written on the subject, that a Chinawoman had rather die under the authorized care of a native, than except health at the hands of the barbarian. A glance into one of our hospitals would at once convince the spectator that such assertions were built upon surmise, hearsay, or opinion, uncorrected by anything like the spirit of research. Crowds may be seen there, listening to the words of the doctor as if they fell from the lip of inspiration, and looking up to him as if he were a being come down from the regions of the blessed on purpose to bring health and ease to suffering humanity. ‘He is like a god,’ said an intelligent native who had seen much of foreigners; ‘for he is *always* at work.’ If the compliment were far too high, the thought was truly sublime; for Holy Scripture reckons a never-ceasing actuation as an attribute of the Deity. It is not only the poor, however, (who are often driven, by the stress of hard circumstances, to ask relief of a stranger because they cannot obtain it at the hands of a brother,) who avail themselves of the relief afforded at the hospital; but persons of rank and estate are often seen, with their train of servants, mingling with their inferiors, and waiting with patience till the physician has leisure to hear their case. Among the visitors of this kind was an officer of the army, who soon gave us proof that he was better acquainted with the ease and refinements of high life than he was with the ‘hardness’ of a soldier. A little smart made him cry out lustily, while his attendants, with a countenance full of woe, echoed their master’s complaints in a way that did the highest honour to their sympathy; for surely Chinamen have hearts to feel for one another. A medicine was given to be applied, after the example which had been just set, and the great man took his leave with the usual display of ceremony, in which he did not forget to notice the native assistants at the hospitals;—their service in such an institution being deemed more than an amends for the lowness of their birth. And he was not the only one to recognize them in this way, which led us to observe more than once among ourselves, that but for the hospital no such honours would have ever lighted upon their heads. After the lapse of a few days, the officer again made his appearance, and apologized for it by saying, ‘When my servant applies the remedy you gave me, I cannot forbear calling out, which makes him desist from his proceedings; now you do not care for my crying, and, therefore, you must kindly apply the remedy yourself. But to all these,’ pointing to a large number of both sexes, ‘time is precious; to me it is of no consequence; therefore, wait upon me after you have despatched the case of every other person before us.’ This was nothing more than a man of considerate feeling ought to have done; but how few of my readers would be prepared to hear of it in a Chinese, and especially that it is not an unique instance, but only a fair specimen of what happens on every suitable occasion. Among the out-patients of the institution at Canton was the *nam hae*, or chief magistrate of the district, a person of the most dignified behaviour. The writer visited him in company with Dr. Parker, and Messrs. Morison and Thom, and admired the good order of everything about him. He stated the opinions of the native doctors as to

the cause of his malady, and, in our presence, wrote out a fair history of his case, that the medical adviser might see it at one view. As the treatment advanced towards a successful issue, he continued to furnish, from time to time, a similar bulletin of his own health, in which he carefully noted, in minute detail, every improvement, with every symptom of disease that still troubled him. Physicians in this country do not always find patients of equal candour and sagacity. These bulletins of health he designated by a term usually applied to a petition presented by an inferior to a man in office, and which has from thence acquired somewhat that is humiliating about it. The proper sense of the term, which is that of a plain and orderly statement, was doubtless the one in which he intended to use it, without any reference to its accidental or associated meaning; but my Chinese teacher did not regard the matter in this light, for when one of these was shewn to him, he, as a humorous friend observed, first looked through, then over, and lastly below, his spectacles, as if distrusting his dioptric instruments, both natural and artificial.

“Nor is this esteem for the stranger’s goodness and skill confined to males; females give still better proofs of it, if possible.”

We shall not add to the above proofs of our author’s method of fathoming feelings and character, nor of his liberal tone. No doubt his volume will be greedily consulted by multitudes. We predict that it will satisfy some inquiries, and stimulate to many more, concerning the “flowery” people.

The volume containing an account of the Manners and Customs of the Japanese, is, as the title announces, a compilation, and must necessarily be such; for so little can be gathered concerning this people from the observation of any one foreigner, that to write an authentic book of any considerable size and value from such personal experience about them, would be an impossibility. There has been no end to complaining of the prohibitory system of the Chinese; but that of Japan is still more strict and peculiar. And what renders the matter more confined as respects Europeans in general, is, that the slight foreign intercourse with Japan is limited to the Dutch, and that whatever has been published by these European visitors has, with hardly an exception, been hitherto allowed to remain in its first form, and each trifling contribution to stand by itself. But although no single work has been sufficiently full and important to suggest the idea of translation, there are numerous distinct sources whence a compiler might draw information, and by proper condensation as well as happy arrangement produce a work of value. And such is the one now before us; for, while the volume is constructed in a superior manner,—with spirit, continuity, and due proportions, we have the best and the fullest details, with judicious reflections or inferences, that perhaps can be collected.

This information has been collected from a variety of sources.

Not only have the accounts of the later Dutch visitors and residents been consulted, but the old authors, such as the early missionaries, as well as those Japanese fragments that have been translated in Europe. The result is a work that conveys a much more satisfactory idea of the characteristics of the most exclusive of all nations than we could have expected, although a great deal remains to be known, and no doubt some statements and some impressions to be corrected.

The plan of the work is agreeable. A vessel arrives at Nagasaki, the place where the Dutch factory is situated, which affords a natural opportunity for giving an account of the formalities observed by the natives, as well as the rules and prohibitions to be attended to by the foreigners, who are in every sense of the phrase hedged in on all sides. The truth is that it requires the express permission of the governor of the town, after formal petitioning, before the resident strangers can leave their confinement; and even then the ceremonies as well as the expenses operate very restrictively, so that any advance beyond the factory is a rare occurrence. Again, once in the course of every four years, the president of the factory with some of his officers, makes a procession to the capital to pay tribute, when a number of precautions and ceremonies have to be observed both by Japanese and Dutch. These two kinds of opportunities offer considerable means of observation, although necessarily as respects externals chiefly, and these too on artificial occasions. Part of the volume, of course, consists of the gathered information thus obtained; the remainder being collected from every available source, whether written or seen, and whether related by foreigner or native in former and later times. From all these sources a picture is conveyed of manners and customs, of life public and private,—of language, literature, and occupations,—of government, laws, and relations with other countries; together with a sketch of the several efforts that have from time to time been made to form closer ties with the nation. The impression left by the whole is imposing rather than otherwise, and is favourable as well as highly interesting.

In Mr. Lay's work may be obtained a glimpse of certain Japanese of whom he had some knowledge in China; and his account of these specimens prepared us to find a people described in the present volume whose bearing and character surpass what the natives of the "central nation" exhibit. The Japanese are not less clear-headed and observant than the Chinese, while their bravery is of a more manly nature, at the same time that their constitutional qualities of temper and their habits, if we except their slight reluctance to sacrifice human life, are more agreeable. But even their indifference about cutting off of heads, and like evidences of barbarity, appear rather to be the effect of laws and customs which

admit of no deviation, than of innate cruelty and want of human affections; just as their excessive exclusiveness may be attributed to unbending usages, rather than to any real jealousy, dread, or contempt of foreigners. Some idea may be formed of the despotism of their laws and customs, and also of their form of government, from the following extract, which indicates that, with all its strange and extreme points, it is one of checks and balances, and which may in reality work much better than it looks in theory. Its unyielding and terrible despotism, we presume, is perfectly *unique*; for surely never was sovereign or were counsellors so completely in the power of national precedents, forms and rules. Our readers will immediately perceive that there is not only a most powerful council of state, but two sovereigns, whose functions, however, are perfectly distinct; or, to make use of an Hibernianism, there is a sovereign above and beyond a sovereign; and there are three despots. The Council of State, we are told—

“Transacts the whole business of government; decides upon every measure, sanctions or reverses every sentence of death pronounced by an imperial Governor, appoints to all efficient offices, corresponds with the local authorities; and, upon the occurrence in any part of Japan of any matter in which the course to be pursued is not clearly marked out by law or precedent, must be consulted, and pronounce its decree, before a single step be taken by even the highest local officers. Each councillor has his own specific department, for which, in the common routine, he alone is responsible; but the measures of which upon any important point, must be discussed, and adopted or rejected by the whole body of his colleagues, headed by their president.

“When any proposition has been duly investigated and determined upon by the Council, the resolution taken is laid before the Ziogoon for his approval. This usually follows, as a matter of course, nine times in ten without the Monarch's even enquiring what he is called upon to confirm. But if, by some extraordinary accident, he should chance to trouble himself about the concerns of his empire, and either upon rational grounds or through caprice withhold the fiat requested, the proceeding consequent upon the difference of opinion between the monarch and his councillors is prescribed by law. The measure is not at once abandoned, as might be imagined by persons thinking of the Ziogoon as a despotic sovereign: it is, on the contrary, referred to the arbitration of three princes of the blood, the nearest kinsman of the monarch, his probable heir in default of a son, being one, if of sufficient age. The sentence of these arbitrators, whatever it be, and whatever be the question submitted to them, is not only final, but fraught with important, and to European minds painful results.

“Should their verdict coincide with the sentiments of the Council, the Ziogoon has no alternative: he may not revoke his previous refusal, and yield to the united judgment of his ministers and arbitrators, but must immediately abdicate in favour of his son or other legal heir. Such an abdication, for various causes is an act so constantly recurring, that it bears a spe-

cific name, *inkioe*; and a regular habitation for the abdicating Ziogoon is as established and essential a provision of the Yedo Court, as a jointure-house for a Queen Dowager in this country. To this inferior abode the Ziogoon, against whose opinions the arbitrators have decided, instantly retires, and his successor takes possession of the vacated palace.

"Should the arbitrators pronounce the monarch to be in the right, the consequences are yet more serious, inasmuch as the minister who proposed and most strongly urged the obnoxious act, if not every member of the Council, headed by the President—whose supreme authority should involve responsibility—is under the necessity of committing suicide, according to the Japanese mode, by ripping himself up. When to this always possible, if not often recurring necessity, is added, that the whole Council, collectively and individually, is surrounded by spies, known and unknown, employed by superiors, inferiors, rivals, and each other, it will be evident that these seemingly absolute ministers cannot venture upon the slightest infraction of any law, or upon any deed of violence, of rapacity, or of arbitrary tyranny, except with the sword of Damocles, it may be said, literally as well as metaphorically, hanging over their heads."

It will hence be seen that not only is the Japanese system of government one of concurrent and conflicting despotisms, but that law or usage triumphs over all, while the checks are multifarious and curiously ramified. The result of the whole, however, is likely to involve less bloodshed than in countries where great differences are decided by the sword, and the triumph belongs to one faction, the Japanese people at the same time being exempted from conflicts, whilst the great and the ambitious incur the risks. And when to this is added the consideration that the laws and usages are strictly defined, and if strictly obeyed, despotically protective, the system may work much more wholesomely than at first sight of the theory might be expected. But we have not yet shown the whole of the constitutional anomalies, or the curious character of the great wheels of the machinery; for there is a *Mikado*, as well as a Ziogoon. The former is, we are told, nominally supreme sovereign, and claims—

"To reign by right divine, both as being descended in a direct line from the gods, and as being in a manner still identified with them, the spirit of the sun goddess, the deity who rules the universe, gods and men included, *Ama-terasu-oo-kami*, being embodied in every reigning Mikado. Such a claim to despotic power was indisputable and undisputed, as it still is; but some centuries ago, a military chief, rendering his own situation hereditary, possessed himself of the actual authority, under the title of Ziogoon as vicerent or deputy of the *mikado*, to whom he left the nominal supreme sovereignty, and all his state, pomp, and dignity, a nominal ministry included.

"In fact, it appears that the autocrat's dignity is now made the plea for depriving him of his power. Worldly affairs are represented to be so wholly undeserving the attention of the successor of the gods, that his bestowing a

thought upon them would degrade him, even if it were not actual profanation. Accordingly, no business is submitted to him, no act of sovereignty is performed by him, that has not a religious character. He deifies or canonizes great men after death—the Ziogoon taking the trouble of pointing out the dead that are worthy of apotheosis. He confers the offices of his court, a real spiritual hierarchy, and from their nominal dignity and sanctity, objects of ambition to the princes of the empire, to the Ziogoon's ministers, and to the Ziogoon himself. He determines the days on which certain moveable religious festivals are to be celebrated, the colours appropriate to evil spirits, and the like; and one other governing act, if act it may be called, he daily performs, which should prove him to be, in virtue of his partial identification with the sun goddess, quite as much the patron divinity as the sovereign of Japan. He every day passes a certain number of hours upon his throne, immoveable, lest by turning his head he should bring down ruin upon that part of the empire to or from which he should look; by this immobility maintaining the whole realm's stability and tranquillity. When he has sat the requisite number of hours, he resigns his place to his crown, which continues upon the throne as his substitute during the remainder of the day and night."

But although the Mikado be a sort of *automaton*, and be allied to divinity, his food and clothing are expensive as well as purely earthly things. Everything about him must necessarily be new; every article of dress, and every dish which he uses must only be used one time; and not a morsel that is left, or a piece of stuff that is worn, dare be used by another person; for any such sacrilege would call down the vengeance of heaven upon the offender. "Everything that has once been in any way employed in the service of the Mikado is immediately torn, broken, or otherwise destroyed; his clothes which are of a colour that no other person may wear, are burnt; and hence arises the only drawback upon all his state. The Mikado is supported by the Ziogoon; and the allowance from Yedo not being as ample as might be wished, the heavy expense of renewing daily, almost hourly, whatever appertains to the son of Heaven, is alleviated by supplying his wardrobe, table, kitchen, &c., with articles of the cheapest, and therefore coarsest description."

Our readers must be content, after the view of the Japanese constitutional system, with very short and scanty illustrations of their other singularities. The first of the following extracts referring to a custom which confines females within certain environs, shows how prompt and decided punishment may be, and also that the severity of the law may be evaded by practical stratagems.

"An inhabitant of Yedo, named Fiyosayemon, a widower with two children, a girl and a boy, was called to a distance by business. He was poor—he knew not how to provide for his children during his absence, and resolved to take both with him. Accordingly, he dressed his daughter in boy's

clothes, and thus passed the Fakone guard unsuspected. He was rejoicing in his success, when a man, who knew what children he had, joined him, congratulated him on his good luck, and asked for something to drink. The alarmed father offered a trifle; the man demanded a sum beyond his means; a quarrel ensued; and the angry informer ran back to the guard to make known the error that had been committed. The whole guard was thunder-struck. If the informer spoke truth, and the fact was detected, all their lives were forfeited; yet, to send a party to apprehend the offenders, and thus actually betray themselves was now unavoidable. The commanding officer, however, saw his remedy. He delayed the detachment of reluctant pursuers sufficiently to allow a messenger with a little boy to outstrip them. The messenger found Fiyosayemon and his children refreshing themselves at an inn: he announced the discovery made, and the imminent danger; offered the boy as a temporary substitute for the disguised girl; and told the father that, when the falsehood of the charge should have been proved by both the children appearing to be boys, he might very fairly fly in such a rage as to kill his accuser. The kind offer was, of course, gratefully accepted. The wilfully dilatory guard arrived, surrounded the house, seized upon Fiyosayemon and the children, and gladly pronounced that both the latter were boys. The informer, who well knew Fiyosayemon's family, declared that some imposition had been practised; which the accused indignantly resenting, drew his sword and struck off the informer's head. The delighted guard exclaimed that such a liar had only met his deserts, and returned to their posts."

Every one has heard of the dexterity which Spanish ladies display with the fan, and Mr. Lay has indicated the uses to which the Chinese put the same gentle instrument. But the people, male and female, of Java beat both hollow:—

"Neither men nor women wear hats, except as a protection against rain: the fan is deemed a sufficient guard from the sun; and perhaps nothing will more strike the newly-arrived European than this fan, which he will behold in the hand or girdle of every human being. Soldiers and priests are no more to be seen without their fans than fine ladies, who make of theirs the use to which fans are put in other countries. Amongst the men of Japan it serves a great variety of purposes: visitors receive the dainties offered them upon their fans; the beggar, imploring charity, holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may have obtained. The fan serves the dandy in lieu of a whalebone switch; the pedagogue instead of a ferule for the offending schoolboy's knuckles; and, not to dwell too long upon the subject, a fan, presented upon a peculiar kind of salver to the high-born criminal, is said to be the form of announcing his death-doom: his head is struck off at the same moment as he stretches it towards the fan."

ART. II.

1. *Report to the Secretary of State for the Home Department from the Poor-law Commissioners, on the Training of Pauper Children; with Appendices.*
2. *On the Employment of Children in Factories and other Works.* By LEONARD HORNER, Esq., F.R.S. London: Longman and Co.

THE Training of Pauper Children is a subject of paramount importance; and the Report of the Poor-law Commissioners on it with the evidence and the comments contained in the volume, disclose many facts and suggest points well calculated to arrest the public mind, and to set intelligent philanthropic men upon a course of the most deeply interesting study and speculation. Without feeling prepared to acquiesce in all the representations made in these pages, or of relying upon every one of the theories put forth, we hesitate not to pronounce the publication to be in the main instructive and suggestive, and often most touchingly illustrative with regard to human nature and national character. We shall first indicate the kinds of contents which the volume sets before us; next convey a general notion of the facts or reasonings adduced; and then quote a few passages.

After the Report comes a mass of evidence collected by Mr. Chadwick both at home and abroad upon the manner in which education affects workmen, either as such or as moral beings and members of society. We have then the returns made by several Assistant Poor-law Commissioners to a series of queries framed and put to them by the Chiefs in a circulated form, and which returns contain more or less of statistical facts, as well as disquisition and theory; sometimes throwing valuable light upon the nature of children, it may be at different ages or as characteristic of the sexes, and how plastic in early life is the heart and mind of mankind; all demonstrating in an impressive manner the necessity of early and sound training, not merely in a moral but an economical sense. A part of the volume is also taken up with an account of the "Training School at Battersea," and the experiments of Dr. Kay and Mr. Tufnell, together with their Continental inquiries.

The following outline of the facts and opinions of main importance in this volume will satisfy the reader that we cannot over-rate them, and also that all the general and most strongly-worded assertions or truisms current about the value and uses of education, unless backed by positive results, and tested by practical and close observation, are comparatively cold and unprofitable.

It appears that there are not fewer than *fifty-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-five* pauper children in the workhouses of England, who are between the ages of two and sixteen years; while

there are several thousands more, if the whole be included up to the earliest infancy. Now, it is perfectly obvious that in some one or more senses these persons are unfortunates, are paupers from no fault of their own, and are very often inevitably destined to lead a future life of vice and misery. First of all, they are for the most part either orphans, the children of worthless or wretchedly poor parents, or it may be of criminals who have not an opportunity even if natural affection were strong in them, to support their offspring. Well then, such children find an asylum in the workhouse. But secondly, what sort of asylum in the great majority of cases, and always, indeed, where the Guardians are not at extraordinary pains to provide for their welfare? Why, they are exposed to the contagion of such examples as the paupers lend, who are such generally in consequence of the want of industry, skill, frugality, or forethought,—the very things which children cannot be charged with. Even the workhouse schoolmaster is frequently a pauper himself, or quite incompetent. It would require a person of various and superior qualifications to train a number of children, especially when situated as those in the workhouses are; and where can such teachers be procured, and for such establishments, without liberal salaries? Then, it is to be borne in mind that the children's misfortunes do not terminate with their temporary residence in the workhouse, for the time comes when they must be got rid of, which has hitherto been mostly done according to an unwise and a disastrous system,—the parish-officers giving apprentice-fees with the dismissed pauper, which, although seldom amounting to twenty pounds, and often not the half of that sum, are sufficient to tempt small and poor tradesmen,—as has been extensively the case with the Spitalfield weavers,—to take apprentices for whom they had no employment or need, and who if the apprentice was not soon given up, was neither likely to be properly taught a trade, nor wholesomely fed and otherwise well treated. To the question, “Do the masters, with whom the apprentices have worked out their time, generally concern themselves much about their future welfare?”—the answer was, “Very few instances of that have ever come under my notice. I have known some. There are females in the parish who engage a considerable number of apprentices to assist them in tambouring; they, like the rest, go to a distance for the apprentices in order to obtain the premiums, and, as soon as their time is expired, (if they work out their time) instead of employing them at wages, they turn them adrift, and seek other apprentices. The same occurs with the lint-makers.” When we state that it has been estimated that 43,000*l.* has been paid in one year in the way of premiums with pauper-apprentices, it will be felt that a great amount of wrong has been committed by this system; and that many boys must have been set adrift who will become thieves, and girls prostitutes, to rear, besides, multitudes of paupers. The sys-

tem is bad, speaking economically, as well as socially and morally ; for where care has been taken in the training of the children, and tradesmen become acquainted with the fact, there is no difficulty in finding respectable persons, and having a good business, to take apprentices without fees ; thus saving a parish a heavy expence, and rearing a body of industrious people, as well as raising the moral temperature of the district.

But in an economical view, taking it alone, the system that generally prevails at present is false and unsound ; for there appear to be indisputable grounds for asserting that a good education may be given to all the pauper children of the Unions at as cheap, if not a cheaper rate, speaking merely of the direct outlay of money, than has hitherto been the case ; and that this may be accomplished by establishing Central schools, where adequate tuition and efficient training may be obtained, separate and distinct from the several Unions within the range of each Central establishment.

There are some striking facts and opinions to be found in the volume relative to the manner of conveying instruction to pauper children, especially such as have been neglected or partially spoiled before coming under a wholesome and kind system of training, as well as to its matter and constituent parts. The hearts and the confidence of the youngsters, for a time run wild, must be touched and secured, while the head is stored. They must be made to see that their own dearest interests are consulted rather than the convenience or savings to the parish. Philosophical principles, even as to the mode of commencing and also of progression in the way of discipline as well as teaching, may be collected from the evidence in this publication ; and consequently by remarkable illustrations it makes one acquainted with some of the great lineaments of human nature, together with the modifications produced by different circumstances. And this brings us to the few proofs and passages which we promised to copy out from the evidence in the volume. Our first extracts go to show that there are remarkable reciprocal connexions between capital and education, between profits moral and economical. Speaking of the more educated workmen, and in answer to the question,—“ How have you found the opinions of this class of work-people on the subject of large capital,” Mr. Ashton, of Hyde, in Cheshire, states that—

“ They appear to be quite aware that it is for their advantage ; they find that in connexion with large capital they get the best wages and the most constant work. They have seen the concerns in which small capital is embarked, uncertain, irregular in their payment of wages, making frequent reductions, and stopping in periods of pressure, whilst concerns conducted with large capitals are carried on. Indeed, in consequence of some Chartist agitation, we had a discussion on this subject with some of our work-people. I said to them, ‘ Suppose, according to the Chartist proposal, there

was a division of property, are you sure that you would be the better for it? It was shown to them that the share of each would not be enough to manufacture with, and must soon disappear. They were fully aware that it would not do to carry on such business by a company or by co-operation, but that it was impracticable to carry on such concerns otherwise than by one individual, by unity of control, and the constant energy of individual interest. I said to them, 'After the Chartists have divided my money amongst you, and have spent it, you will begin to want work: will you not again apply to me as a capitalist for work? and what must be my answer? that I have no money to go and buy cotton with; consequently there will be an end to your wages as well as to the capital with which work and wages are provided for you.'

The investment of capital in education is economically sound policy:—

"At first the expenditure in schooling was chiefly given from a desire to make the work-people happy; but we have found that, had it all been done simply as an investment of capital, it would have been a highly profitable one. 'I would not as a pecuniary speculator consent to take less than 7000*l.* for my set of workmen, upwards of eight hundred, in exchange for the uneducated and uncultivated workmen of another manufacturer opposite. We find the steadiness of the men induces steadiness of work, and comparative certainty in the quantity and quality of the produce.'

When universal and national education shall include, together with other branches, instruction in the principles of political science, there may be looked for such fruits of intelligence, industry, and worldly condition as we cannot conceive in our present experience. We now quote from the evidence of an engineer at Zurich, some other statements which are striking not merely with regard to the effects of education, but to the differences in natural character and natural parts:—

"I class the Italians first; next the French; and the Northern nations very much on a par."

"Do you include the English as of the Northern family?"—"Yes, I do."

"What are the more particular natural characteristics of the several classes of workmen?"—"The Italians' quickness of perception is shown in rapidly comprehending any new descriptions of labour put into their hands, of quickly comprehending the meaning of their employer, of adapting themselves to new circumstances, much beyond what any other classes have. The French workmen have the like natural characteristics, only in a somewhat lower degree. The English, Swiss, German, and Dutch workmen, we find, have all much slower natural comprehension."

"What, however, do you find to be the differences of acquirements imparted by specific training and education?"—"As workmen *only*, the preference is undoubtedly due to the English; because as we find them they are all trained to special branches, on which they had comparatively superior

training and have concentrated all their thoughts. As men of business or of general usefulness, and as men with whom an employer would best like to be surrounded, I should, however, decidedly prefer the Saxons and the Swiss, but more especially the Saxons, because they have had a very careful general education, which has extended their capacities beyond any special employment, and rendered them fit to take up, after a short preparation, any employment to which they may be called. If I have an English workman engaged in the erection of a steam-engine, he will understand that and nothing else ; he will understand only his steam engine."

Again,—

"The effects of the deficiency of education is most strongly marked in the Italians ; who, with the advantage of superior natural capacity, are of the lowest class of workmen, though they comprehend clearly and quickly, as I have stated, any simple proposition made or explanation given to them, and are enabled quickly to execute any kind of work when they have seen it performed once ; yet their minds, as I imagine from want of development by training or school education, seem to have no kind of logic, no power of systematic arrangement, no capacity for collecting any series of observations and making sound inductions from the whole of them. This want of the capacity of mental arrangement, is shown in their manual operations. An Italian will execute a single operation with great dexterity ; but when a number of them are put together all is confusion, they cannot arrange their respective parts in a complicated operation, and are comparatively inefficient except under a very powerful control. As an example of this, I may mention, that within a few years after the first introduction of cotton-spinning in Naples, in the year 1830, the spinners produced twenty-four hanks of cotton-yarn from No. 16 to 20 per spindle, which is equal to the production of the best English hands ; and yet up to this time not one of the Neapolitan operatives is advanced far enough to take the superintendence of the operations of a single room, the superintendents being all Northerners."

We shall only further remark concerning the contents of this volume, considerable portions of which amount only to *opinions*, that whatever may be the merits or demerits of the Poor-law Commissioners, and whatever the excellence or faults of the Poor-law Amendment Act itself, we should have without the system and its officials been still destitute of many remarkable statistical facts and powerful impulses, which promise to lead to, or to accelerate great national reforms. Is the doctrine nothing, which appears to be substantiated by testimonies in the present publication, that not only does education make workmen more perfect and profitable, but that unless that education be obtained in early life, it generally fails of yielding its legitimate fruits, of bequeathing a capacity and habit of logical deduction and systematic arrangement ?

But while we talk of education, its effects upon the industrial classes, and of the services of which the Poor-Law Amendment

Act has been the source, towards eliciting statistical facts of no mean value, and applying or suggesting improved machinery in national institutions, let us not forget that new adjustments, political and social, in the framework of the community, must keep pace at one relative distance or another, with the introduction of the new elements. This may also be laid down as a principle that guides to an important practical lesson,—viz., that a new element may at first operate injuriously upon many persons, and yet be a general good ; say, a grand discovery in science. Indeed we question if ever any such discovery can be essentially or permanently productive of general evil in a country where political freedom exists, and where mind is at liberty to sharpen mind in any generous rivalry. For example, can it be thought that a discovery in the science of educating the intellect and the feelings,—that is, any new and closer adaptation of instruction to human nature, and to the circumstances of the instructed, ever will be a source of just regret ? To say this, we believe, would be to impugn God's creation and government of his rational creatures. But, to advance from mental and moral science a step farther, or rather to take a somewhat different illustration within the domain of education,—of mental development as well as of scope for action,—can it be said that any discovery in mechanical science, and practically applied among free and enterprising Englishmen, can operate mischievously upon the interests of the nation at large ? Not to dwell, in answer, upon the absolute necessity for the well-being of this country of its keeping a relative position in improvements of all sorts with the other nations of Europe, and of the impossibility, indeed, of restraining aspiring and ingenious men from making the most of their own or the discoveries of others, let us think, for instance, of the increase in manufactures and trade, and of course in the means of living which steam-power has originated and sustained. Were it possible in a moment or in a year to extinguish that power, would not the consequent disasters and miseries of the people be incalculably greater than all the hardships and privations which it ever has produced ? Still, some one may utter exclamations about the "Employment of Children in Factories and other Works," and put him at once to the blush who would undertake to cast up the amount of suffering and injustice which thousands upon thousands of tender, helpless, innocents annually endure in cotton-mills, &c. ; and then he may in a triumphant tone ask, ought not the legislature to stretch out its strong arm, and instantly compel the mill-owners to dismiss all such fragile labourers, and for ever dispense with their services ? But the merest tyro will unhesitatingly answer, No!—any one capable or in the habit of observing and reflecting for himself, will speedily asseverate that the thing is impossible, unless you at the same time not only entirely remodel and revolutionize the capacities and tendencies of the living generation, but recast human nature.

Well but, it may be said, without quenching steam-power, or crushing the wonderful machinery which it puts in motion,—without even any desire to cramp the exertions of the honest and humane mill-owner, let the legislature at once step forward and tell these master manufacturers, (we now quote Mr. Horner's words) “that they must accommodate themselves the best way they can to the conditions upon which alone the State will allow them to purchase infant labour; and those conditions must be such as will effectually protect the health of the children, and secure some education for them; but, at the same time, with as little inconvenience as possible to them, as to all other mill-owners, and to the workers of all ages employed in the factories;”—in other words, let the legislature very minutely and definitely regulate the conduct and economy of factory establishments, and even much of the private or social life of the labourers.

We have in most of our preceding observations been speaking as if to a person who had never turned his thoughts to the subject of factory labour and labourers at all; the few things which we have to add perhaps may show that it is a subject of a most complicated nature, and surrounded with many difficulties; nay, even that the views of Leonard Horner, who has devoted so much of his superior mind and ardent philanthropy to it, are not exactly those which can be safely adopted. It may be easy to dispose of such mad suggestions as would extinguish entirely steam as well as our large manufacturers; but it is not so easy to deal with the nice ramifications and the more distant but inseparable consequences of meddling with our mechanical inventions and individual enterprises.

Every ordinarily informed person knows that much mischief may be perpetrated by over-legislation, and also that no system of law-making can be so far-seeing and precise as to meet every formidable evil. Again, every one who reads with attention the newspapers is aware, that legislation may be partial, without agreement with the entire system to which the particular statute belongs; it may begin at the wrong end, or strike in at a wrong place. Not less notorious than any one of these truths is the fact that speculation and philanthropy often press upon Parliament, just as we think Mr. Horner does in the passage quoted, impracticable views and such as would baffle the most expert framer of enactments to reduce into a clear and efficient branch of our legal code.

But suppose that Parliament should adopt his views and be able to throw them into a more than usually compact and intelligible shape, what would be the probable consequences to the mill-owners? what to the labourers,—the infant labourers in particular? To the masters the restrictions might operate as ruinous prohibitions,—ruinous to individual and existing capitalists, and ruinous to our manufacturing supremacy. Then what would be the result to not only the factory children but to their parents? Why, star-

vation direct and complete poverty; for we hold it to be as true and manifest that our increase in machinery cannot by legislation be checked, as that the condition of the markets forced upon the mill-owners infant labour. But to pass from the masters to the children, aware that many look upon the interests of the one class as being distinct from the interests of the other;—for the great fault among us is a spirit of class-legislation, and every other kind of invidious classification,—what would be the consequences of Mr. Horner's restrictions,—or many others which have been proposed that looked as feasible, but yet that did more harm than good when tested? Why, juvenile vagrancy and vice in the place of labour,—congregating in the streets instead of obtaining at the mills at stated hours a certain amount of education,—such burthens to the parents as will further reduce and straiten their already wretched circumstances; while an ever rapidly increasing population would in our large manufacturing towns occasion still more deplorable spectacles of filth, disease, and squalid wretchedness, with their revolting accompaniments in the way of crime, than have ever yet been witnessed. We must allude, in a single sentence, to another result of rash and partial legislation concerning factory children. We learn from Mr. Horner himself that frequently when the infants are too young to be permitted by the law, as it exists, to be employed in the mills, they are sent by their distressed parents to more severe and unhealthy employments, and where the superintendence and responsibility of the masters are of an inferior order. The coal-mines have sometimes been thus supplied till the children were of age for the mills. What would be the consequences, in the case of desperate parents, were their young ones excluded or still more restricted in respect of these latter great works?

From the hasty view we have taken of the factories, and from the things suggested in a very general way, it will be seen that the subject is one of extreme difficulty as well as of vast moment and extent. Let it not, however, be concluded that we scout the idea of legislation in behalf of factory children; or that we do not see that the existing system will in all probability have more lamentable results as regards helpless innocents than have ever yet been heard of, unless the inevitable increase of unconscious machinery be in some way so directed, and the other influences bearing upon the manufacturing and industrial classes be so made to work in connexion with this new and mighty element, as to be in some sense wholesomely harmonious. Now, we know not of any one grand principle that should sooner be recognized with a view to arriving at this consistent end, than that which is in some measure developed relative to pauper education in the earlier part of this article. To this observation we add, that legislation ought to pay a direct regard to the condition of the parents of factory children; and to be

still more general and comprehensive in our suggestions,—it will be necessary to legislate with an eye not only to the poor and the industrial classes, but with a combining and fraternizing spirit with respect to the other orders of society, before we can hope to witness a parliamentary paramount influence, so as materially to hasten the adjustments required in the social condition of the entire community.

Art. III.—*The Courts of Europe at the Close of the last Century.* By the late HENRY SWINBURNE, Esq. Edited By CHARLES WHITE, Esq. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1841.

HENRY SWINBURNE was of an old Roman Catholic family, and born in 1752. He received his education at a monastic institution in France. He then made the tour of Europe, and became the author of "Travels in Spain, Italy," &c. The contents of the present volumes consist of letters extending over many years,—commencing in 1774 and continuing till the day immediately before his death, which took place in Trinidad, in 1803, in consequence of a *coup de soleil*.

Mr. Swinburne was a gentleman, a scholar, a virtuoso, and an amateur-artist; all which is to be considered in connexion with his knowledge of France, Germany, the West Indies, &c., that knowledge consisting not merely of what any one may gather when galloping over much and varied ground in country and town, but of what is restricted to aristocratic life and royal circles. Accordingly, scenery, the external appearance of things in general and of communities, together with the accounts of amusements and works of art,—of Sovereigns, their Ministers, and their Courts,—of the fashionable world both at home and on the continent,—as well as anecdotes and sketches of men famous in their day, are crowded into the volumes, with the ease which a person who writes to relatives and friends as the topics pass before him, but without the slightest idea of publication, is naturally master of; and with the polish and the taste which high accomplishment and constant mingling with the best or most refined society necessarily beget. Nor is this all in the present instance; For Mr. Swinburne, although unthoughtful of effort, or of dipping deep into abstruse questions, political and scientific, was acute and in the habit of judging for himself; and therefore with his experience and elegant erudition, his pictures of what he saw or of what he read, have more of power as well as of fidelity in them than the flow of his descriptive, and the character of his discursive, treatment may at first be thought to possess. Indeed he gives us some of the truest and most striking representations of remarkable phases and transitions in high places and in nations, that we remember to have exa-

mined ; although the lighter materials, such as anecdotes and factiæ either predominate, or are constantly occurring.

No where so much as at the several times when Mr. Swinburne visited or resided in France do we find his vivid sketches strike us. And these several times too refer not only to very distinct aspects and individuals, but paint as it were a series of subjects, each standing clearly out, or worthy of being precisely marked, as if in the progress of a drama ; the painter producing by a number of touches carelessly lent and often apparently of slight character, an expressive whole. When we say that the author of these letters was not only in Paris during the last illness and the death of Louis the Fifteenth, but was shortly before presented at court,—that Mrs. Swinburne had frequent private interviews with Marie Antoinette, and was patronized by her majesty,—and also that Mr. Swinburne was appointed by our government to proceed to Paris at the close of the Reign of Terror, to negotiate with the Directory for an exchange of prisoners, it will at once be evident that he had opportunities of looking at France at significant and critical periods. Nor did the omens at the first escape his discerning eye, nor the eyes of those with whom he came into contact in that country, and who were more directly concerned in the terrible events which were hatching or on the eve of development.

We shall first take some glimpses of France, beginning with the court in 1774, and with a levee. The Duke of Dorset was a presentee along with Mr. Swinburne.—

“About eleven, the introductions gave notice of the King's levee being ready ; and so, in company of a German baron, we trudged up stairs, and surprised his Most Christian Majesty in his waistcoat ; for none but the family Ambassadors may see him in buff.

“After staring at us, talking about the opera with some few of the crowds of courtiers, and saying about one minute's prayer with his Cardinal, he drew towards us, who were ranged near the door in rank and file. All he said was, ‘ Est-il fils du vieux Duc de Dorset, que j'ai connu autrefois ? ’ and so marched off. However as they talked much to others who stood near us, I can describe them better from this view than from the subsequent one.

“The Dauphin [Louis the Sixteenth] is very awkwardly made and uncouth in his motions. His face resembles his grandfather's, but he is not near so handsome, though he has by no means a bad countenance. His nose is very prominent, his eyes are grey, and his complexion is sallow. He seemed cheerful and chatty, and I think his aspect bespeaks a good-natured man. The second brother [Louis the Eighteenth] is a pretty figure ; and so is the third, [Charles the Tenth,] only his mouth is rather wide, and drawn up in the middle to the top of the gums.

“They are not yet quite formed as to legs and strength ; and have all a good deal of that restless motion, first upon one leg and then upon another, which is also remarkable in some members of the English Royal Family.

"The questions they ask seem very frivolous and puerile. I believe they find their time hang very heavy on their hands; for they ran with great glee to tickle one of the Kings valets de chambre as he was carrying out the King's dirty clothes."

But there are other visitings :—

"Our next trot was to the Dauphin; who said nothing. The same silence reigned at the levee of his brothers, as to our share at least. The Comtesse de Provence is a little dumpy woman, and but a plain piece of goods: her sister, the Comtesse d'Artois, is rather prettier, having a fine skin and tolerable eyes: but her nose is immense, and her toes are turned in. Poor thing! she seemed quite frightened, and could hardly speak.

"I did intend to reserve Madame du Barré for the *bonne bouche*; but it must be the Dauphiness, [Marie Antoinette,] who quite won my heart. I can give you no account of her particular features; but her air, eyes, shape, motion, her *tout ensemble*, were most charming. She spoke so cheerfully, and so easily, *comme si elle se sentait*, as the French say—

'Elle avoit une grace,
Un je ne sais quoi qui surpasse
De l'amour les plus doux appas.'

From her we passed to the three *not Graces*, but any other trio you may think would suit them: I mean the King's daughters. The Dauphin's sisters were not visible."

The round of calls is not yet finished :—

"After all these perambulations up stairs and down stairs through the Royal Family, we climbed up a dark winding staircase, which I should have suspected would have led to an apartment of the Bastille, rather than to the temple of love and elegance. In a low entresol we found the favourite sultana, in her morning-gown, her capuchin on, and her air undressed: she was very gracious, and chatted a good deal, as every body else seemed to do at Versailles, about the opera. I could hardly refrain from laughing at an involuntary exclamation from my brother presentee, the Duke; whose mistress, Mrs. Parsons, has, you know, been long out of her teens. 'Good heavens!' said his Grace in a whisper to me, 'why her bloom is quite past.'

"She is of a middling age, just plump enough, her face rather upon the yellow leaf, her eyes good, and all her features regular; but I cannot think her a pleasing figure now, whatever she may have been, or may be still, when made up and decked out in her pride."

Leaving Madame du Barré, and coming down to 1789, the society in which Mr. Swinburne moved was still exclusive and exalted, and the old regime nominally predominating. But the power of the court was gone or about to be cruelly crushed. Gloom was fast gathering around the throne and filling the chambers of royalty, so that even the lovely and once gay queen of Louis the Sixteenth was spiritless and had dark forebodings, finding herself

too much bereft of the power to befriend Mrs. Swinburne who had proceeded to Paris to forward the interests of the family with regard to certain West Indian property, and also to secure the patronage for her son which had been promised. The following passages are touching and filled with melancholy predictions:—

"I had an audience of the Queen two days ago: she is very much altered and has lost all her brilliancy of look. She was more gracious than ever, and said, '*Vous arrivez dans un mauvais moment, chère Madame Swinburne. Vous ne me trouverez point gaie; j'ai beaucoup sur le cœur.*'"

"She is very low-spirited and uneasy about her son, who, by all accounts, lies dangerously ill, and is not likely to recover. She inquired kindly after all our family, and assured me she should consider Harry as under her care; and also spoke of our business, which Madame Campan had told her was my reason for now returning to France.

"'*Je crains,*' said she, '*que dans ce moment je ne pourrai vous être d'aucune utilité; mais si les tems deviennent meilleurs, vous savez que je n'oublie jamais mes amis.*'"

"Apropos of that: I find it was by her desire that the Luzernes have shown us so much attention.

"The whole tenor of her conversation was melancholy, but she said little about public affairs: her child's illness seemed uppermost in her mind. The tears, which I with difficulty restrained in her presence, gushed from me as soon as I had quitted the room. She told me she should like to see me again soon. Poor thing! her kindness and sorrowful manner made me more interested and enthusiastic about her than ever."

At last,—

"When I had obtained my passports for myself and maid, I asked to take leave of the Queen: and the interview was granted; which is a great favour, for she sees no one. She received me graciously, even kindly; and the manner in which she spoke of my son was calculated to set my heart at ease concerning him. She wished me every happiness. '*Vous allez dans votre heureuse famille,*' said she, '*dans un pays tranquille, où la calomnie et la cruauté ne vous poursuivront pas. Je dois vous porter envie.*'"

"I ventured a few words of consolation, hinting that times were now improving, and that her popularity and happiness would be restored. She shook her head. We were alone. I know not how I was worked up to it, or had courage to make the proposal, but I did so, that if she thought herself in danger, my services were at her command, and that she could come with me to England in the disguise of my maid, whom I could easily dispose of by sending her under some pretext to her friends at St. Germain. She thanked me, and smiled faintly, but said nothing would induce her to leave her family. She added, that she had refused other offers of the same sort. '*Besides,*' and she looked round, '*si je voulais, cela ne se pourroit pas; il y a trop d'espions.*'"

Mention has been made of Mr. Swinburne's mission to Paris at a still later epoch. Before going further it may be proper however to state that Mr. White, the author of "*The Belgic Revolution*," and the editor of these volumes, has prefixed a *Life of the negotiator with the Directory*, from which it appears that the writer of the Letters thought that his services were neither duly rewarded by the English ministry, nor sufficiently prolonged. Without pretending to be in a position to decide how far the employer and his friends may have judged fairly in such a case, we cannot help noticing how much Mr. Swinburne's sagacity and acuteness were at fault when he came to judge of the measures of parties whom he fancied had neglected him, his general views becoming coloured accordingly. For example in 1801, he thus expresses himself. "I am told there is a great jumble in the ministerial pot. The king taxes Pitt with duplicity; the Pittites complain of the speaker, &c. Never was this or any other nation in such a hobble. France at liberty to turn her victorious arms towards us; a northern confederacy; our allies all cowed; the Egyptian expedition probably failed; the ports of all the world shut against us; a French fleet out against either Egypt or the West Indies; Ireland full of inflammables; a weak administration:—this is only a partial sketch of our present situation." How similar is all this to some much later croakings and prophesyings on the part of persons out of office! and how sweepingly do events contradict the calculations of men! But to return to the Letters, and for a moment to France immediately after the overthrow of Robespierre, and when the effects of the most frightful whirlwind that had ever swept over a civilized nation were palpable and gross, not only in the prevailing manners of the multitude, but in the general external appearance of everything, as well as in the cast of mind and the body of the nation's thoughts. No wonder that he who had beheld Europe and its courts in their highest state of polish and refinement, should have been shocked at the transformation, and incapable of writing a letter without marking his feelings; or that again he should hail with the associations of remembered delight, the rapid return which elastic and mercurial Frenchmen made to refinement and frivolity, the moment that public tranquillity afforded them a breathing and the safe exercise of their wonted pastimes and forms. We should say, indeed, that however democratical may be the Frenchman's theory, however hot his rage for change or for levelling to an inferior equality all ranks of the nation, there are yet elements in his nature and in the nation, as every where else, for rearing and fencing a predominating party, and an exclusive class. But let us have a glance of concentrated France at a particular era of transition:—

"I send you two prints of the present dresses of Paris done by Vernet's

son, and not the least caricatured, however extraordinary they may appear to you. What a change even the two months I have been here have made in dress, manners, &c. The return of tranquillity, and diminution of terror in the minds of belles, beaux, and dastardly honnêtes gens, who in fact deserve no name but that of egotists, have produced a wonderful improvement and increase of luxury. The quantity of handsome carriages just come out—the circumstance of servants again getting up behind them, and being better dressed; abbés and others walking chapeau bas—the men more elegantly, and the women more richly habited—strike my eyes as I move about in private and in public. I have this day for the first time seen a vinaigrette, (a species of sedan chair upon two wheels.)

“Yesterday, Madame de Gontaut gave us as fine a ball as ever was given in days of yore: three hundred of the company had lost near relations by the guillotine. Some of the men there danced with their hats on, and with red heels. Two of the Ministers (I do not mean foreign ones) were present.”

Leaving France, let us go for a few moments to Vienna, where Mr. Swinburne was noticed by Joseph the Second, Maria Theresa, and others of the royal family; even by that singular personage, yet eminent Prime Minister, Prince Kaunitz, of whom we have these particulars:—

“After dinner the Prince treated us with the cleaning of his gums; one of the most nauseous operations we ever witnessed, and it lasted a prodigious long time, accompanied with all manner of noises. He carries a hundred of implements in his pocket for this purpose—such as glasses of all sorts for seeing before and behind his teeth, a whetting-steel for his knife, pincers to hold the steel with, knives and scissors without number, and cottons and lawns for wiping his eyes. His whims are innumerable. Nothing allusive to the mortality of human nature must ever be rung in his ears. To mention the smallpox is enough to knock him up for the day. I saw an instance of this; for Burghausen, having been long absent, came out with it; and the Prince looked as black as could be all the rest of the day. To derange the train of his ideas puts him sadly out of sorts. The other day he sent a favourite dish of meat as a present to an aunt of his, four years after her decease; and would not have known it but for a blundering servant, who blabbed it to him.

“He is full of childish vanities, and wishes to be thought to excel in everything. He used to have a spiral glass for mixing the oil and vinegar for salads, which he shook every day with great parade and affectation. At last the bottle broke in his hands, and covered him and his two neighbouring ladies with its contents. A gentlemen not opening a bottle of champagne to his mind, he called for one, to give the company a lesson in uncorking and frothing the liquor: unluckily he missed the calculation of his parabola, and poured out the wine into his uplifted sleeve, as well as into his waistcoat-pocket, &c. By the by, he is dressed very oddly: his wig comes down upon his nose, with a couple of small straggling curls on each side, placed in a very ridiculous manner. He is extremely fond of

adulation, will swallow anything in its shape, and indeed lays it upon himself with a very liberal hand. One of his peculiarities is a detestation of musk. He is a sovereign Count of Reitberg, in right of his mother, which brings him in about 3,000*l.* a year. His paternal fortune is 4,000*l.* He has enormous debts, but gets 10,000*l.* a year from the Empress, and is never stinted by her. His expenditure in fancies and trifles is incredible. He studied at Leipsic with great reputation, and is an excellent Latin scholar, but no Grecian; he understands English, French, and Italian very perfectly, and reads a good deal, or rather a great deal is read to him. He has a good taste, and has raised the arts from barbarism to great perfection at Vienna. In business he is intelligent, and far above any mean subterfuges or falsehoods. He is always silent when he does not choose to express his real sentiments."

Here is an anecdote which relates to stiff personages.—

"The Empress has a fine face, but is enormously fat and unwieldy. A few days ago, her Chamberlain, Sinzendorff, waited on her with a petition from some part of her territories, which was very interesting to her. They were alone in the apartment, both standing whilst he read to her the document. Sinzendorff is a thin old man, stiff and erect, and troubled with a rheumatic complaint, which has in some measure paralyzed his frame. It happened that the paper fell to the ground. The Empress bade him pick it up. '*Helas! Madame,*' said he, '*il y a vingt années que je ne me suis courbé!*' She would have stooped for it herself, but was too unwieldy: he was accordingly obliged to ring the bell for the purpose; and the groom of the chambers on entering found her Imperial Majesty in a violent fit of laughter."

At Naples Mr. Swinburne had also access to royalty, and has several amusing anecdotes to retail. At that period it was hardly thought necessary for sovereignty to make concealment of licentiousness, or to treat gross amours with serious rebuke. For instance:—

"Ill-natured people say the Queen's gallantries are numerous, and that her confidante was the Duchess of San Severo, whose husband was at one time a great favourite with the King. For some unknown reasons, the Queen has had a quarrel with the Duchess, who to revenge herself, persuaded her husband to inform his Majesty of his wife's conduct, upon promise of his never divulging the name of his informer. The King, who was just then worried to death by the Queen's real or affected jealousies, was quite enchanted with this discovery, and could not help telling her of it the first time she upbraided him with going astray. This attack made her furious, and she never rested till she learned from him the name of the person who had given him this information. The Duke of San Severo was banished from Naples; and his vexation brought on a fever of which he died.

"The King once carried his jokes so far, as at a grand supper at Posilipo to take Guarini (a favourite) by the hand, and bring him up from the end of the table to the seat next the Queen, saying that was his place: she

boiled with anger, but was forced to swallow the affront; and, as soon as she could, had him removed to Turin; there furnished a house for him, and gave him a magnificent set of porcelain, which she had received as a present from the Emperor, besides a very fine diamond star and cross. Her present favourite is an officer in the Guards, son of the late Prince of Mar-rico. They are much together at the masquerades, &c. She is only allowed 50,000 ducats a year for every expense, therefore cannot be very generous."

It has often been said that the French Revolution was needed, and came not a whit too soon, to purge the European courts of shameless vice, and to make nations serious as well as to teach political lessons.

At Rome, as might be expected from his previous receptions and his religious creed, our letter-writer was introduced to Pope Pius the Sixth; and we read,—

"He received us at the door of the apartment as he was going out to walk. Abbé Grant, who conducted us, talked so much, that the pope could not get in a word. His holiness is a very handsome, tall man, with fair hair, half white, and a ruddy face, with a turned-up nose. He speaks French, but did not to us; indeed he addressed himself entirely to Abbé Grant. A few days after, Mrs. Swinburne was presented to him, and took the children, as he came up from his devotions in the chapel of the sacrament at St. Peter's. She made the children kiss his foot. He then held it out for her to kiss, and next day he sent her some very beautiful beads and stones of Oriental agate. He performs all his ceremonies with much grace, and appears to have practised and studied his actions before he comes out of his room. He is very proud of his legs and feet, and wears his gown short to shew them. He sits up very late, and rises early, but sleeps in the afternoon, and takes a mile walk to Ponte Molle about sunset. Abbé Grant, who generally performs the part of cicerone, or *introduceur* to the English, is a Scotchman, and was brought up to London as a rebel in the year 1745-6, in the same ship with Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, &c. Whilst on the voyage, a Scotch servant said to him, 'You will be saved;' Grant shook his head, and replied, 'I fear not, friend.' 'You will,' said the other; 'But you will be the only one.' Not putting any faith in the second sight of his countryman, he had no hopes, both from the inveteracy of the court party, and from his having no friends to intercede for him. By the merest chance, no proofs or witnesses appeared against him, and therefore, to his great surprise, he was acquitted. He then immediately set out for Rome, where he has resided ever since."

We now throw together a few miscellaneous extracts, and which neither require nor admit of comment. The first relates to Nelson at Copenhagen :—

"April 16th, 1797.

"I will transcribe for you what I remember of Lord Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton, which she has just read to me and others, as they contain

many curious details not in the Gazette, and which one may like to refer to at a future period. At the same time it employs me, and may you also, for a little while, in something less distressing to our thoughts than our own feelings. Though I do not mean to say it is a frivolous subject, God knows it is a dreadful one to many a tender parent, wife, or child. Lord Nelson writes several letters. The first gives an account of the negotiation with Colonel Stricker, about passing the Castle of Cronenbourg. He puns upon the name. An aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince came on board (Admiral Parker writes a Danish jackanapes). He wrote something down, and, finding the pen bad, threw it away, saying, 'Admiral, if your cannons are no better than your pens, we need not fear you much. To-morrow you will pass the Sound; we shall give you a warm reception. What are the names of the commanders?' All the captains were mentioned to him. He started at the name of Nelson, and exclaimed, 'Ha! Nelson is here? then I suppose you mean to do something.' The second letter gives an account of the passage of the Sound, which was accomplished without loss, as not a single shot struck the ships, though a tremendous fire was kept up from the Danish forts and batteries. The attack was very severe and bloody, as he had every floating battery and gun-boat to destroy or silence before he could get at the men-of-war and the great batteries. The hereditary or Crown Prince was present, and very nearly killed. After four hours' hard fighting in the good old way, our brave, skilful tars took, sunk, or burnt, eighteen sail of men-of-war, seven of the line. In this letter there is much mention of his trust in God and his protection, &c. He also inserts, very unaffectedly, that he hopes Sir William's pictures sold well. In the preceding letter he had sent his compliments to the Duke of Queensbury and Lord William Gordon, and begged the latter would not be making songs about them till they had done their work well. He laments the loss of his captains and the grief of their families. In the last letter he says the Danes immediately sent off a flag of truce, to desire an officer of rank might come ashore to treat with the Prince, or that a Danish nobleman might be allowed to go on board; and that an armistice might be granted for a short time. Lord Nelson complied with great pleasure, for his ship, the *Elephant*, was aground in a bad position. He went on shore and conferred with the Prince, to whom, he says, he told more truths than he probably had ever heard in his life, or perhaps any sovereign ever heard. The Prince asked him 'why the British fleet had forced its way up the Baltic?' He answered, 'to cruise and annihilate a confederacy formed against the dearest interests of England.' He pointed out Bernsdorf (who was present) as the author of the combination, and answerable for all the blood which had been spilled that day, and added, that if they had not had beating enough, he was ready to return on board, and lay Copenhagen, its shipping and arsenal, in ashes. The Prince was exceedingly agitated and terrified. Unfortunately Lady H. was called away, and I did not hear the end of the letter."

Yankee manners:—

"An English officer, Colonel A——, was travelling in a stage to New York, and was extremely annoyed by a free and enlightened citizen's per-

petually spitting, across him, out of the window. He bore it patiently for some time, till at last ventured to remonstrate, when the other said, 'Why colonel, I estimate you're a-poking fun at me—that I do. Now I'm not a going to chaw my bilgewater, not for no man. Besides, you need not look so thunderingly ugly. Why, I've *practised* all my life, and could squirt through the eye of a needle without touching the steel, let alone such a great saliva-box as that there window.' Colonel A—— remained tranquil for some time; at last he spat bang in his companion's face, exclaiming, 'I beg you ten thousand pardons, squire, but I've not practised as much as you have. No doubt, by the time we reach New York, I shall be as great a dab as you are. The other rubbed his eye, and remained *bouche close*.'

England is not unfruitful in Mr. Swinburne's letters. We give one sample:—

"The other day at dinner, in company with the Prince of Wales, Wilkes being called upon for a toast, gave 'The King, and long life to him!' 'Since when have you become so loyal, Wilkes?' said the Prince laughing. 'Ever since I have had the honour of knowing your Royal Highness,' said he, with a respectful bow.

"When the Prince was a little boy, having been very troublesome in his father's room, and several times turned out of it by him, he returned at last, and thrusting his head into the doorway, screamed out, 'Wilkes and Liberty!'

"Wilkes told me that Churchill had sold to George Kearsley twelve sermons for five hundred pounds, and that he had only nine to produce: the bookseller would not pay the money unless the number was complete; so Wilkes himself composed the three wanting; which were so much superior, (for Churchill wrote bad prose,) that he was afraid they would be found out not to be by the same author as the other nine.

"When Churchill was dying at Boulogne, two Capuchins insisted upon seeing and exhorting him; which Wilkes daily refused. At last he persuaded them to depart, by hinting the danger they would run of being perverted by the sick man, who was a divine, and one of the most eloquent of the church of England."

But a time comes when there is no taste for *facetie*, and when everything earthly is stale and burthensome. Mr. Swinburne's darling son is wrecked; weeks of doubt and uncertainty elapse with regard to his fate; but at last the sad fact is ascertained that he is lost; and the father thus writes to his wife:—

"I must write, though I have nothing to say, except that your gentle soothing letter has in some measure calmed my agitated mind. That you are resigned to the will of the Almighty, I thank him; and I will hope that time will teach me to be patient and devout like you.

"If Pelham would but get into office, and give me something to do, it might be an occupation, if not an amusement to me. I could post the ledger of an apothecary or a haberdasher; I could feed pigs, or dip a water-

dog; but I cannot sit down to my own business, without pains in my head and eyes that overcome me in a moment. I cannot draw, I cannot compose, or revise my old MSS., from physical as well as moral causes; and I see no end to my misery.

"The papers inform you of all that passes, for I cannot bring myself to have the attention necessary for the perusal of a newspaper.

"I will write to Minasi; but his correspondence ceases to give me pleasure, for the subjects he treats of, no longer interests me; indeed, 'man delights not me, nor woman either.' The only idea I can form now, not of happiness but of quiet existence, is to sit by your side all the time my health and duties do not require absence."

ART. IV.

1. *History of Scots Affairs, from 1637 to 1641.* By JAMES GORDON, Parson of Rothiemay. Printed for the Spalding Club.

2. *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, Founder of Dulwich College.* By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A. Printed for the Shakspeare Society.

A GOODLY number of societies now exist in this country, devoted to the purposes of throwing genuine and authentic light upon by-gone ages, and rescuing from oblivion the literary antiquities which have either never before been printed, or have in that shape become so extremely scarce as to be unknown on the part of the public. In this way have many family documents and more general records been of late years edited, at a trifling expense to individual members, although the cost of publication in most cases would have altogether deterred any one single person from undertaking the task at his own risk. It is well, for the interests of history and literature of many kinds, that it has become a feature of this inquiring age to desire the fullest and the most correct knowledge of long by-gone periods, whether great national events or the manners of our ancestors be the object of study; and the societies of which we now speak have in not a few cases been of service in the work of elucidation and of handing down vivid pictures of much that was before dark in highly interesting departments; while they have tended to awaken the very sort of liberal curiosity that must lead to further and further discoveries and publications of national and family archives. In fact, the two clubs named at the head of this paper are but of recent formation, and the first-fruit offerings now before us not only hold out promises of a brilliant career, but offer to the world some very acceptable contributions.

Similar societies have for many years been in existence it is true; but so long as these were confined to two or three of the great cities of the empire, and were supported or supplied by only a comparatively small number of investigators, it is obvious that their services could only extend over limited portions of the country, and

only make inroads here and there, and as if at random. But in the increase which we gladly hail, we see grounds of hope for more, and the growth even of a spirit of rivalry, which must benefit the public, and furnish students with precious and solid treasures long hidden or forgotten.

It is but two years or so since the Camden society was constituted; and already it has published several valuable historical works. The Percy, which regularly puts forth some novelty of ancient poetry, has only been in existence a few months, and is said to consist of 500 members. We observe another society in the course of establishment with the Duke of Sussex at its head, which contemplates a distinct and a definite purpose; that is, as may be at once presumed from the name of its royal president, to print early and other documents illustrative of the history of the sciences at home and abroad; there being already mentioned as likely to be amongst its first contributions, an English tract on the making of oils and medicinal waters from a manuscript of the fourteenth century; proposals for mechanical inventions addressed to Queen Elizabeth by Bourne, from a manuscript in the British Museum; a catalogue of the scientific MSS., formerly in the library of Dr. John Dee of Mortlake, from his own catalogue in the British Museum; a collection of early tracts on the method of illuminating, and on the materials employed in that art; Anglo-Saxon tracts of the tenth century on Botany and Natural History, with an account in Anglo-Saxon of the wonders of the East; together with some middle-age treatises on the same subjects, and a selection of figures of animals and plants from early MSS., to be edited with translations. These particulars we learn from a notice in a late number of "The Literary Gazette." And to come to the societies more immediately under consideration,—the Spalding Club has recently been formed at Aberdeen, the Earl of Aberdeen being president, with many of the most distinguished persons in that part of the country as members, for the printing of historical, topographical, ecclesiastical, genealogical, and literary remains of the north-eastern counties of Scotland; the first of three quarto volumes of the Parson of Rothiemay's History being the *debut* of the society.

There is hardly a district of Scotland that can be richer in the sort of materials which the Spalding club will search for than that of which Aberdeen may be called the capital. That part of the country has been the scene of many signal events, the birth-place and residence of many eminent men; and is closely connected with curious recollections. The old families are numerous in that quarter of the United Kingdom; while their family chests, as well as the University library, must contain many valuable manuscript documents, although we can hardly expect that many of them can either be so bulky or worthy of publication as the "His-

tory of Scots Affairs, from 1637 to 1641," a period so distinguished for the violent conflict which episcopacy had with the Covenant. The manuscript is in the Library of the King's College and University of Aberdeen, and has found a competent editor, who satisfactorily establishes its authenticity. Before extracting some portions of the first volume, we shall cull a few particulars concerning the author from a prefatory statement.

James Gordon was the son of Robert Gordon of Straloch, an antiquary and a geographer of celebrity in his time, and who left many writings behind him, which are well known by the name of "the Straloch MSS." The author of the present history, on the mother's side, was descended from the family of Drum, a distinguished house in Scotland, and was appointed minister of Rothiemay in 1641; his predecessor having been ousted for refusing to subscribe the Covenant, of which, from some of the passages to be quoted, the deposed parson's immediate successor does not appear to have entertained the most hearty approval.

But whatever were his ecclesiastical opinions, or his abilities as a preacher, we may be sure that he was zealously devoted to literature, on considering the nature and amount of his labours; at a period too when the country was in a distracted state, as there were few in Scotland who took a deep interest in purely literary pursuits, and disjoined from ecclesiastical and political warfare. He not merely assisted his father in those important productions in which that accomplished gentleman was engaged, such as the geographical work entitled the "*Theatrum Scotiæ*," but he contributed independently to the same science, then truly in its infancy in Scotland. For example, he constructed a large map of Edinburgh, which was engraved in Holland, and which has always been regarded as a valuable and curious work. On the margin are "two prospects" of the city, which, with some drawings of the principal buildings, entitle him to the praise of being the first person who is known to have preserved views of particular places or edifices in Scotland. He appears to have been engaged in similar undertakings in relation to other parts of the country, not only of the character of maps and plans, but of description. The "*Brave Town*," viz. Aberdeen, was thus distinguished by him, the written illustration being about to be printed for the first time, by the Spalding Club. He died in 1686, and an old author says of him, that "The stoicism which has been observed in that family (besides expressing strong sense in ordinary conversation in broad Scots) was likewise observed in him. He is said to have been a dealer in judicial Astrology." One thing is seen in the volume before us, whether this last allegation speak the truth or not,—the parson was not superior to the superstitious notions of many of his enlightened countrymen at that age; for he minutely describes the reports given by "care witnesses,

souldiers of credite, &c.," about various supernatural omens, prodigies which "foretold the followinge warre and miseryes;" such as "visiones of armyes and things of this nature that wer noysed to have been seen and heard in diverse places." "My own wyfe" is among the number of reporters and witnesses. But we must proceed to quote some passages of considerable length, from any one of which it will be soon felt that the parson is perspicuous and racy, as well as weighty and apparently impartial. We begin with a minutely yet forcibly drawn picture of the opposition and its growth to fierceness, made to Laud's attempt to force upon the Scotch the New Service-book, and when tardy or incomplete concessions by the king only caused the people to rise in their demands, and become more sturdy; just as perhaps the non-intrusionists will do in the struggle which is at present distracting the Kirk. Our historian thus writes, referring to the year 1638:—

"The Kinge complained that the oftner they did petitione and protest, they did still enlarge their demaundes and adde to greivauces. But little did he know, that they wer animated thereunto by such as the King tooke to have been for him: and not a little by his sitting still qwyett at London, without studying at this tyme how to repress ther tumultuary conventions any other way but by proclamations; which, if they be not seconded with power, are but buggbeares; for the wysest who saw this manner of proceeding judged that it had been better for the Kinge not to have commanded them to disband under no lesse penaltye then treason, when he knew no present waye for to force them, in caise of disobedience. Heerby his commandes wer first rendered contemptible and ridicolouse; heerby lyckewayes ther was laide opne *Arcanum Imperii*. For both these petitioners saw the Kinge's weacknesse, which made them sleight his commandes, discovered his intentiones towards them, and the sence that he had of other actinges, which he judged for the tyme past high misdemeanours; and now, by his Edicte, had engaged himself to punishe exemplarly in the following tyme, in caise they shoulde remaine obstinate; whiche did but putt them upon ther gwarde for to provyde tymouslye for ther own defence and securitye, and for putting home of that which was so prosperously begunne, and so successfully hitherto carryed on. XXXV. To which purpose, much about this tyme and thereafter, ther was abundance of armes began to be brought over out of Holland, pairtly for privatt use, and afterwarde for publicke service; towards which pourpose, one Thomas Cunninghame, then a factor at Campveer, in the Isle of Walker, was one of the cheefe provisors, and afterwards, for his faithfullnesse in the following yeares, he was made Lord Conservatour, by ther means who, from the beginning, had employed him, they having ousted of that employment one Sir Patrick Drummond, for enclyning too much the Kinge's waye. And as armes beganne to be called home from Germany in some numbers: and amongst others Sir Alexander Lesly, of whom I spoake befor. Thir things I mention now, although mostly done this summer and the yeares following, for it was about this tyme that thes things began to be done. And as they beganne

to looke about them for arms and souldiours, so lykwayes by all meanes to sollicite all such as might be helpfull to them, in caise it should come to a warre betuixt the Kinge and them, as afterward shall be related; for they had gottne some advertishment from Courte, that it was suggested to the King for to cut off the heades of cheife men. This made them looke about them for to defend themselves ever after, as they pretended it to be the reason why suche as came to protest at Stirling conveened in such multitudes, least ther chiefe men should be suprysed and made prisoners. XXXVI. From this convention at Stirling they goe towards Edinburghe; and twer the delegattes or Tables, of whom I made mention before, began to turne from delegationes to consultationes; a fyft generall Table being added, which consisted of commissioners chosne from the other four tables. The four Tables consulted of such thinges as wer meete to be proposed at the generall Table; and whatever was concluded at the general Table was directed to the severalle Tables of the gentrye in all the several shyres, and ther receaved and putt in practise."

The grand result of the Tables was the immediate subscription, by multitudes of all ranks, of the Covenant, beginning at Edinburgh. Concerning the earliest subscribers we have these particulars:—

"The first (as I am credibly informed) was Johne Gordon, Earle of Sutherland, and the next was Sir Andrew Murrey, Lord Balvard, minister at Ebdy, in Fyfe: two noblemen who, out of zeale to ther professione, without any by ende, thought it ane happinesse to be amongst the first subscribers and swearers to the Covenant. After them all that wer present ranne to the subscriptione of it, and then through the reste of the cittye it went, evry one contesting who might be first; and others without further examination or questioning the articles therof, following the example of others, women, young people, and servant maides, did sweare and hold upp ther handes to the Covenant. All who wer present at Edinburgh at that meeting in the moneth of Februarye, subscrybed and swore to the Covenant before they went from thence; and, at ther parting, ministers and noblemen, and gentlemen, who wer weal affected to the cause, carryd copyes therof along with them, or caused them to be wryttne out after ther return to ther severall paroshines and counteys of Scotland. Which copyes wer ordinarily wryttne upon great skinnes of parchment (for which cause at that tyme, in a written pasqwell, the Covenant was termed *The Constellatione* upon the backe of Aries). And such as took copyes along with them for to be subscrybed, caused ordinarily such as had sworne or underwrytne ther names alreadye (if they were noblemen or ministers of note), for to sett too their hands anew to the severall copyes, that, wher themselves could not be present to invitte others, ther hand wrytte might be ther proxye."

We are next told that for some months the work of subscribing was earnestly gone about, and "in purchasing handes therunto." The account of the increasing boldness of the Covenanters thus continues:—

"The greater that the number of subscribers grew, the more imperious they were in exacting subscriptiones from others who refused to subscribe; so that by degrees they proceeded to contumelys and exposing of many to injuries and reproaches, and some were threatened and beaten who durst refuse, specially in greater cittyes (as lyckwayes in other smaller townes), namely, at Edinburgh, Saint Andrews, Glasgow, Lanerke, and many other places. Gentlemen and noblemen carryd coppies of it about in their portmantles and pocketts, requyring subscriptiones there unto and usinge their utmost endeavours with their freendes in private for to subscribe. It was subscribed publickly in churches, ministers exhorting their people therunto. It was also subscribed and sworne privattly. All had power to take the oathe, and were licenced and welcome to come in, and any that pleased had power and licence for to carye the Covenant about with him, and give the oathe to such as were willinge to subscribe and sweare. And such was the zeale of many subscriber, that, for a while, many subscribed with teares on their cheekes, and it is constantly reported that some did draw their owne blood and used it in place of inke to underwrytte their names. Such ministers as spoke most for it were heard so passionatly and with such frequency, that churches could not containe their hearers in cittyes; some of the devouter sexe (as if they had kepted vigils) keeping their seates from Friday to Sunday, to gett the communione given them sittinge; some sitting allway let before such sermones in the church, for feare of lossinge a rowme or place of hearing; or, at the least, some of their handmaidens sitting constantly ther all night till their mistresses came to take upp their places and to releve them; so that severall (as I had from very sober and credible men), under that religious confinement, were forced to give awaye to these naturall necessities which they could no longer containe, bedewing the pavements of churches with some other moisture than teares. These things will scarce be beleevd, but I relate them upon the credite of such as knew this to be truthe. Nor were they scrupolouse to give the Covenant to such as startled at any poynt therof, with such protestationes as, in some measure, were destructive to the scence therof, (as was seen in severall instances), so that they gott subscriptiones enouch thereunto. And it came to that height in ende, that such as refused to subscribe, were accounted by the rest who subscribed, no better than papistes. Such ministers as did disswade their people from subscriptione, either they had eneuiche adoe to maintaine themselves in their paroshines; and howbeit, afterward, they did subscribe, yet other quarells were founde for to dryve them from their stationes; or if not that, yet doe or saye what they pleased, they were held in suspitione and not trusted; although it be true that some ministers who were recusants at first, afterward did vey for zeale and activitye with the first subscribers, by this meanes both redeeming their delay of tyme and rubbing off all suspitione from themselves. Others were forced for to flee and desert their stationes and places, being persecuted by their parishoners, specially such as had been active for the Bishopps, and had been hasty to reade or commend the Service Booke or Booke of Canons."

We must quote another passage of considerable length, and

which is full of character, whether we regard the Scotch or the writer :—

“ The King fynding thinges lycke to come to furdre trouble, had at last tackne the allarum, and beganne, behynde tyme, to looke about him for assistance. Little he could expect in England, which was generally mutined; and it was uncertaine whom he might trust too in Scotland; for either they wer actually engadged against him, and forstalld already, or wer falling off from him dayly, or if they wer for him, inconsiderable in comparison of the Covenanters. Yet suche wer not altogetther wanting, and amongst the first who, with little difficultye, declared for him, was Huntlye; who heerin did thinke, that he but walked in the stepps of his predecessors, whose fashon it was alwayes to own their princes interest in the tymes that the Kings wer brought lowest. Nor wer the Covenanter noblemen ignorant what help he might be to ther cause, if he wer wonne in to ther syde; therfor, they resolve, by faire meanes and allurments, first to trye him. Huntly, in his younger yeares, had been bredd up at court with Prince Henrye and the present King, then Ducke of Yorke, and principled in the protestant relligione, according as it is professed in the Church of Englande, and that by King James' speciall oversight and appoyntment; who was very sensible what trouble it had bredd him, from tyme to tyme, for to protect the old Marquease of Huntlye, who, being of the Romish professione, was therfor much hated in Scotland by the stricker sort of protestants, and therfor had tackne his eldest sonne from him, that by this means he might one day be as usefull for the promovall of the reformed relligione as his father had been hurtful thertoo. But his court breeding, and abode ther, and afterwards goinge to the court of Fraunce, had putt him to greater expence then his old father would allow or pay off, so that his creditors behoved to live in expectatione of payment when he should succede to his father's place. Two yeares ere now, he was entred into his father's place and his estate; but unable in that short space (though his estate be greate) for to pay off his debt. To him, therfor, they send a commissioner: this was one Colonel Robert Munroe, who, not long befor, having come over from the German warre (wher he had served under the Swede), had offered his service to King Charles at London, but not being tackne notice of, as he expected, or as his offer deserved, entred into covenant with others at this tyme, and shortly by them was employed both in Scotland and Irelande. Him they thought meetest to entrust with ther instructiones to Huntlye, by the Earle of Rothesse advyce; who, in name and with warrant from the rest, sent Munroe to Huntlye, conceiving that he would be as welcome as any; being, that betuixt Huntlye's familie and this Munroe's, ther had been a long correspondence; next, he was a gentleman of some breeding, and could speacke like a souldiour, and durst speacke freely, and lately come from courtes; and, as he could best informe the state of affaires, so, being a stranger at home, in some measure, he would be best believed. The summe of his comission to Huntlye was, that the noble-men Covenanters wer desyrouse that he should joyne with them in the common cause; that if he would doe so, and tacke the Covenante, they would give him the first place, and macke him the leader of ther forces; and fur-

der, they would make his state and his fortunes greater than ever they were; and, moreover, they should pay off and discharge all his debts, which they knew to be about an hundred thousand poundes sterling; that their forces and associates were an hundred to one with the King; and, therefore, it was to no purpose for him to take up arms against them, for, if he refused their offer and declared against them, they should find means to disable him to help the King; and, moreover, they knew how to undo him; and bidd him expect that they will ruin his family and estate. How both these threats were effected afterwards, shall be told in its own place. XLIII. To this proposition, Huntlye gave a short and resolute *repart*; that his family had risen and stood by the Kings of Scotland; and, for his part, if the event proved the ruin of this King, he was resolved to bury his life, honours, and estate, under the rubbish of the King his ruins; but, withall, thanked the gentlemen who had brought the commission, and had advised him therunto, as proceeding from whom he took for a friend and good willer, and urged out of a good intention to him. Of these things Huntlye did advertise the King, letting him know what was likely to fall out shortly, if not prevented. But little or nothing did pass between the King and him after these times, nor between the King and his other trustees in Scotland or England, but the Covenanters had notice thereof, by means of the groomes of the bedchamber, particularly Mr. Maud of Panmoo (afterward Earle), James Maxwell of Innerwick, and William Murray, nephew to Mr. Robert Murray, minister at Methven, beside other courtiers. These groomes made bold with the King's pockets at night, and took out such letters as he had received; if, of importance, they copied them out, putting up the principals into the King's pockets, and dispatching the copies according to the present exigent. This was so well known that, on a time, Archbishop Lawd, writing to the King, spared not to add to the letter, being of consequence, 'I beseeche you, Sir, trust not your own pocket with this, alluding to his bedchamber groomes, their practice.' * * * But Huntlye, as I have already spoken, began about this time for to assist the King's proclamations at Aberdeene, and, for the most part, all his friends and followers, both in the Low Country, and in the Highlands, did generally refuse at this time to take the Covenant, thereto moved equally by his example and diligence, and their own inclination. This great block being founde unmovable by faire means, made them ever after have a special care how to pluck it up, by strength of hand and sleight conjoined; for, ever from that time forwards, they had an especial eye to Huntlye's motions, and fell upon him with the first of their opposers."

We now come to the Shakspeare Society, the list of subscribers being rapidly filling up. Its object is the printing of manuscripts, and the republication of scarce tracts or volumes, which in any way elucidate the history or the works of our prince of dramatists; or the literature, the authors and players contemporary with him. *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, who was an actor of eminence as well as a real philanthropist, with means far beyond the majority of players to gratify his benevolence, is a very fitting book for the young society to begin with; nor could a better writer have been

found in England for his biographer than Mr. Collier, whose enthusiasm in the illustration and study of our old dramatists is equalled by the skill, the pains, and the research which he brings to any such service. It is remarkable how he combines a number of apparently trifling and far apart notices or facts, so as to authorize not unimportant conclusions; producing order out of large masses of confused papers, and working into something like a complete whole a vast number of patches.

These memoirs not only throw direct as well as indirect light upon parts of the lives and works of several of the most admired and revered of the old dramatists, but exhibit by means of not a few lively colours the condition of the stage at an early period of its history, and of the actors which upheld and improved it in those days. The life even of Alleyn alone, and without reference to his friends, whether players or writers of plays, is a very interesting piece of biography.

Mr. Collier has been much indebted in the present case to manuscript documents preserved at Dulwich, which he has with great industry and judgment made use of to add to or correct what was before known or conjectured concerning the principal subject of the work.

Alleyn was born in London in 1566, and was descended from people of some substance. But his mother married a second time, this husband being an actor, which circumstance probably directed her son's attention and pursuits to theatricals, in which sphere he acquired the highest reputation; and the parts in some of the plays in which he performed are now known from his manuscripts. One of the shreds of documents which Mr. Collier has discovered, consisting of a few lines of verse, will allow him to be seen in his capacity of commentator; while it introduces Shakspeare under the name of "Will," by which Heywood says he was known among his companions. The lines refer to a sort of wager and contest which took place sometimes in those days, and runs precisely as follows:—

"Sweete Nedde, nowe wynde an other wager
 For thine old friend and Fellow stager.
 Tarlton himselfe thou doest excell,
 And Bentley beate, and conquer Knell,
 And nowe shall Kempe orecome aswell.
 The moneyes downe, the place the Hope
 Phillippes shall hide his head and Pope.
 Feare not, the victorie is thyne;
 Thou still as macheles Ned shall shyne.
 If Rossius Richard foames and fumes,
 The Globe shall have but emptie roomes,
 If thou doest act; and Willes newe playe
 Shall be rehearst some other daye.

Consent then, Nedde ; doe us this grace ;
 Thou cannot faile in anie case ;
 For in the triall, come what maye,
 All sides shall brave Ned Allin saye."

Now upon these lines Mr. Collier remarks :—

"No explanatory prose accompanies the above slip, which seems to have been an inclosure. The wager was laid by some brother actor, that Alleyn would be judged superior to Kempe, (whom Nash, about 1589, in the dedication to his 'Almond for a Parrot,' called 'Vice-gerent General to the Ghost of Dick Tarlton,') in some part not mentioned ; and hence we may gather that Alleyn was 'famous' in comedy, as well as in tragedy : all the actors named, excepting Burbage and Shakspeare, (who is only spoken of here as an author,) were comedians. The Hope was a theatre in the occupation of Alleyn, and in the immediate vicinity of the Globe, where 'Roscius Richard' was in the habit of performing, and where (and at the Blackfriars Theatre) Shakspeare's plays, as far as we can now learn with certainty, were represented. We need feel little hesitation in believing that the couplet

——— and Willes newe playe

Shall be rehearst some other daye,

refers to Shakspeare ; but it may be doubtful whether we should take the word 'rehearst' in the sense of a private repetition before public performance, which then, as now, it signified, or in the more general sense of *acted*. A mere rehearsal would not attract an audience, nor would be intended to do so ; and it would, therefore, have been no disappointment if the 'rooms' at the Globe were 'empty ;' while the words 'new play' seem appropriate to the term 'rehearst.' However, the point of the passage would be lost, were we not to understand 'rehearsts, as *acted*' and the reference to be to the first night of a new play by 'Will' Shakspeare"

It cannot be certainly known whether or not Alleyn ever acted in Shakspeare's plays, but he had at least a share, as manager or proprietor, of several theatres ; and from the inventory of the player's wardrobe, there is proof positive that he performed in pieces which had similar titles to some of the great dramatist's productions, but which may have been older plays whose names "Will" borrowed. It is sufficiently well known, however, that Alleyn and Philip Henslowe were partners in theatrical concerns, and had rival houses to Shakspeare's ; and this might be the cause of positive restriction so as to shut the actor out from availing himself of the bard's productions. Still, in Henslowe's Diary, we are told, there is an account, by which it appears that the rival companies played together for some time at the theatre in Newington Butts. Mr. Collier, after mentioning this fact, goes on to state as follows ;—

"Whether they acted jointly on the same days, or severally on different days, we cannot determine ; but Henslowe's entries are of daily receipts on

his part, as if he were entitled to a share of 'the takings,' whatever company performed. It is remarkable, also, that while the two associations of actors were occupying the Newington Theatre, we read the following, among the names of the plays which Henslowe informs us were represented:—

9 June 1594 Rd at Hamlet	vij s.
11 June 1594 Rd at the Tamyng of a Shrowe.	ix s.
12 June 1594 Rd at the Andronicus.	vij s.
25 Augt 1594 Rd at the Venesyon Comodey. .	1s. vj d.
17 Sept 1594 Rd at Palamon and Arset	lj s.
8 Nov. 1594 Rd at Sesar and Pompie	iiij <i>li</i> ij s.
20 June 1595 Rd at Antony and Vallea.	xx. s.
26 June 1595 Rd at the 2 pte of Seaser.	xx s.
29 Nov. 1595 Rd at Harry the V.	iiij <i>li</i> vj s.
22 June 1596 Rd at Troye.	iiij <i>li</i> ix s.

Thus we see that between 9th June, 1594, and 22nd June, 1596, during which period, it is very likely, no fewer than ten plays were performed upon the same, or similar, subjects as those which Shakspeare adopted: this remark supposes that 'the Venesyon Comodey' meant (as has indeed been conjectured) 'the Merchant of Venice;' and that Shakspeare was concerned in 'the Two Noble Kinsmen.' It seems not impossible that some of these may not have been different or older productions, but the very same that proceeded from his pen; and it is capable of distinct proof, from Henslowe's Diary, that five out of the ten plays were new. These are 'the Venesyon Comodey,' 'Palamon and Arsett,' 'Sesar and Pompie,' 'Harry the V.,' and 'Troye.' It will be observed that the receipts to Henslowe, as entered by him, were much larger upon these five occasions (in consequence, no doubt, of the greater fulness of the theatre) than when old plays were represented; and he inserts opposite to each of them the usual mark, to denote that it was the first time the piece was produced before an audience. If none of these plays were by Shakspeare, but dramas which he availed himself in the composition of his own plays, the above list shews that he had perhaps been in some way concerned in the representation of them, and his attention might thus have been especially directed to them."

There are some merely incidental references to Shakspeare in the Dulwich papers, which establish that he was on intimate and friendly terms with the Alleyns. For example we find in an affectionate letter to her husband by the actor's wife, while Alleyn was strolling in the country, these few words, decay having obliterated parts of the writing:—

"This xxth of October 1603. Aboute a weeke a goe there came a youthe who said he was Mr. Frauncis Chaloner who would have borrowed xli to have bought things for * * * and said he was known unto you, and Mr Shakspeare of the globe, who came * * * said he knewe hym not, onely he herde of hym that he was a roge * * * so he was glade we did not lend him the monney * * * Richard Johnes [went] to seeke and inquire after the fellow, and said he had lent hym a horse. I feare me he gulled hym, though he gulled not us. The youthe was a prety youthe, and handsome in appayrell: we knowe not what became of hym."

References are to be met with in the Dulwich papers to Marston, Massinger, Dekker, Ben Jonson, &c., and which prove not only that some of these had hard strugglings with fortune, but found Alleyn a real friend. With regard to Jonson, there is positive evidence that the anecdote is true which has been so much questioned by Gifford and others, of the duel in which he killed his man. In one of Henslowe's letters to Alleyn there are these words, "Sence you weare with me, I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatley, that is Gabrell, for he is slayen in hoggesden fylldes (Hoxton Fields), by the hands of bergemen Jonson, bricklayer." Upon this passage Mr. Collier observes as follows:—

"The first point that strikes us as remarkable in the paragraph is, that Henslowe calls Ben Jonson 'bricklayer' merely, as if that were his trade, and apparently without meaning it as any reproach. When Dekker so frequently throws bricks and mortar in Jonson's teeth in 'Satiromastix,' we know that he wishes thereby to bring him into ridicule; but Henslowe only seems to speak of it as a matter of course. This is very singular, because Ben Jonson two years before the date of the letter just quoted, had written his 'Every Man in his Humour' for Henslowe's theatre (Malone's Shakesp. by Boswell, iii. 307: the play is called 'the Comedy of Humours,' under date of 11th May, 1596, in Henslowe's Diary); and, in 1597 and 1598, he had received several sums of money on account of dramatic productions in progress. It would almost appear as if Henslowe, when he wrote to Alleyn, did not know that he was the same Benjamin Jonson, who was and had been an author in his own pay. Besides, at this date Ben Jonson was in his twenty-fourth year; and it has always been supposed that it was only for a short time after he returned from Cambridge to his step-father, and before he embarked for Flanders, that he followed the trade of bricklaying. According to the mode in which Henslowe speaks of him, it would be thought that Ben Jonson was a bricklayer at the period when he killed Gabriel. A question then arises who was Gabriel? It was in all probability a christian name, and we find that there were, about this date, two Gabriels in Henslowe's company—Gabriel Spenser and Gabriel Synger (Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, i. 350). They are both frequently mentioned in Henslowe's Diary in and prior to 1598, but after that year we only hear of one of them—Gabriel Synger; and in the same book occurs an entry regarding him in 1602, when he produced what was known by the name of Synger's Voluntary.' Therefore the actor whom Ben Jonson killed must, in all probability, have been Gabriel Spenser."

It is not very clear how Alleyn acquired a fortune sufficient to erect and endow Dulwich College, and to compass his other charities; but that all he possessed was fairly come by, and that he was a man of enlarged mind, as well as a first rate actor, cannot be doubted. He seems to have resided during his latter years at the place which his philanthropy had raised into importance. There his hos-

pitality must, from what is found in his diary, have been distinguished. We conclude with two short extracts.

A day of triumph for Alleyn :—

“The 13th September was a day of signal triumph to him, for then it was that the foundation and completion of the great work of charity and munificence were celebrated. The following entry is copied from his autograph Diary :—

“‘This daye was the fowndation off the Colledge finisht, and there were present, the Lord Chancellor; the Lo. of Arondell; Lo. Coronell Cieccll; Sir Jo. Howland, High Shreve; Sir Edward Bowyare; Sir Tho. Grymes; Sir Jo. Bodley; Sir Jo. Tunstall; Inigo Jones, the K. Surveyor; Jo. Anthony. They first herde a Sermond, and after the Instrument of Creacion was by me read, and after an Anthem they went to dinner.’

“To this is appended a list of the viands, with their quantities and prices, the whole expense having been 20*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*, more than 100*l.* of our money at its present value.”

Provisions in his will :—

“One of the provisions in Alleyn’s will was, that his executors, Thomas and Mathias Alleyn, should build twenty Alms-houses, ten in the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and ten more in the parish of St. Saviour, Southwark. From his autograph Diary we have learned that he had himself superintended the construction of Alms-houses in the Liberty of Finsbury, near the Fortune Theatre, having ‘laid the first brick’ on the 13th July, 1620. On the 29th April following, he placed ‘three men and seven women’ in them; and on the 23rd June, he paid 4*l.* for five chaldrons of coals for the inhabitants of them. Therefore, as far as the parish of Cripplegate was concerned, the charitable work was accomplished in Alleyn’s life-time: but he left it to his executors to fulfil the injunctions of his will in the parishes of St. Botolph and St. Saviour.”

ART. V.—*Six Months with the Chinese Expedition: or, Leaves from a Soldier’s Note-Book.* By LORD JOCELYN. London: Murray. 1841.

THIS short, plain, and sensible narrative, with its graphic descriptions and suitable reflections, has been opportunely published; for although the newspapers have made us acquainted with the principal events in the history of the Chinese Expedition of which Lord Jocelyn speaks, yet his account, as coming from an eye-witness and a prominent actor in these scenes, has a freshness as well as an authenticity about it which is sure to recommend the publication extensively; even while much, according to the latest intelligence which has arrived in England, be doubtful or mysterious with regard to the war and the negotiations in which we are concerned with the “Celestials.” The small volume, besides, may be advantageously

read along with the two works which stand at the head of the first paper in our present number.

Lord Jocelyn was late Military Secretary to the China Mission, and was present at the taking of Chusan, as well on other occasions and at other places distinguished in the early part of the Expedition's operations; and indeed until ill health overtook him, when he was sent home with despatches. In the course of the dreary voyage his Leaves were written, without pretension, but with good effect. They are full, too, and informing, so far as the author's opportunities allowed; while the manly yet humane and considerate tone in which the straightforward record is conceived, adds to the value and the attractions of the little book.

Lord Jocelyn is at pains to guard himself against his volume being considered in any respect as official, or as recording any other than his own personal views and what he actually observed. Of course, neither *Six Months*, nor the limited sphere of his experience, could furnish matter for a large book. Still, having had access at various and interesting times to specimens of a most exclusive nation; having beheld many of them individually as well as in groups, in circumstances too when character would develop itself with extraordinary truthfulness; and being manifestly capable as well as inclined to take the fullest and most impartial view of all that he saw, the account is much more satisfactory and suggestive than the reader may have expected. It will soon be discovered from his pages that the Chinese are a superior people, and not the semi-barbarians that they have often been called; that their natural capacities are eminent, their feelings humane, and their civilisation far advanced. There will also appear some significant points relative to the conduct of the Expedition; but still, however inexplicable or injudicious may have been its plan as directed at home, or the execution hitherto of that plan on the part of the British diplomatists and officers on the Chinese coast, there seems to be ample proof that China was not only altogether unprepared to cope with a European power, but that if the English should proceed at any time vigorously to action, and should promptly assail a few accessible and main points, the celestial empire as now constituted would speedily be humbled, be reduced to despair and ruin. We shall draw freely from Lord Jocelyn's volumes; and yet not so fully as to substitute an account that will excuse our readers from resorting to his pages in their entire shape. We join the Expedition at Singapore, a town which has risen with wonderful rapidity into importance, both in respect of population and commerce; the larger number of the people being Chinese, who are exemplary, as in the mother country, or wherever they settle in any considerable numbers, on account of their industry and regularity. Still we learn, that many of them even at this recently established settlement patronize

the opium shops, one of the streets being wholly occupied by these terrible haunts of vice and destruction. We quote his Lordship's account of these receptacles and their frequenters :—

“ One of the objects at this place, that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his heaven : and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and death-like stupor, however, of the opium debauchee, has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the latter. Pity, if possible, takes the place of other feelings, as we watch the faded cheek and haggard look of the being abandoned to the power of the drug ; whilst disgust is uppermost at the sight of the human creature levelled to the beast by intoxication. * * * * * The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling ; and, from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face ; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain ; and it is only when to a certain degree under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages. Some entering half-distracted to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day ; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe ; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid with an idiot smile upon their countenance, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast merging to the wished-for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead-house, where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.”

If we could bring ourselves to believe that the immorality of the opium traffic, or that the disastrous consequences of indulging in its use as an intoxicating stimulant, were the *bona fide* reasons for the umbrage taken by the celestials towards the “outer nation,” and that the gross and prolonged insults which they offered to the British were not the result of extreme arrogance and dishonesty,

we should look upon the chastisement they have already received, and are likely to aggravate by insincerity and renewed follies, as a frightful blot upon the escutcheon of England. But even as it is, and according to the occasional lights afforded by Lord Jocelyn's narrative, we have misgivings relative to the planning and the following out of the warlike Expedition.

There seems to have been vacillation at first somewhere, as well as disastrous procrastination at a later period ; so that what was done so early at Chusan looks as if it had been murderously calamitous to the natives of that island, without effecting any good for the assailants, but on the other hand rendering the Expedition to an alarming number of the Anglo-Indian army, quite a Walcheren affair.

At first the idea was to take forcible possession of a place, near the entrance of the Canton river, to destroy the forts that guard the approach to the city and the scene where our merchants and the flag of England had been insulted, and Queen Victoria's servant imprisoned. There it was thought, and the inhabitants of Chusan were of the same mind, that the first lesson should be given. But with, we fear, an unwise and fallacious notion about sparing human life, and to the great disappointment of the Anglo-Indian force, a situation, viz. Chusan at the mouth of the Yeang-tse-kiang, which Lord Jocelyn calls the main artery to the body of the Chinese empire, was selected, and thus one of the most unhealthy and pestilential spots that could have been chosen became the head-quarters of our army ; so destructive indeed to that army, that terrible as was the visitation to the Chinese, our loss has been much greater than we have inflicted upon them.

It really seems, coming down to a later period than our author's Leaves reach, that unless there be much less of "*Talkee*," the Chinese favourite mode of expressing a parley, as his Lordship informs us, than has hitherto been employed, the termination of the war may be distant. According to the latest intelligence at the moment we write, bringing down the news to within three months of this date, negotiations were still going on, and important questions "in a state of openness." Our troops in Chusan, it is said, have been reduced to one-fifth or one-sixth of their strength by sickness ; while various other accounts are sufficient to damp our hopes of a speedy and a comparatively bloodless conclusion being made to hostilities. Even Admiral Elliot, either from disgust, despair, or real illness, is on his way home, having relinquished his command. But there is satisfaction, if the report may be trusted to, in the rumour that Commodore Napier is to succeed him ; for then the *talkee*, we may rely upon it, will be at the cannon's mouth. But we must not allow ourselves to run at any length into the politics of the war, nor into the conduct of diplomatists ; and therefore now hasten to

accompany Lord Jocelyn; and among the first sentences which concern the taking of the capital and island of Chusan we have these two significant circumstances;—at the moment of anchoring near the land, and when the tide ebbed, the fleet found itself amidst a forest of fishermen's nets which covered the sea for many miles, indicating the swarming population of the empire; and secondly, when boarded by some of the industrious owners of these snares for the finny tribes, communication was carried on with them in writing, the interpreters being unable to make out the provincial patois of the fishermen; the circumstance speaking much for the education of the people at large.

It is impossible to read Lord Jocelyn's account of the taking of Tinghai, and of the island of which that town is the capital, without experiencing a strong sympathy for the people, and also entertaining for them high respect.

His Lordship states that he accompanied the commander of the *Wellesley*, on board the Chinese Admiral's junk, the orders being to summon the town and island to surrender within six hours. On getting alongside of the junk, the Chinese ran their gangway guns out, but not in time to prevent the Englishmen from jumping on board, where in an instant swarms seemed to gather from every corner of the vessel, numbers also wading from the shore. The slightest mark of hostility was not shown, but the utmost civility, even treating the "barbarians" with tea. The Chumpin, or Admiral, was not on board, but soon arrived. "He was an old man, and bore in his face the marks of opium." Now for the summons:—

"We opened the summons, and they read it in our presence, and indeed before the assembled troop. The deep groans and increasing pressure of the people warned us that we were amongst a hostile multitude; and from that moment I have ever doubted the fiction, so industriously circulated throughout India, of the hatred and dislike of the natives in China to their Tartar rulers; for it appeared, as far as we had an opportunity of judging, to be without the slightest foundation.

"The summons addressed to the people stated that no injury was intended to them, but it was against their rulers and their servants we had come to make war for their unjust acts. Of this they seemed perfectly aware; but they hated the invading barbarians more bitterly than their Tartar rulers; and their clenched hands and anxious faces proved to us how false was the idea that we were come amongst a people who only waited for the standard of the foreigner to throw off a detested and tyrant yoke.

"After some conversation, they agreed to accompany us to the flag-ship; and, upon our proposing to remain as hostages on board their junk, they simultaneously refused, and begged we would take a seat in their boat to the *Wellesley*.

"All was here repeated to them, to the same end as what they already

knew ; and the reason and purport of our present hostile movement on the place was explained. They complained of the hardship of being made answerable for the wrongs that we had received at Canton ; and said, naturally enough, 'Those are the people you should make war upon, and not upon us who never injured you : we see your strength, and know that opposition will be madness, but we must perform our duty, if we fall in so doing.'

"Sir Gordon Bremer entreated them to consider well before they attempted to defend what they owned was impracticable : they promised to do so, and he gave them until the following morning to confer and think over it. Their last words before quitting the ship were, 'If you do not hear from us before sunrise, the consequences be upon our own heads.'

"Whilst on board the vessel, they showed no marks of astonishment at her size of guns, except one man, whose fate I shall afterwards mention ; and refused to take any refreshments during the conference, except some sweet wine, which they seemed to be well acquainted with."

Lord Jocelyn, in remarking on the attack, says that every endeavour compatible with the position of the commanding officer, was made to save an effusion of blood. But he adds that the people of Chusan—

"Most justly observed, it seemed hard that they should be made to suffer for the sins of the Canton Government, and we had no injuries to revenge personally upon them : in the second place, our force was numerically so much superior, that they would lose nothing in their own eyes by being defeated when victory on their part was impossible : thirdly, more was likely to be gained at a spot which it was then hoped might prove at a future day an eligible seat for our commerce, by conciliation and gentle endeavours, leaving no rankling reminiscences on the minds of the people. If a blow became necessary, it would have far more effect if struck at some point where the Chinese considered themselves most invulnerable, and where, therefore, it would become more awakening to their vanity and self-opinion."

But the attack :—

"The dawn of day brought much the same spectacle as the preceding, excepting that a few guns were mounted on the Jos-house hill, and the Mandarins were seen actively employed running about along the wharf. Soon afterwards they were remarked to take their different stands with the troops ; one among them, with his party in the martello tower, being particularly conspicuous. The war-junks were drawn up and crowded with men.

"The British men-of-war were lying in line with their larboard broadsides towards the town, at a distance of two hundred yards from the wharf and foot of the hill. They consisted of the Wellesley, 74 ; Conway and Alligator, 28 ; Cruizer and Algerine, 18 ; and ten-gun brigs. At eight o'clock, the signal was hoisted to prepare for action : still, however, time was given by the Commadore, hoping to the last they would repent ; and

it was not until two o'clock that the troops left the transports in the boats of the squadron, and took up their position in two lines in rear of the men-of-war, to land under cover of the fire. At half-past two the *Wellenley* fired a gun at the martello tower: this was immediately returned by the whole line of junks, and the guns on the causeway and the hill: then the shipping opened their broadsides upon the town, and the crashing of timber, falling houses, and groans of men resounded from the shore. The firing lasted on our side for nine minutes; but even after it had ceased, a few shots were still heard from the unscathed junks.

"When the smoke cleared away, a mass of ruin presented itself to the eye; and on the place lately alive with men, none but a few wounded were to be seen; but crowds were visible in the distance flying in all directions. A few were distinguished carrying the wounded from the junks into the town; and our friend the Chumpin was seen borne from his vessel by a faithful few, having lost his leg in the action by a round-shot. It is as well here to mention that he was taken to Ningpo, a town on the opposite island; and although honours were heaped upon him for his gallant but unavailing defence, he survived but a few days to wear them. * * *

"We had landed on a deserted beach; a few dead bodies, bows and arrows, broken spears and guns, remaining the sole occupants of the field.

"The men arriving from the boats formed along the causeway in line, and the Eighteenth advanced up the steps leading to the temple on the hill. On reaching the summit, we distinguished the inner town, which had not been visible from the shipping: it was situated in a hollow in rear of the mount, and the bird's-eye view was very picturesque. On the walls were seen the banners of the Chinese soldiery, whilst the men crowded along the ramparts, beating their tomtoms and gongs, beckoning us with their hands to the attack as the troops became visible to them on the hill. They opened their wretched wall-pieces, which, from their construction, can neither traverse nor be depressed, and which, being charged with a bad description of powder, did no damage to the force.

"In the course of two hours from the time of leaving the ships, the *Madras* Artillery had four guns in position, and fired a few shells into the town; the advanced picquets were posted; and the Chinese fired upon the reconnoitering parties from the walls wherever they became visible. The evening began to close in; and the commanding-officers were desired to seek covering for the men, as Brigadier-General Burrell had determined not to attack the town before the following morning. Until ten o'clock that night, the Chinese kept up a dropping fire, under cover of which they afterwards appeared to have deserted the town.

"During the evening, the civil magistrate and some of his officers were killed by our shells; and the Governor drowned himself in a tank, when accused of cowardice by his people."

The summons had been borne on board the Admiral's junk, when it was crowded; but what was the condition of the vessel after the battle?—There were found—

"Five wounded men, who had been unable to make their escape with

their comrades ; the decks were covered with clotted blood, and the Admiral's papers, bowls, and chopsticks, were still in his cabin, where he had taken his last meal : two of the men were dead, and upon two of the others some medical men of the fleet had performed amputation : but the fifth, a young Mandarin who had accompanied the Admiral in the visit to the Wellesley, was writhing in agony ; and seeing the operations that the doctors had performed, he pointed to his shattered limbs, and clasping his hands implored them by signs to do something for his relief ; but it was too desperate a case, and past all human remedy, so that in a few hours he breathed his last. This was the young man who had caused more interest on board the flag-ship than any of the rest, from the curiosity and frankness that he showed about everything."

Somehow the idea of sparing Canton, from humane motives, and falling as was done upon the people of Chusan who had given no offence, but might have incurred the supreme displeasure of the Emperor at some future period unless they made a show of resistance, wounds one's heart sorely, and looks like an *untoward* affair. But we must now turn to less revolting scenes, and some characteristic particulars in the social and domestic condition of the respectable inhabitants of Chusan. And yet the appearance which the capital presented immediately after its capture must introduce these particulars. A few of the staff entered with the view of quieting the fears of the inhabitants. The invaders must have looked with eager eyes upon everything around and so unfamiliar to them. Lord Jocelyn's impressions, at least, must have been vivid. He says,—

"The ramparts were found strewed with pikes, matchlocks, and a species of fire-rocket, arrow-headed ; and on the parapets, packets of quicklime were packed up, to blind the eyes of the barbarians had they endeavoured to mount the walls. The main street was nearly deserted, except here and there, where the frightened people were performing the kowtow as we passed. On most of the houses was placarded 'Spare our lives ;' and on entering the *jos*-houses were seen men, women, and children, on their knees, burning incense to the gods ; and although protection was promised them, their dread appeared in no manner relieved. Many were posting down the back lanes into the country with their spoil, for we afterwards found the goods principally carried away were taken by plundering natives, not by the legitimate owners. At last we came to the Chumpin's house : the gates leading to the entrance-yard were painted with huge ungainly figures, denoting, they said, Justice and Punishment. On one side was the Room of Justice, and thumbscrews and rattans were seen lying about. The path to the inner apartment, called the Hall of Ancestors, lay through an open court, round which were the offices of the government clerks. Some letters and papers half finished showed the haste with which they had evacuated the town. Passing through the court we entered a guardhouse, which led again to a trellised walk, at the south end of which was the hall. Here on the couches were the pipes half smoked, and the little cups filled with the

untasted tea ; cloaks, mandarin's caps, and swords lay about in confusion. Following up our research we at last came to the apartments of the ladies : these rooms were curiously furnished, and strewed with clothes of all descriptions and for all purposes. Silks, fans, china, little shoes, crutches, and paint-pots—the articles of a Chinese lady's toilette—lay tossed in a sad and telltale *mêlée* ; and many of these fairy shoes were appropriated by us as lawful *loot* [plunder]."

Before the 25th of July, notwithstanding the anxiety of the invaders to secure the confidence of the people of Tinghai, the place was more deserted than ever, villains and robbers alone frequenting it, and actually gutting the houses of everything that could be carried away, and even during daylight and in sight of the British ; for the orders were strict that no Chinese was to be stopped at the gates, although carrying goods of any description. Another piece of mistaken levity,—allowing the most worthless to enrich themselves, while the respectable inhabitants who had fled with their mandarins were plundered and denuded.

The streets of Tinghai are narrow, but many of the houses have had such pains taken with them, that they are polished outside. The roofs, however, are the most picturesque part of the buildings. We read further as follows :—

"Many of the respectable houses have pretty gardens attached to them, with a high wall shutting them out entirely from the town. The interior of some of the houses were found beautifully furnished and carved ; one that is now inhabited by the governor, and believed to be the property of a literary character, was, when first opened, the wonder and admiration of all. The different apartments open round the centre court, which is neatly tiled ; the doors, window-frames, and pillars that support the pent-roof, are carved in the most delicate and chaste style, and the interior of the ceiling and wainscot are lined with fret-work, which it must have required the greatest nicety and care to have executed. The furniture was in the same keeping, denoting a degree of taste the Chinese have not in general credit for with us. The bed-places in the sleeping apartments of the ladies were large dormitories, for they can hardly be called beds : at one corner of the room is a separate chamber, about eight feet square and the same in height ; the exterior of this is usually painted red, carved, and gilt ; the entrance is through a circular aperture, three feet in diameter, with sliding pannels ; in the interior is a couch of large proportions covered with a soft mat and thick curtains of mandarin silk : the inside of the bed is polished and painted, and a little chair and table are the remaining furniture of this extraordinary dormitory. Many of the public buildings excited great astonishment among those who fancied they were in a half-barbarous country. Their public arsenals were found stocked with weapons of every description, placed with the greatest neatness and regularity in their different compartments ; the clothes for the soldiers were likewise ticketed, labelled, and packed in large presses ; and the arrows, which from their size and strength drew particular attention, were carefully and separately arranged. To each arsenal is at-

tached a fire-engine, similar to those used in our own country. The government pawnbroker's shop was also a source of interest; in it were found dresses and articles of every kind, evidently things belonging to the upper as well as to the lower classes, for many of the furs here taken were of valuable descriptions; each article had the owner's name attached, and the date of its being pawned: this is another of the plans of the local government for raising their supplies."

We marvel how a reviewer would fare in China. But was it kind in Lord Jocelyn to awaken the inquiry within us, and to occasion comparisons that are painful and odious?

We must pass over the sketches and incidents that belong to our author's journeys in the interior of Chusan, and come to some characteristic notices of an interview which Capt. Elliot had with Kea'shen, at the mouth of the Peiho, whither the fleet proceeded:—

"A bridge of boats had been constructed for our use across the mud flat; and a narrow pathway leading some hundred yards from the shore brought us to an encampment, which had been thrown up for the reception of the mission. A blue screen was placed at the entrance, so as to hide the interior from the gaze of the public, and here we were met by many more mandarins, and marshalled into the presence of Kea'shen; he rose at our entrance, and received the mission with great courtesy and civility. Indeed, the manners of these high mandarins would have done honour to any courtier in the most polished court of Europe. He begged us to remain covered, and was introduced to each person separately, and expressed his hopes that the supplies had been received by the squadron. He made some excuse for our reception in the tents, but intimated that Tarkou was some distance from the landing-place. Judging from appearance, he might have been a man of forty, and looked, what he is said to be by his countrymen, a person of great ability: his tail,—the Chinese appendage to men of all ranks except priests,—was remarkable from its length, and the care that was evidently bestowed upon it. He was dressed in a blue silk robe, with a worked girdle; on his legs were the white satin boots common to all the higher orders; his head was covered with a mandarin summer cap, made of a fine straw; in it was placed the deep red coral button, denoting the rank of the wearer, and the peacock's feather drooping between the shoulders. On the whole, his dress was plain; but the mandarins when in full costume, judging from specimens taken at Chusan, must have a very gorgeous appearance. The encampment was surrounded with a high canvas wall, resembling that which encircles the private apartments of great men and native rajahs when travelling through India. Inside this screen were eight small tents, in each of which a table and forms were placed. These formed an oval; and in the centre was erected a canvas cottage, of rather an ingenious description; whilst at the upper end, concealed by another screen, stood the tent of conference. This lined with yellow silk (the royal colour), and worked with the arms of the empire at the back. The interpreters and Capt. Elliot remained with the commission, whilst the rest of the officers and gentlemen sought the different tents around, in which the

lower orders of mandarins were busy preparing a breakfast for the party; for it was an extraordinary thing in this visit, that everything was apparently done by mandarins—none of their servants being admitted. The meal consisted of numerous little plates, piled one upon the top of the other, containing birds'-nest soup, sea-alugs, sharks' fins, hard-boiled eggs, whose interiors were far advanced into chickenhood, and dressed fish; these were the greatest delicacies. This is but a small portion of the supply; for at table where I had the honour to partake of *the good fare*, there were no less than thirty of these little saucers. These breakfasts were spread in the different tents, and each was intended to stay the ravenous appetites of five barbarians."

Still, on this diplomatic occasion, it could not be concealed that efforts had been made by the authorities to hide their weakness. But the five barbarians, in spite of screens and mud embankments, discovered enough to satisfy them that as a military station, even after attempts had been made to give it a formidable appearance, it was quite ludicrous. This observation may naturally enough introduce our concluding extracts with regard to the efficiency of the Chinese and their preparations for war, as well as what are some of Lord Jocelyn's views, should all negotiations fail. He is speaking of an expedition made by the Kite, and says—

"The information gained in this expedition was of the most valuable nature, should it be found necessary at any future period to operate at this point. Sixty miles of the course of the Yeang-tse-kiang had been surveyed, and a passage found that would permit a line-of-battle ship to enter; and as far as Captain Bethune could judge from the nature of the soundings, country, and run of the river, there appeared nothing likely to stop a vessel's course for many miles. Even if it should not be necessary to follow up the research, science will have received a most interesting addition from the investigations of this indefatigable and zealous officer. The description of some of the Chinese forts hastily thrown up on the approach of the ships was ludicrous; many consisting of bamboo mats, pierced as if for guns, to astound the barbarians; for little did they imagine that through the glasses from the ship this childish deception was easily discovered."

Again,—

"Should the treaty be broken off by some unlooked-for occurrence, or some Chinese political bigot be substituted in the room of Kea'shen as commissioner, which is not altogether impossible, as he is looked upon by many of his countrymen as too favourable to the foreigners; the indefatigable researches which have been made by the squadron under the direction of his excellency the commander-in-chief, and the knowledge thereby obtained of places hitherto unknown, must bring the contest to a short and decisive determination. The occupation of the forts of the Bocca Tigris, the blockade of the Yeang-tse-kiang, and the cutting off all communication at the mouth of the Imperial Canal, both at its northern and southern mouths,

at Teen Sing on the Peiho and on the Yeang-tse-kiang, would cause such starvation and misery through the northern provinces, that it would at once paralyse all their efforts ; and if it were necessary to bring matters to a still speedier termination, a descent on their principal towns along the coast—Canton, Nankin, Chapoo, Amoy, and Teen-sing—would bring such awful destruction and havoc, and the people themselves would rise against their government, and the whole empire would become one frightful scene of anarchy and confusion ; for, not only are all these plans now known to be practicable, but by a cut, made either in the banks of the Yeang-tse-kiang, or of the Imperial Canal, the Chinese themselves or their invaders might render the whole of the great province of Cheki'ang and the provinces far to the northward one scene of deluge."

Ere closing the paper we may allow our readers a glimpse of Manchoo Tartary, to which the Volage made a run :—

" This country is tributary to both China and Japan, but appears more dependent on the latter ; the men are remarkably athletic, tall, and jealous of their women, and the country not unlike parts of the western coast of Scotland. They seemed to live chiefly on vegetables, varied at times by puppy's flesh ; in many of the houses we found these little creatures fattening for their fate ; for although they have plenty of bullocks, they employ them only for agricultural purposes ; and all through China and along this coast, milk, the principal article of diet among European peasantry, is not used. We remarked that the Chinese at Chusan laughed immoderately at our soldiers milking the goats, as they think it unnatural that men should drink the milk of animals. However, the Tartars to the westward are said by travellers to live entirely on the milk obtained from the camel ; so this must be a peculiarity of the people of Manchoo, derived from the Chinese. We found the most useful articles of barter here were the brass buttons on a naval jacket, the worth of one being estimated far higher than that of a Spanish dollar, of which they did not seem at first to comprehend the value ; for a button kindly furnished me from the jacket of a friend, I became the owner of a sheep and some poultry ; and I suspect both purchaser and seller were equally proud of their ability at barter. Their houses are much the same as in China, but the mode of cultivating the land must be here laborious. All the hills are terraced to the summit, on account of the severe rains to which they are subject, and which often sweep the whole side of a hill into the valley below. Traces of these devastations meet the sight on every side, shewing how necessary is the precaution. Labouring under severe illness, I was unable to join the sporting parties of the gallant captain and his officers in their expeditions into the interior ; but by their description the sport was excellent, and from the marshes, snipes and wild-fowl arose in thousands ; however, the execution done might have led to a different idea ; but it was generally imagined to be the fault of the guns, which an Indian climate was supposed to have relaxed as well as the sportsmen."

Last of all take a hurried notice of some of Basil Hall's old friends :—

"One of the transports, called the Indian Oak, had been sent from Chusan in the month of July, or beginning of August, with the letters of the expedition, and was unfortunately wrecked on the coast of Great Loo Choo. Luckily for the wrecked mariners they fell into the hands of good Samaritans, for the kindness of the natives exceeded all that has hitherto been known. They stood on the beach ready to receive them with open arms, changed their dripping clothes for their own, brought them into their houses and fed them, and, not contented with this, wandered along the coast, endeavouring to pick up the articles washed from the vessel, returning them to the right owners, who all declare that they do not believe that a single nail of the vessel that was driven on shore was appropriated by a native without permission. Their greatest anxiety was to send home the remains to Queen Victoria, and at length they decided upon building a junk out of her relics to send to England, as they said, to her majesty. She came into Chusan in the beginning of October, and seemed rather a pretty vessel, although the sailors had painted upon the stern the 'Folly.'"

ART. VI.—*The Sportsman in France.* By FREDERIC TOLFREY. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1841.

AN anecdote or two, some descriptions, facts and directions, may be picked out of Mr. Tolfrey's twaddling and wiredrawn volumes, "comprising a Sporting Ramble through Picardy and Normandy, and Boar Shooting in Lower Brittany," that will interest or amuse our readers for a few minutes, and perhaps induce some one who cherishes the Nimrod *gusto* to repair to the provinces which he traversed. It will be seen from our extracts, that there is not only abundance of game in France to tempt the English sportsman, but that the politeness and hospitality of the country gentlemen are of the most liberal character; while the means of living genteelly can readily be obtained at an incredibly cheap rate. Besides, we are so faintly acquainted with the French methods and system of sporting, and know so little of the habits and character of their rural aristocracy, —of the style and state observed at their *châteaux*,—that any ramble which affords sketches and notices of these things, so unfamiliar to us, is welcome; and our author being not only an enthusiastic patron and disciple of both the "Rod and Gun," but skilled in cookery and dexterous with knife and fork,—for he records scenes and exploits in these latter departments with as much zeal and anxiety as he displays in the former,—he furnishes some glimpses respecting well-spread boards, and such things as ministered in behalf of his inner-man, that merit a passing thought.

We shall begin with noticing what the French have not, and then proceed to what they have and do in the way of sport, &c. Well then, Mr. T. informs us that there are no grouse in France; that the French gentleman has not the least idea of fishing with the artificial fly, at the same time that he is well aware of the Englishman's proficiency in the piscatory art, but would rather see you kill

ten brace of birds, than half as many trout. Again, a Frenchman, unless he happens to be the *filz unique* of rich parents, can take little pride in his inheritance nor feel much interest in his strip of acres, and therefore looks not upon shooting partridges as an amusement of an all-engrossing nature. Then, until lately, Mr. T. says, our Gallic neighbours had not a dog fit for anything in the way of setting or pointing. Their guns too were of the lowest order of workmanship, and little better than a regimental musket. Indeed, as respects shooting implements and tackle of every description, they are greatly behind us; and therefore before quitting the shores of England, the sportsman should amply provide himself. Powder, to be sure, is issued from the royal manufactory of France that will be found to answer every purpose, while to smuggle it into the country is very difficult on account of the strict prohibition that respects this article. The only other thing which we shall notice as defective regards bed-room supplies of water, foot-bath, sponges, &c., to serve you in the course of your ablutions; for a Frenchman contents himself "with dipping the corner of a smooth calico towel into a flat thing, miscalled a basin, but which bears more affinity to a pie-dish than any particle of crockery I am acquainted with." Mr. T. adds that a facetious son of Gallia once remarked, that he thought our countrymen must be very dirty to require so much cleansing.

But to take the other side of things,—the facilities for the sportsman in France are numerous and important. For example Mr. T. experienced from one end of the country to the other, uniform good-feeling, civility, and hospitality. He never in any one instance, met with a denial when requesting leave to sport; all that is required, on the part of the landed-proprietor being, that you will pay him the compliment of calling at his *château*, and asking permission to shoot or fish as the case may be. There are salutary regulations in France, too, that contrast with English modes; such as the law strictly and invariably enforcing throughout the country a postponement of the opening day of the shooting season, in the event of a backward harvest. The mayors of districts and communes have this discretionary power. Mr. T. goes on to observe and to compare, in the following terms:—

"The first of September is a *dies non*, provided the grain be not housed; and I have known, in some departments, the *chasse* to be interdicted until the 10th, 12th, and even the 15th of the month. The birds, too, are none the worse for being a fortnight older: and I am convinced that if grouse-shooting with us were not permitted until the end of August, it would be of more real benefit to the sportsman than as the law now exists. The penalty of shooting in France before the period officially announced by the mayor of the town, village, or district, is very severe—fine and imprisonment, in a greater or lesser degree, according to the enormity of the offence and the character of the

offender. If he be a notorious poacher, the confiscation of the gun is superadded to the punishment. Where the landed proprietors are wealthy, and their domains large, the estate is well preserved, as a good establishment of *gardes de chasse* is kept up; and these functionaries, with very few exceptions, perform their duty zealously and faithfully. Where the revenue of the seigneur will not admit of this outlay, depredations on his manor are but of too frequent occurrence; for almost every Frenchman carries a gun, and he will pop at the partridges whenever he can; whether he kills them or not, is of little moment. The French *deputés* do not trouble their political brains about game-laws; for, with the exception of a royal *ordonnance*, which compels every sporting subject to take out a *porte d'armes*, at the rate of twelve-and-sixpence a head, there is no further opposition to frightening the game in *la belle France*—barring always, as the Irishman says, in the few instances of the wealthy seigneurs, who may be selfish enough to preserve the game on their estates for their own amusement and for their table. Our own House of Commons, however, has given us a bill—but then, such a bill! A greater curse surely was never inflicted upon us poor sons of guns, who delight in pulling a trigger. If this said game-bill is not revised (I had almost written rescinded) in five years hence, we shall not have a bird left to fire at.

* * *

Those overwhelming pests, the railroads, furnish their quota of reckless vagabonds; for the navigators employed in these devastating works; sally forth by night in gangs, and destroy the game by wholesale. Resistance is useless, as the farmers and smaller landed proprietors can tell, and their preserves are thinned, without the power of obtaining redress. I am surprised, and I deeply regret, that the subject has not been taken up by some patriotic member. We have many sportsmen in the house, to whom, it is reasonable to suppose, the affair must be of some importance; and yet, session after session passes over without any notice being taken of this 'protection for poachers,' as I have heard the bill called."

We have already stated that Mr. T. met with many cordial receptions in France, and also hinted that the seigneurs and men of property were lavish with their savoury viands and delicious wines, among which he made such havoc as seems only to have been equalled by our crack sportsman's exploits in field and woodlands, in copse and meadow, in marsh and river. If the reader accompany him to Guingamp he may be treated and accomodated in the following tempting manner.—

"The reception and greeting we experienced were most gratifying, and before the evening was over we were promised the *droit de chasse* for miles around Guingamp. Monsieur M——, the banker, to whom we had brought letters of credit from Paris, was particularly civil and attentive, and endeavoured to cater for our comfort in every possible way. We found he had a snug little box about a quarter of a mile from the town, which, from the description he gave us of it, appeared more calculated for our purpose than remaining at an inn with a large retinue of dogs and servants.—To our very great joy, as well as surprise, we found one of the most comfortable

cottages we had ever seen in France. Moreover, it was particularly well furnished. The offices and outhouses were excellent, and the fruit and vegetable gardens well stocked. In short, we discovered every desideratum for three wandering sportsmen with a large establishment of dogs. We were so pleased with this little shooting-box that a bargain was soon concluded.—We returned to our hotel, where our friend the banker dined with us at the *table d'hôte*, and a better appointed one I never met with in any part of France. About twenty sat down to the table, which was loaded with every delicacy in season,—fish in an infinite variety; flesh and fowl, each excellent of his kind; and game in profusion,—the price, one franc per head. Our landlord was extremely desirous of adding our names to his list of *pensionnaires*, offering to feed us three times a day, with cider *à discretion*, for thirty-six francs per month each.—The banker's little shooting-box contained a *salon*, *salle à manger*, three best bed rooms, and three sleeping apartments for the servants. Everything was found with the exception of plate and linen, of which we had plenty. A more favoured spot never delighted the lover of sporting. A river ran at the foot of the garden abounding with delicious trout, and I could, in my dressing gown and slippers, always command my dish of fish for breakfast or dinner. For this truly comfortable habitation, well furnished, we paid, gentle reader, the inconceivable small sum of three hundred francs a year. This amount between my companions and myself was not very ruinous; and, by way of episode, I would advise all gentlemen of pleasing manners and small fortunes, and who may be fond of shooting and fishing, to migrate to Lower Brittany. Game of every description is in profusion, and the living is incredibly cheap. I really and truly am of opinion that Mr. Long Wellesley himself, with all his ingenuity and *grand talent pour la dépense* could not get through a hundred a-year;—a moderate man *may* live most comfortable upon half this sum. With sixty pounds a year he would be accounted rich, an income of fifteen hundred francs being considered a handsome independence; and any individual with a rental of two thousand francs is revered as a *millionnaire*."

Or if you go to Quimper, in Brittany also, you may hire a beautiful *château*, handsomely furnished, with orchards, gardens, and right to sport over the whole of the proprietor's estate, for about twenty-four pounds sterling *per annum*. An English gentleman who has resided at L'Orient for some years, told our author that at that place, the accommodation and the supplies mentioned in our next extract, may be got at the prices quoted:—

"Mr. S—— informed me that a very excellent family house can be obtained for about twelve pounds a-year; a small one for half this sum. Furniture, bedding especially, is cheap—with the exception of carpets, which are dear all over the Continent. Furnished lodgings for a bachelor, such as a sitting-room and bed-room, can be had for about eighteen or twenty francs a month. The markets are bountifully supplied, and the provisions are excellent of their kind. Beef of first-rate quality, five sous per pound; veal, six sous; mutton, four sous, sometimes five. Poultry remarkably cheap,

and particularly fine : chickens, twenty sous a couple : fall-grown fowls, from thirty-five to forty sous a couple ; capons, a trifle dearer ; turkeys, three francs each ; small ones, less. The fish is superlatively good and remarkably reasonable :—soles, from three to four sous a pair ; mackerel, from two to three sous each ; turbot, thirty sous to three francs, according to the size ; John Dory, a franc, and thirty sous ; red mullet, two, three, and four sous each. Servants' wages vary from three to four, and five pounds a year, according to their acquirements. A single man may live like a prince upon sixty pounds a year at L'Orient, and so he may at Quimper ; but this is on a grand scale ; he could live *respectably* on forty ; and a married couple could enjoy every luxury with a rental of a hundred a-year. The wines are brought direct from Bordeaux, and landed on the quay from the vessel, and you may lay in a stock of wholesome beverage at about fourpence-halfpenny a bottle. I drank some delicious claret at Mr. S.'s table, really and truly a generous wine, that warmed and comforted the inward man, which he informed me did not stand him in more than a franc per bottle. The cheaper wine is a most grateful beverage at dinner."

Even at the hotels of L'Orient you may live at an inconceivably cheap rate,—the *table d'hôte* at the Lion d'Or, for example, is excellent, and yet the regular customer is only charged thirty-five francs per month for breakfast and dinner.

Mr. T. had his eye upon dishes, and picked up receipts in the way of cookery, in a style, we have hinted, of a gay sportsman blessed with an excellent appetite. Here is a specimen in the way of directions to coffee-drinkers :—

"*Gloria* is a redolent mixture of coffee, loaf sugar (sugar-candy is better), and Cognac. To half a cupful of strong coffee add four large lumps of sugar, then pour over the back of your tea-spoon, with a steady hand, about as much fine old Cognac as you have of coffee ; the spirit will of course float on the coffee, and great care must be taken that the fluids mix not ; then light your brandy, and when the evil spirit has evaporated, stir the beverage, and you will have one of the most delicious liqueurs imaginable ; and, independently of its exhilarating powers, it will be found to possess digestive qualities in no ordinary degree ; and I strongly recommend this fascinating compound to all dyspeptic people."

Mr. Tolfrey's rambles and his hearty disposition naturally introduced him to all sorts of people as well as all kinds of field-sports which France can afford. He even on one occasion had the good fortune of shooting with the Duchess of Berri, his tour having been made a considerable number of years ago :—

"On the following morning Captain P——, Mr. W——, and myself, were up betimes, and proceeded to the neighbourhood of La Ville d'Eu, where her Royal Highness had appointed to meet us. The Duchess did not make her appearance until one o'clock ; she came on horseback, attended by two Aides-du-camp, with others of her suit, in a carriage. An elaborately-

worked *blouse* peeped from under the riding-habit, which, when taken off, displayed the slight elastic and well-moulded figure of our illustrious companion *en chasseur*, or, more properly speaking, *en chassesse*. A light and beautifully-finished gun was taken from the carriage, and we started off with our modern Diana for a field where we had marked down a covey of birds in some turnips. Her Royal Highness appeared to be highly delighted with our dogs, and was loud in her commendations of their steadiness, backing, &c. Our fair and noble friend acquitted herself admirably, and killed the first bird she fired at. The Duchess had five shots, certainly not more, and brought down a leash of partridges."

We shall not go into any details concerning the boar-hunts, with their perilous incidents, nor indeed notice any more things of the nature of adventure in these volumes, but conclude with a marvelous story about charming horses, after quoting one anecdote.—

"The portly French gentlemen eagerly displayed his smattering of English: I cannot resist recording an instance of his imperfect knowledge of our language. Capt. G——'s English housekeeper had an incomparable recipe for corned beef. As a treat to us Englishmen, an enormous brisket, most happily cured, was sent to our hotel by Capt. G——. It was boiled under our own superintendence; and just as we were about to sit down to this truly John Bull fare, who should make his appearance but our *littre Deer* himself. A hearty salutation from Capt. P—— was the result, who, as he knew but little French, said, in most intelligible English, 'Sit down, old fellow, you are just in time to take *pot luck* with us.' He did so; and I never saw any man of any nation enjoy a dish more. On a future occasion he was asked to dinner, a regular *diner de cérémonie*, which we gave the *Préfet*, and several of the authorities, in return for their hospitality and kindness to us. A day or two before the dinner took place, on meeting my friend, he said to me, 'Ah, my good gentlemen, I ask one favour from you.' 'What is it?' I replied. 'You will give me some *pot-luck* to-morrow, eh?' I said I hoped to give him something better than *pot-luck*. 'No, no, my friend,' he rejoined, 'give me *pot-luck*, it is so very good. *Mon Dieu! c'est délicieux ce pot-luck*. How you do to make so nice your *pot-luck*, eh? It is fine diah.'"

Now for the conjuration:—

"Every one has heard of the Laplander's habit of whispering in the ears of his reindeer; and in various parts of Brittany several of these whisperers are to be met with, whose success is invariable and infallible. I can here speak from experience, and had an opportunity of seeing the skill of the *sorcier* put to the proof. Captain P——, after an hour's fruitless endeavour to conquer the vicious spirit of the animal, resigned him to Monsieur de G—— and his groom. '*Il n'y a pas de remède*,' exclaimed the master; '*il faut l'amener chez le sorcier*.' Upon our expressing a wish to see the miracle wrought, Monsieur de G—— politely offered to accompany us to the village, in order that we might be convinced of the *sorcier*'s power. The *garçon d'écurie* led the refractory animal, and we followed on foot, determined to

witness the extraordinary exhibition. On arriving at the village, Monsieur de G——ordered the groom to stop, when to our astonishment, he mounted the horse which was still saddled, and said to us, '*Vous verrez.*' The animal allowed his master to fix himself firmly in the saddle, but the moment Monsieur de G—— attempted to urge him forward, every muscle of the horse's frame appeared to be agitated with rage; he reared, kicked, and plunged; in short, left no means untried to shake his rider from his back, Monsieur de G——, who was an excellent horseman, kept his seat, but he soon found that his situation was none of the pleasantest, and attempted to dismount; but this the restive brute would not allow, for he reared more tremendously than before, and evinced a strong disposition to throw himself over his cavalier. Just at this moment, a short, thickset, little man, attracted by the noise, came forth from a blacksmith's shop, towards which we had been directing our steps, and approaching the spot, acted the part of spectator for a few seconds, merely exclaiming '*Le coquin!*' At length, the groom, impatient at his apparent apathy, cried out, '*Mais soufflez donc, François, il va tomber, je te dis.*' 'Does monsieur wish it?' demanded the *sorcier*, for such he was. '*Nom de Dieu!*' said the groom, '*s'il le veut.*' As soon as he had pronounced these words, the *sorcier* watched his opportunity, and threw his arm around the horse's neck, who, not accustomed to such embraces, reared more violently than before, raising the little man off the ground with him; but he kept his hold, not at all embarrassed, and contrived, even in that awkward situation, to fix his mouth on the orifice of the animal's ear. It is impossible to imagine that the mere breathing in the animal's ear could have any effect, but his hands were occupied in holding tightly round the neck of the horse, and the only thing I could observe, was the firm pressure of the mouth on the ear. Be that as it may, in a moment the horse became less restive, stood still, shivered a little as from cold, and from that moment his spirit was gone. Strange as this must appear, it is a fact; but how, and by what means, the miracle was wrought, must be left for wiser heads than mine to determine. It is, nevertheless, unquestionably true that the horse became perfectly docile. I rode him frequently after he had passed through the enchanter's hand, and a more tractable quadruped I never wish to bestride."

Illustrations embellish and enrich the volumes.

ART. VII.—*Critiques, Contes, et Rêves.* PAR UDOLPH VICTOR; Auteur de "*Virginie*," &c. 2 tomes. 8vo. Ornées de Gravures. Paris: Eugene Renduel. 1841.

THIS is a most amusing and instructing work, and one which will be hailed with delight in the meridian of Parisian high-life. "*Criticism, Tales, and Reveries*," as its title may be translated into English, consists of various papers, all upon a variety of topics with which the author is familiar. The first article is denominated "*A letter to M. Planché*," the well known critic, and contains a variety of suggestions for any future notices which M. Planché may be

disposed to write upon English literature. The author is violent against Mrs. Trollope : he however does justice to her merits, where those merits really exist. He says that were he to deny to Mrs. Trollope the possession of great talents, a quick eye for the detection of the ludicrous, and a strong hand for its castigation, he would but fall into that same exaggeration of blame which, in her own case takes all authority from her statements, and happily neutralises all their poisons. He observes that when Mrs. Trollope launched her calumnies against American Society (the result, as they were understood to have been, of disappointed pecuniary speculations of her own, and perhaps of a personal neglect which may safely be laid to the account of her own unamiable qualities) they were luckily for the world and for herself, aimed with a malice which overshot the mark ; and, merely inflicting slight and temporary scars on the more thin-skinned, as they passed, the shafts flew onwards to bury themselves innocuously in the sands of oblivion. In two ways, according to our author, did the obvious *animus* of her attacks take from the attacks themselves all power of permanent mischief. The more intelligent spirits amongst the Americans, after a moment of surprise, turned with scorn and loathing from all contest with such an antagonist ; and exposed to the more timorous and testy of their countrymen the wretched materials of which her bolts, shot undoubtedly with a clever hand, were nevertheless compounded. And what was better still, the noble among the English people themselves, outraged by the stain upon the national honour which the writer's treachery implied, took up the defence of their transatlantic brethren,—thus extracting good from her evil, and knitting more firmly the respect of the great nation which England had sent forth from her own heart. To her American calumnies Mrs. Trollope may therefore be very safely left ;—but in the “ Vicar of Wrexhill,” she has spoken, says our French author, a language which is not to be heard without trembling ; and rushed impiously (for a fool she is not) on to ground “ where angels might fear to tread.” We shall extract a few words from the volumes before us :—

“ The *Vicar of Wrexhill* is designed to hold up for public condemnation the impieties and hypocrisies of the worst class of a widely spread sect of religionists both in England and America ; and Mrs. Trollope is bold enough to ascribe to them every deadly vice by which the worship of God can be dishonoured, and the name of God profaned.”

The author then goes on to state that under the garb of the ministry, and the mask of a more than usual sanctity, the Vicar of Wrexhill is made to nourish every passion which can destroy the soul. The sketch of this ecclesiastic is one of fearful power ; and Mrs. Trollope lavishes her blasphemies, along her pages, with an unshrinking hand.

"We have a deep pity for the woman who could write such a book ; but that pity must not prevent us from expressing our horror at the book itself. Even were there no exaggeration in Mrs. Trollope's sketch—were her pictured true in all its dreadful deformity—and even if it were not a fearful thing thus to step between man and his Maker, and sit in judgment on the souls of her fellows—what good could be answered by the publication of a book like this ? We answer, none !"

And we say, very much of evil ! Mrs. Trollope has a hand of power, and no fears—no awe—which would prevent her grasping the thunderbolt, if she could reach it. But she wants skill ; "she is not destined," says our author, "to be a new Moliere, to the new Tartuffes." The French author gives an outline of the story, and darkens his pages with a few extracts from the work. The book is no doubt, destined to the general reprobation of the French, who will thus be more or less introduced to it, as it has obtained the scorn and hatred of the English.

There are many French writers, of whom it may be said that the most striking circumstances attending their works, are the variety of subjects with which they deal, and the extraordinary rapidity with which they are produced. There is in this continual out-pouring of thought a strong consciousness of intellectual wealth, and a strong sense of intellectual power ; and yet the indulgence of the remarkable facility to which such men as Alexander Dumas, Scribe, Casimir Delavigne, Frederic Soulié, De Balzac, Georges Sand, &c. have attained is apt to beget habits unpropitious to the full development of their own conceptions. Authors become negligent, as they grow more popular and less dependant upon public opinion ; and similar observations are applied by the French critic, M. Victor, to the "Ernest Maltravers" of Bulwer. This could have hardly have failed, in our author's estimation, to have been, in many respects, a more remarkable production than any of Sir E. Bulwer's former writings, had it been finished with the same care. M. Victor says—and we agree with him—that "Ernest Maltravers" must have been executed with great rapidity, and has, amid many brilliant passages, some powerfully imagined characters, and some scenes of very striking interest, everywhere evidences of haste, and of fine designs not quite clearly and fully wrought out. The great ground assumed is a very high one, especially calling for subtle thinking and careful execution. The illustrations of the man of genius—the process by which the Intellectual shakes off the fetters of sense, and works itself clear of the mists of passion, is the lofty purpose of these volumes. This design is left unfinished in "Ernest Maltravers," and is completed in "Alice, or the Mysteries." Thus is afforded, in six large volumes, a complete survey of the Philosophy of Human Life.

M. Udolph Victor says that he has much difficulty in affording

his French readers a distinct notion of "Ernest Maltravers." The fact is that not only do these three volumes form only a part of a whole of which "Alice" is the other moiety, but they are composed of many parts themselves, and are without any unity of plot. M. Victor supposes that Bulwer's design was less to write a connected tale, after the ordinary models, than to exhibit the philosophy of a mind of the higher order, *mise en action*. His object is to trace the moral history of a son of Genius, gifted with an aspiration after the beautiful, and the spiritual, and the true; but dragged back, from time to time, by the mutual force of those passions, which the children of talent inherit, in common with (and commonly in greater power than) the men of meaner mind. "The morality of 'Ernest Maltravers,' to which some of the English critics have objected," says M. Udolph Victor, "is of the highest kind. The fact is, Bulwer is not altogether understood by his own countryman!" Maltravers, the hero—to continue in our own words the substance of the French critic's observations—is not painted as a character having attained to perfection, but as one striving after it, through the ordinary temptations; and his occasional falls are made to exhibit the contests between the weakness of the flesh, and the willingness of the spirit, through which the latter is gradually to win the ascendancy, and work itself clear of the clogs which the flesh "is heir to." This design is consequently effected—

"——not by placing the hero in the midst of one set of circumstances, comprehending, and limited by, a beginning, a middle, and an end; but by tracing the history of his mind through the progress of a life-time, and continually introducing him, as the action of real life does, to new characters and amid new scenes."

M. Victor concludes a most admirable critical notice upon this work of Sir E. Bulwer's by observing that it is composed of a series of episodes, hanging loosely together, and auxiliary to the main design; and that the hero is left at the end of the first series of the whole tale, in one of those moments of mental depression in which the wing of the spirit faints with the weights that it has carried, and the spirit itself sinks down despondingly to that torpor of repose, its uprising from which shall, in all probability be, to try some new and less impeded flight. M. Victor does great justice to the work, declaring that the reader will find, besides, and incidental to, the main design, some scenes of great power, many thoughts of great beauty, and several characters admirably drawn. The character of Ernest Maltravers, and the manner in which Sir E. Bulwer has executed the metaphysical portion of his task, can hardly be judged, till the reader makes himself acquainted with the whole work. "There is a moral and poetical beauty in many of the detached thoughts," observes M. U. Victor; "and of the many characters introduced

in the progress of the narrative, and subordinate to the main one, the one most highly imagined is that of Castruccio Caesari, the morbid and ambitious Italian poet." M. Victor might have also observed that the most skilfully executed character is that of Mr. Templeton, the shrewd and worldly-minded and hypocritical banker.

It is pleasant to find a foreigner evincing such intimate knowledge of our popular literature, and using that knowledge with so much prudence and absence of all prejudice. There is, in this letter addressed to M. Gustave Planché, an allusion to the writings of Charles Dickens. M. Victor says that any author, possessing feelings of delicacy, would be ashamed of reputation earned by means so thoroughly worthless as those upon which the renown of Boz is built. "If I were to pick up a man's walking-stick for him, all I should expect as a recompense," says M. Victor, "would be *thanks*: but if the person thus obliged, put his hand into his pocket, and tendered me a Bank-note for a hundred thousand francs, I should blush at the reward offered for so paltry a service. So it is with Charles Dickens."

The second paper in *Critiques, Contes, et Reveries*, is an amusing one relative to the sects denominated Jumpers and Crawlers. It has been often said, and very often confirmed, that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step; and M. Victor presumes that there is no more than the same degree of distance between enthusiasm and frenzy, between the highest exhalation and the most passionate madness. It would be well to ascertain the precise medium, the point where the one begins and the other ends, that the enthusiast might pause in his visionary path, nor wander into that twilight of the mind which conducts to the night of alienation. M. Victor lived for some time in America: and on one occasion he visited a conventicle of Jumpers, along with some friends. A preacher delivered a most beautiful oration, and wound it up in the following manner:—"When the young birds sing, shall we be silent? When the young lambs skip, shall we be still? Glory, glory, glory! In song, in dance, in joy, let us adore the one, the good, the happy!"

"Gradually as the preacher spoke, the movement among the congregation grew more visible; and towards the end of his address, it wore the form of a solemn dance, slowly twining round the sacramental table: when he had quite finished, the words were taken up in loud and majestic tones by the whole people, accompanied by the bass whose deep voice, added to the solemnity of their's. The fugue proceeded till the violins took up their part, and then one grand song and one grand dance occupied the whole assembly."

By degrees the dance grew more rapid—more and more precipi-

tate ;—louder and faster became the music, and the pace of the dancers increased in speed.

“It now became one wild eternal waltz, which neither changed, nor paused : it was frenzy, fury, madness ! The forms the of the dancers were turning, wheeling, leaping—their cheeks were glowing, burning—their eyes flashing, flaming—their voices roaring, howling, laughing ; and maddening was the eternal whirl. I turned from the terrible scene, covered my face with my hands, leant against the wall, and closed my eyes not to lose my senses : my terror was the greater from the example which I had before me.”

The music at length ceased : it was time—for nature was exhausted ; and when the maddening measure was silent, the dancers sank, voiceless and motionless, to the ground.

In the second volume there is a short poem, of extensive pathos and beauty, entitled “*Salome*.” From this we have endeavoured thus to render a short passage into English :—

“Judea's black-eyed daughters all were fair
On Sion's mount, and in the valleys where
They wandered, beautiful as in the skies
Those houris dwell of Alla's paradise : —
But, if the maids were fair on Judah's hills,
Or in her vales where flowed a thousand rills,
Supplied by Kishon's brook, or Jordan's stream,
And where the flowers delighted once to gleam,—
If they were beautiful, how far more bright
Solome was unto her lover's sight,
The young Manasseh ! Fairer than the youth
For whom Zuleika had betrayed her truth,
Stately as cedars that are nourished on
The fertile soil of ancient Lebanon,
And brave as he, who erst in days of yore
A single sling against the giant bore,
That day th' Almighty lent his power divine,
For Israel's sake, against the Philistine,—
Manasseh was.—But why say he was fair ?
Lustrous his large black eyes—jetty his hair ;
These are the chiefest marks of Israel's race—
These beauties principally stamp their face.”

The only fault which we find with this poem is the occasional intermingling of similes and allusions drawn from Moslem as well as Jewish sources. For instance, the mention of the houris of Alla's paradise, and the reference to Zuleika (Potiphar's wife according to Mussulman mythology) seem strange in a poem the scene of which is laid in Palestine, and the epoch is that of the destruction of Jerusalem. It is true, that the narrative of the events of the poem is

not entrusted to the lips of an individual of that period, else a ridiculous anachronism would be superadded to that which we now denominate simple bad taste. Old chronicles frequently mingled Christian and heathen mythology together, as in the tale of *Fredrigo* in Prosper Merimée's *Mosaiques*; but never until now did we see the details of Israelite customs and habits combined with Mohammedan allusions. The only excuse is, that the worshippers of Mahomet now inhabit the territory which once belonged to the Jews;—the descendants of Ishmael have expelled the seed of Isaac.

Manasseh and Salome exchange vows of reciprocal affection in the beautiful gardens attached to the palace of the maiden's father, who is one of the chiefs of the Sanhedrim. But, scarcely had the tender avowal of a mutual love emanated from the lips of Salome, when a stranger suddenly emerged from an arbour and declared that the love of Salome had been plighted to himself. He moreover declared that Salome had given him unequivocal proofs of her attachment by the surrender of her honour. The stranger disappeared as soon as he had made this dread avowal;—Salome fell senseless upon the earth, overwhelmed by the sudden accusation; and Manasseh, yielding to his jealous fears, fled.

Circumstances shortly afterwards convince Manasseh that the stranger's assertion was a calumny, and that he had been induced to utter it in order to avenge himself upon Salome, who had scorned his declarations of affection. Manasseh accordingly made a solemn vow never to see Salome again, until he had washed away the foul stain in his blood. This resolution he signified to Salome by means of a trusty messenger, and then departed on his travels in search of the stranger. He soon obtains tidings of the object of his pursuit; but on his road he encounters the Roman army of invasion.

“The clash of arms now drew Manasseh nigh—
Pennons and lances met his wondering eye;
Helmets and plumage, waving to the wind,
And scarfs that flowed the warrior' backs behind,
Struck on his sight. In wonderment he gazed,—
The glittering armament his soul amazed:
Thus unexpectedly upon the sight
Of unsuspecting sleeper breaks the light;
Thus on the blind restored, the gleam of day
Breaks in the glory of its radiant ray.
The cavalry, that pricked some way before,
Covered the neighbouring fields and meadows o'er,
And tramped along the plains with aspect high—
For this was Titus' proudest chivalry!”

Here follows a gorgeous description of the various Roman legions

—a description which displays as much classical learning as poetic talent; and then the poet pursues his theme in the following manner :—

“ Yes, Palestine—his myriads throng thy plains,
Thy sons shall wear the fierce invaders' chains !
Yes—Israel, now the Roman's in thy land,
The sword of slaughter glitt'ring in his hand !
As vultures sweep upon the mangled corse,
As bloodhounds fall upon the dying horse,
So throng the western heroes on thy coast,
So thunders o'er thy fields the Roman host.
Oh ! for an hour of Joshua's brand to lead,
Oh ! for a Barak in thine hour of need !
Now, Israel, fly into the country near,
Cover thy children, mountains of Judea ;
Fall on their fated heads, ye holy hills,
And save Jerusalem her future ills ? ”

Manasseh is taken prisoner by the Romans, and sent to the rear of the army. There to his surprise he encounters the very individual of whom he is in pursuit, and who is also a prisoner. The army continues its march and encamps beneath the walls of Jerusalem. The siege commenced ; but Salome and her father had in the meantime escaped from the city, and had fled to Egypt, where they were protected by the authorities. Manasseh also contrived to escape from the Roman camp ; but he hastened to Jerusalem, under the impression that he should discover Salome there. In process of time the stranger became a renegade, and enlisted in the Roman army. From the information which he gave to Titus, the progress of the siege was considerably accelerated ; and the traitor received an important command. In this capacity he offered to lead a Roman detachment to an attack upon a particular tower. Manasseh defended this point, and the traitor fell beneath his hand. When the city was captured, Manasseh escaped the general slaughter, and fled to Egypt, where he encountered Salome, whom he married. The history of the siege, and all its horrors, is beautifully told ; and many passages call forth tears from the eyes. We shall extract one of those parts in which the agony of Manasseh is described, when he finds that famine menaces him and his brave warriors with a horrible death :—

“ Oh ! there be times when man could almost take
The ruthless brand against himself, and break
The cord that binds him to a world of woe—
At least Manasseh proved a feeling so !
What is it links us to this state of grief,

That mortal may not break and find relief?
 What is it binds us to this wretched earth,
 When all its scenes to us appear a dearth?
 'Tis like the sailor cast on barren rocks,
 Exposed to tempests and the thunders-hocks,
 Who gazes in the yawning gulph below,
 Wishing, yet fearing, to commit his woe
 Unto oblivion's troublous waves,—no less
 Is ling'ring in this world in wretchedness!

"The stars want feelings—brutes want sense to know
 Things that portend anticipated woe;
 The trees spring up, and flourish, and remain
 Alike insensible to human pain:
 The winged bird that cleaves the azure sky
 Is far more happy in his state than I!
 The brute that grazes on the verdant plain
 Feels not th' approach of Mis'ry's haggard train,
 That dreaded escort which we mortals fly in vain!
 But why extend so sorrowful a theme?
 Life is a shade—existence but a dream,
 In which the visions, that the mind may see,
 Have less—far less of joy than misery!
 'Tis like the rain-bow fraught with ev'ry dye,
 And fleeting as the clouds upon the sky!"

We had marked several other passages for translation, and to be conveyed to our pages in an English dress; but we find that our limits will not permit us to dwell upon the poem, beautiful though it be. The remainder of the work under notice, is composed of short papers, chiefly consisting of interesting anecdotes connected with literature, and all written in a tasteful and pleasing manner. This is just such a book as in our fancy is calculated to please the gay Parisian lady in those moments when *ennui* steals upon her in the solitude of her boudoir. The criticism is just and impartial,—the tales are short and pithy,—the reveries are devoid of that undue proportion of egotism which usually characterises all meditations in the first person. We are unacquainted with the other writings of M. Udolph Victor: we however see quite enough of him in this book to make us long for a more intimate acquaintance with one who is interesting and capable of dealing with profound subjects as well as bright ones, and who is yet totally devoid of all pretension.

While speaking upon a subject connected with French literature, we may as well express our delight at perceiving by the public journals that negotiations are now upon the tapis between England, France, America, and Germany, to establish reciprocal laws for the international protection and benefit of copyright. We

have before noticed in the pages of the *Monthly Review* that all the best English works are pirated by Messieurs Galignani and Baudry in Paris, and by M. Wahlen at Brussels; and we most sincerely hope that the negociations above alluded to will not prove futile. It is a little too bad for the English publishers to see their best works reprinted and sold in Paris at one-eighth of the price for which they may be procured in this country. A novel, that only enjoys a sale of five hundred copies in England, is circulated on the continent to the amount of two thousand; and the works of very popular English authors obtain a proportionately enlarged sale. When the army of occupation was in France; the father of the Messieurs Galignani now in existence was a bookseller in a very humble grade: he however laid the foundation for a colossal fortune, and the edifice has been completed by his two sons. The corner-stones, however, of the whole superstructure have been the reprints pirated from the English editions of popular works. Many persons who visit Paris, and behold the establishment of the Messieurs Galignani, imagine that the journal denominated *The Messenger* was the basis of that extensive property; but *The Messenger* has never done much more than pay its expenses; and, we repeat, that to the reprints are the Messieurs Galignani solely indebted for their fortunes. We hope that international copyright law will put an end to this system of literary plunder.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Colman Family.* By R. BRINSLEY PEAKE.

2 vols. Bentley.

THESE volumes, although they include the "Correspondence with the most distinguished personages" contemporary with the Colmans, need not detain us long; for the autobiography of the elder Colman, the "Random Recollections" of the younger, the Garrick Correspondence, the Memoirs of Mathews, and other published sources, have been largely drawn from; although we do not pretend to be reminiscent enough to point out every instance of the sort, nor to specify on very many occasions whence the compiler has borrowed his matter. We must be allowed however to state that Mr. Peake has not displayed much skill in his workmanship, nor given tokens of high literary attainments. A paper at the end of the book, contributed by Mr. Arnold, and being an estimate of the younger subject, has much more merit than any part of the compiler's matter; while it indicates that its author could acquit himself in a superior manner, were he to grapple with a theme more weighty than the nature of these volumes presents. However, it is with the memoirs that we have to do, and we therefore shall afford our readers some taste of their quality, and of the anecdotes, gossip, and letters which are here thrown together; the whole

being a kind of *olla podrida*, or *omnium-gatherum* of the description now mentioned, interspersed with criticism belonging to the histrionic art or some of its ornaments, and numerous glimpses of theatrical management or stage affairs.

The letters are for the most part amusing and some of them valuable for the light they shed on the character of the writers. In this way those of the Earl of Bath and of his Lady are striking, both for the illustration of dispositions and habits, and also for the worldly sense which they contain. Our readers are to bear in mind that Mrs. Colman, the wife of the elder, was sister to Lady Bath; and that on the death of the dramatist's father, the youth fell under the care of his uncle-in-law, who sent him to Westminster, and afterwards to Oxford, intending him for the legal profession; for he was entered at Lincoln's Inn. The law, however, had not such attractions for Colman as the theatre; and his preference, together with other fancies and steps appear to have given offence to the Pulteneys, to the great curtailment of the nephew's fortune; although there seems to have been no lack at any time of advice, or of counsel, indicating the saving and economical disposition of the Earl and Countess. For example, his lordship orders Colman to send him at Spa, Churchill's poem upon Hogarth, if it be "worth the postage;" for "if it be long it will cost a large sum." But "perhaps you may hear of somebody coming this way, who may be willing to bring it." This was in 1763; the following is of an earlier date, and quite in harmony with the recorded character of the writer:—

"London, 12th February, 1754.

"Dear Colman,

"Two or three days ago I had your letter; and am glad to hear you got well again to Oxford; where I hope you will return to your studies with double diligence, in consideration of the little interruption your London journey gave to them.

"I have got from Mr. Guidott, the law-bookseller, a list of such law-books as will be proper for the beginning of your studies; but as you are not to begin those till you have finished at the University, it is needless to purchase those books till you return to town—unless you can find some of them in booksellers' shops, of good editions, and to be sold cheap. Lay by the list, till you return to London.

"I am your good friend,

BATH."

But her ladyship's epistles are still more remarkable for the minute attention to pecuniary sums. There are other singularities in her productions, illustrative of character. Witness her method of spelling and writing words:—

"Piccadilly, March.

"Dear Nep,

"I rec^d your letter yesterday, and Lord Bath had one likewise from you sometime ago, He desires me to write the answer for us both & has told me

in part what I shou^d say, It is this, That whilst you do well, and endeavour to improve yourself as you ought, that you may depend on having all proper and reasonable assistance from us.

"We shall think now, soon, of sending for you from Oxford, to place you in Lincoln's Inn, where my Lord has taken care to have you enter'd some time ago, there you must study hard, attend the Courts of Westminster, and that constantly, and soon render yourself able to get your own livelihood, besides our assistance.

"As for your Quarteridge It shall be ready when Ever you send for it, and likewise the four Guineas for your Bach-rs degree, and the sixteen, as you say is usual to give your Tutor, tho' neither My Lord nor Dor Newton remembers such a Custom, but Lord B—h apprehends it is y^t you have not paid your Tutor quart—ly ever since you have been in College, which he says you ought to have done out of your Allowance, and now the whole amounts to sixteen Guin-y at the rate of four a year. However it be the money shall be ready when you draw for it, and you may be sure of being deny'd nothing, whilst we think, and are persuaded you may deserve it.

"You to be sure will acquaint Lord Bath before you quit the univer-ty and take his Advice and directions in Every thing.

"I am most sincerely & affectionately Y^r friend &c.

A. BARN."

The volumes extend over more than a century, commencing, and coming down to the death of the younger Colman, which took place in 1836. From his family connexions and his several occupations, the elder member enjoyed opportunities for mixing with celebrated characters, whether wits, women, or politicians. In 1721, he was appointed minister at the court of Vienna. He was afterwards manager of Covent Garden, and, as all know, the author of some clever pieces: "The Clandestine Marriage," among others.

From what we have said it must be obvious that we cannot lay our hands upon passages manageable in our pages of more importance than a few stray anecdotes. We begin with an extraordinary story concerning a son of Macklin:—

"The army seeming to be an object of his choice, Macklin made interest with the Marquess of Townsend, and got him on the establishment at Woolwich, where he distinguished himself in the several branches of mathematical knowledge. He was then appointed a cadet, and was sent out to India, where soon after his landing he obtained a commission; but his passions destroyed his fortunes, and turned aside every thing which talents, education, and high recommendations, might naturally have led him to expect. The following occurrence will serve to shew the eccentricity of the temper of John Macklin:—In the course of some convivialities with his brother officers, he had a quarrel with one of them, which was taken up so high on both sides, that nothing else but a duel was to determine it; accordingly it was agreed that the parties should meet the next morning, at an appointed place, with seconds and pistols. When John Macklin came on the ground, he ap-

peared wrapped up from head to foot in a loose great coat, so that no part of his figure could be distinguished but his head. This was thought an odd dress for a man about to fight a duel; however, it passed without further notice, till the ground was measured, and the antagonists were desired to take their different stands, when, to the surprise of all, Macklin, throwing off his great-coat, appeared in a perfect state of nature, without any article of dress about him than a pair of morocco slippers. His antagonist, somewhat surprised, inquired the cause of so odd an appearance. 'Why, sir,' replied John Macklin, very coolly, 'I will tell you with great candour, in order that, if you please, you may take the same advantages yourself. It is this: I am told that most of the wounds which prove mortal in India arise from some part of the woollen or linen, which a man generally carries about him in these encounters, being forced into the flesh along with the ball, and which occasions, in this very hot climate, a speedy mortification. Now, to avoid this, I am determined to fight quite naked, just as you see, that, if I should have the misfortune of being wounded, I shall at least have a better chance of recovery.' The firmness, or novelty of this declaration, and the extraordinary figure that presented itself before him, determined the second of his adversary not to allow the affair to proceed any further, he declaring that they were not on a par for safety, and the alternative of fighting a duel naked, however hot the climate, was neither agreeable to the laws of honour nor decency. Thus ended this strange affair, which, with some other pranks of a more serious nature, compelled John Macklin to leave the military service of the East India Company; and soon after, finding himself deserted by his friends, he returned to England, and once more threw himself on his father for support. The father took him again under his roof and protection; but his dissipation was bred in the bone, and irregularities at length produced a lock jaw, in which wretched state he languished for some time, then died."

We have had of late surfeits from the Newgate school of literature; but long ago the magistrates of Bow Street had to complain of the mischief done to society by a work, which, however much the ignorant and the worthless might mistake its satire, exposed and lashed the vices of public men and the great, in a manner which was deserved, and which genius alone could accomplish. Says Mr. Peake:—

"Here is a curious note from the magistrates of Bow Street:—

"Bow Street, Oct. 1773.

"The magistrates now sitting in Bow Street present their compliments to Mr. Colman, and acquaint him, that on the 'Beggars' Opera' being given out to be played some time ago at Drury Lane Theatre, they requested the managers of that theatre not to exhibit this opera, deeming it productive of mischief to society, as in their opinion it most undoubtedly increased the number of thieves; and the managers obligingly returned for answer, that for that night it was too late to stop it, but that for the future they would not play it if the other house did not. Under these circumstances, from a sense of duty, and the principles of humanity, the magistrates make the same request to Mr. Colman, and the rest of the managers of His Majesty's Theatre

Royal Covent Garden, the same opera being advertised to be played there this night.'

"To which communication Mr. Colman returned the following answer:—

" 'Mr. Colman presents his best respects to the magistrates with whose note he has just been honoured. He has not yet had an opportunity of submitting it to the other managers, but, for his own part, cannot help differing in opinion with the magistrates, thinking that the theatre is one of the very few houses in the neighbourhood that does not contribute to increase the number of thieves.

" 'Covent Garden, Wednesday Morning.'

"In those 'Jonathan Wild' days, Mr. Colman's reply to the magistrates was rather severe."

We shall confine what we have further to quote to the younger Colman, beginning with him in the King's Bench Prison.

"About this time his Royal Highness the Duke of York obtained leave (from the King's Bench) for Colman to dine at Carlton House. He accompanied the Duke thither. On his walking through the apartments with him, Colman remarked, 'What excellent lodgings! I have nothing like them in the King's Bench!' After dinner, he exclaimed, 'Eh! why this is wine: pray do tell me who that fine-looking fellow is at the head of the table?' The good-natured Duke said, 'Hush, George, you'll get into a scrape.' 'No, no,' said Colman, in a louder voice, 'I have come out to enjoy myself: I want to know who that fine square-shouldered, magnificent-looking, agreeable fellow is, at the head of the table?' 'Be quiet, George!' interrupted the Duke: 'you know it is the Prince.' 'Why, then,' continued Colman, still louder, 'he is your elder brother. I declare he don't look half your age. Well, I remember the time when he sung a good song; and as I am come out for a lark, for only one day, if he is the same good fellow that he used to be, he would not refuse an old playfellow. The Prince laughed, and sang. 'What a magnificent voice!' exclaimed Colman; 'I have heard nothing to be compared to it for years. Such expression, too! I'll be damned if I don't engage him for my theatre.'

"It would appear that this freak gave no offence to the Royal host, for Colman was ever treated with kindness by George the Fourth."

The next finds him still in the precincts of *Banco Regis*:—

"When Colman was in the rules (and Dubois said that he only stayed there to prove by a practical joke that he could be kept within them,) he lived in the last house of the rules towards Westminster, which, however, he left suddenly, and gave this reason for his departure. The staircase had a window looking out of the rules, and he said, 'that after one of his nightly symposiums, he was afraid in going to bed, he might fall out of this window, and so fix his bail.' Honour, therefore, made him retreat: all retreats are not of that character."

Whatever might be Colman's cleverness as a wit, his character

does not come out in very attractive colours from the anecdotes we find concerning him in these volumes. He was jealous :—

“ It must be reluctantly admitted that no man was ever more tainted by jealousy as an author and a wit, (the late celebrated and justly celebrated author of the ‘ West Indian,’ perhaps, alone excepted,) than Colman. I never heard him speak of the dramatic works of Sheridan without some debasing alloy : he undervalued him as a wit, and somewhat more than hinted that he thought himself more than a match for him in convivial society. By way of *salvo*, indeed, he lauded him to the skies as an orator ; but even as such, I once heard him conclude his eulogium by adding, ‘ but that is not a gift but an acquirement : any man of sound sense and ordinary information, with good nerves, may make an orator by practice and preparation.’ ”

He relished exceedingly his own jokes :—

“ Although Colman was more nearly allied to the character of a punster than that of a wit, he was more than either that of a humourist : he said thousands of good things which would entirely lose their poignancy by repetition, since the inimitable chuckle of his voice and the remarkable expression of his countenance would be wanting. The intelligent roll of his large and almost glaring eyes, with the concurrent expression of his handsome face, were ever the unerring *avant couriers* of his forthcoming joke ; and if anything curtailed the mirth he had provoked, it was the almost interminable laughter with which he honoured his own effusion.”

Take him as a Licensor :—

“ When he received the appointment of Examiner of Plays for the Lord Chamberlain, (an office which, I presume, is authorised by law, though I could never find it in any act of Parliament,) his first acts were unquestionably those of petty tyranny, and his next those of grasping cupidity. One of the most licentious writers of his age, he appeared anxious to outherod Herod in the exercise of his new authority.

“ The Examiner who preceded him was a gentleman of the name of Larpent, understood to be a rigid Methodist, and certainly a rigid censor of the dramas submitted to his perusal. But Mr. Larpent’s objections never extended, in my recollection, beyond any dangerous sentences which appeared to meddle in politics in his dangerous times, or with sentiments which were calculated to subvert morality, glaringly to shock decency, or, above all, to bring religion of any description into contempt. But generally speaking, the good taste or the precautionary judgment of modern managers has left little occasion for such critical censorship. Colman, therefore, in order to be *distingué*, was driven to close quarters : where nothing blasphemous, immoral, or political, was to be discovered, he marked his critical acumen by disavowing a lover’s right to call his mistress ‘ an angel’ ; an angel, he said, was a character in Scripture, and not to be profaned on the stage by being applied to a woman. As a manager, I never myself suffered the name of the Deity to be spoken—at least never irre-

verently or on slight occasions, and always expunged it from the manuscript ; but Colman went a step further—he would not license an address to the Deity in any shape whatever. ‘Oh, Providence!’ he said, was an address to the providence of God, and ought not to be allowed. The name of Heaven or Hell he uniformly expunged. On one occasion he observed, ‘The phrase “Oh, Heaven!” “Ye Heavens,” occurs seven times in this piece—omit them!’

“I had a ludicrous collection of these official scrupulosities, which I intrusted to a friend for a Parliamentary purpose, who never returned them to me. A ‘damn’ was a pill he could never swallow ; which may in part account for the volubility with which that and other such unmeaning expletives flowed almost perpetually from his mouth. On one occasion he expunged the exclamation of ‘O, *Lud!*’ He said it meant ‘Oh, Lord!’ which was inadmissible. On another, where a dandy had to say, while addressing the chamber-maid, ‘*Demme, my dear,*’ he observed, ‘*Demme,* means *damn me*—omit it.’”

His petty tyranny was not only notorious, but Mr. Peake shows that his cupidity was grasping, and his exactions barefaced with regard to the fees of his office ; so that we do not think Mr. Arnold’s estimate of him too severe. Its discrimination is evidence of its justness. We have only further to observe that we have had quite enough of theatrical biographies of late years ; and that no very solid purpose is served by their increase.

ART. IX.—*A Popular View of Life Assurance, with Tables, &c.* By WILLIAM ST. CLAIR. London : Jones and Causton. 1841.

A NEW branch of mathematical and also of moral as well as economical science has been developed and reduced to unerring rules within these late years, and given rise to some of the noblest institutions of civilized society : we mean Life-Assurance. And yet there is a woful ignorance or a gross neglect on the part of the great majority of the people of this country, with regard to the nature of Assurance offices, and the benefits they confer, not merely upon the individuals immediately concerned in effecting these securities, but of the community and the nation at large.

It is a fact that can be demonstrated that there is scarcely a person in great Britain, in the enjoyment of good health, certainly there is not the head of a family who regularly reads the Monthly Review, who is not bound to provide for his wife and offspring by means of the facilities offered by some one of our assurance companies. All are aware, and very many take advantage of the protection against fire offered by kindred institutions. Is it not strange that the same provident measures are not adopted by the multitude against the greatest calamity that can occur, viz. death ; so that it is a very common case that families whose circumstances have been

easy, or who may have for a great period of the lives of its members enjoyed every worldly comfort, and even luxuries, are suddenly plunged in poverty and misery, in consequence of the death of a father, who might not only without any inconvenience to himself, but with manifest secular as well as moral benefit, have screened them from degradation, and perhaps from becoming the inmates of the workhouse? It is of essential and paramount importance that correct views should be universally entertained on the part of old and young, of rich and poor, even from royalty down to the labourer who earns his bread by the daily sweat of his brow, concerning this subject. Indeed we may plainly affirm it to be a truth, as sure as that the duration of any man's life is uncertain, that until the nature of life-assurance be fully understood, and the benefits it can confer be generally sought after with eagerness, no country can ever experience the social and moral blessings of which a community is susceptible, without the supposition of anything Utopian, or different from the ordinary practical results in human affairs. In the meanwhile, however, it is gratifying to find the press has of late been aroused on this subject; the majority of the people is not likely to remain much longer ignorant relative to its merits; and if not ignorant we may hope that a portion of the rightly informed will not continue callous, but feel that it is not less imperative for a father to provide for his family after the universal enemy has cut him off, than for the daily wants of his wife and children while he is possessed of sound health, and has an opportunity to earn a livelihood. We therefore intend to devote a few of our pages to this paramount topic, not only in the way of simple explanation and earnest recommendation, but also of caution.

The scientific principles upon which life-assurance is founded were discovered only a few years ago, and the existence of any such security is of modern origin. It was so late as the beginning of the last century that such an institution was formed in this country, the Amicable Society being established in 1706, when its first charter was granted. But to show how little was understood at that time of such a reciprocal arrangement, and of the arithmetical certainties which can easily be made to protect all parties,—the assured as well as the assurers,—that a uniform rate of premium of £5 per cent. per annum, was charged for all ages it insured; and even down to 1807, the rate was the same, proving how little was understood to this last mentioned period relative to the laws of mortality.

The Amicable has all along been a *mutual* assurance society; that is, the whole of the profits belong to the assured; whereas in a *proprietary* establishment a comparatively small number of capitalists undertake to guarantee the insured against all loss, but appropriate the profits, if there be any, to themselves. The heirs therefore of a man who has insured his life for one hundred pounds in the latter

will receive at his death, if the *society* be solvent, exactly that sum. Next, after the Amicable, were established the Union, in 1714,—the Royal Exchange, in 1720,—and the London Assurance, in 1721, all three as proprietary companies. But still very little business was transacted in these offices; nor was it till the year 1762, when the far-famed Equitable Society was formed, that any considerable attention was paid to such institutions. Even then the principles of the system were unknown, for a royal charter was refused to this new society, the crown lawyers deeming its ground to be “unsafe.” Its success, however, was most triumphant; for in about half a century from its formation, its profits had been so great that a capital of *eleven millions* sterling had accumulated; and this society being on the mutual system, vast bonuses were divided amongst the older surviving persons insured. Public attention was in some measure aroused by this result, and new societies began to be constituted according to a much more rapid ratio. Mr. St. Clair informs us that, there have been established during the last thirty years, above sixty institutions of the sort, in England and Scotland; and that not less than ninety in all, taking the two countries together, are at this moment in active existence.

Before, however, anything like an adequate number of these can be named, the increase must be tenfold; for it is calculated that scarcely one out of every sixty of the heads of families in the kingdom have availed themselves of the benefits so readily to be attained through such institutions; and this too in a commercial country where the great majority derive their incomes from professional pursuits, these incomes being dependent upon their lives. At the same time it is a great and prevailing mistake to think that the advantages of a life-assurance can only be obtained by persons in the middle ranks of society, and who can without much inconvenience annually save the amount of the premium for the sums insured. There is hardly any class that may not command the benefits; even the labouring or working orders of our fellow citizens may by judicious arrangements avail themselves of the blessings referred to. We cannot do better than copy out from the pamphlet before us some plain and important advice to the classes last mentioned.—

“Most of the Assurance Offices have tables constructed for the convenience of the working classes, shewing the rate of premium in quarterly, and some of them even in monthly and weekly instalments, so that the poorer classes may not be subjected to the inconvenience of paying a whole year's premium at once. This arrangement, however, although intended as a benefit, is in reality no such thing, for the exact proportion of a year's premium is not charged, the rate being increased so much, to cover the additional trouble of collecting the premiums in small instalments, and for other reasons.

“It is, therefore, much to the advantage of the assured to pay the pre-

mium *annually*, and if such is felt to be any real inconvenience, it could easily be arranged to pay into a Savings' Bank a weekly or monthly instalment, and from which the amount of the premium might be transferred to the Assurance Office, at the end of the year.

"Among the working classes there are numerous societies, called 'Friendly, or Loan Societies,' and 'Benefit Clubs,' but we question much on which side the *benefit* lies. Of this, however, we are certain, that the seeds of disaster are to be found in the very constitutions of many of them, and the most ruinous consequences to the members too frequently follow. This evil grew to such an extent some years ago, that the attention of the legislature was attracted to the subject, and an Act of Parliament was the result, authorising the formation of such Societies, and conferring upon them certain privileges; but at the same time enacting, that the Rules of all such Societies should be examined and certified by a Barrister, appointed specially for the purpose. In Societies enrolled under this Act, there can be no danger whatever, for they must be based upon sound principles, otherwise their Rules would not be certified by the Revising Barrister. To complete the security of these Societies, every Officer having to do with the funds must, in terms of the Act, find ample security for the faithful performance of his duties.

"While we would strongly recommend such Friendly Societies as are enrolled under Act of Parliament, we would most earnestly warn the working classes from entering any Friendly, Loan, or Benefit Society which is not so enrolled, and the Rules certified in terms of the Act. Other Societies are in most cases badly and dangerously constituted, and in not a few instances got up by designing persons for the express purpose of obtaining money, which they neither intend to return, nor to grant any adequate benefit in lieu thereof.

"One class of these Societies we would notice in particular, namely, those into which the members pay so much weekly, for the purpose of making up rent, or for any other purpose for which they may require a particular sum, at a given time. If such contributions are ever returned at all, they are reduced so much for the expenses of managing the Society's funds. Besides the insecurity, there is here a decided disadvantage to the depositors, for were they to lodge their savings, let the instalments be ever so small, in a Savings' Bank, they, instead of having to pay for their money being taken care of, would actually receive at the end of the year, or at any other time most convenient, *the whole amount deposited accumulated at a good rate of interest.*

"We have digressed thus far from the subject of Life Assurance, as we consider it a duty not only to point out the Institutions best adapted for the investment and improvement of savings, but also to warn the public against entering schemes, at best insecure, and in many instances leading to the most ruinous consequences. Having touched upon the subject of Savings' Banks, it may not be out of place to add a few observations regarding them, as few Institutions are better calculated to promote the comfort and independence of the working classes, and they are at the same time powerful auxiliaries to Life Assurance Offices.

"The Savings' Banks we here allude to, are those established under the

authority of Government, the whole amount of the deposits (excepting only such a sum as may be necessary for carrying on the business), being lodged with the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt. Upon all money so deposited, the Commissioners allow interest at the rate of £3. 16s. 0½d., and the Trustees of the Savings' Banks generally pay to the depositors from £3. 6s. to £3. 8s. per cent., retaining about 8s. or 10s. per cent. of the interest received from Government, for the expenses of management. Savings' Banks so established, are generally conducted by parties of the highest respectability, and besides, as in the case of Friendly Societies, the officers having charge of the funds, cannot, by Act of Parliament, be installed in their situations until security is found to the satisfaction of the Trustees. Depositors have, therefore, every security and advantage that Government can afford, for while deposits will be received from one shilling to £30 in one year, interest is allowed upon the amount as it accumulates, and no deduction whatever is made from the deposits for the expenses of management.

"We would strongly recommend the working classes, old as well as young, to open accounts with such Establishments, let the beginning be ever so small; and when once begun, we have little doubt of their being continued, as the advantages arising therefrom would then be evident to themselves. But such persons ought to satisfy themselves, beyond doubt, that the Establishments they are about to enter, are enrolled under the Acts of Parliament before mentioned, and the Rules certified in terms thereof, otherwise they may find themselves grievously disappointed in the results.

"We have shewn that much advantage may be derived by the working classes from connecting themselves with Friendly Societies and Savings' Banks, established under the authority of Government, but at the same time we have endeavoured to shew, that such benefits do not form anything like a complete provision for the widow and the fatherless. Let every working man, therefore, deposit weekly or monthly, such portion of his savings as can be spared, and at the end of the year let him transfer a portion to an Assurance Office, *which would secure an ample and immediate provision for his family at whatever time his death may happen.*"

The grand feature of a life-assurance is this, that a society undertakes to pay on the death of the assured a certain sum, in consideration of the annual premium which he paid till his death, and even although he has not survived to pay more than one premium, and the principle upon which this can be done with the utmost certainty and safety, is, that the gain on those who live long and pay a premium annually for many years, makes up for the loss to the society occasioned by those who die soon after effecting an assurance. Now, a calculation cannot with any approach to certainty be made as to the period when any particular person, whose health is sound at the time of such a transaction, will die; but there is nothing more sure or so well ascertained in the commercial world, than the number of deaths that will happen among a large body of people in a given number of years. The average value of many lives, say at twenty

or thirty years, can be, and has been computed with sufficient accuracy to secure and render perfectly confident of security, any individual who may insure his life in a properly constituted office; for although a number will die before the period of average expectation, others will live so long beyond it, as to make up for the early payments.

It is the practice of assurance offices, which are soundly constituted, to calculate upon a greater degree of mortality than is usually experienced; and hence one of the principal sources of profit. The earlier companies calculated in this way, that is, by charging a higher premium than is absolutely necessary, in order to guard against all mischance; so that when much business is done, as is now well understood, the premiums of the insured alone, without a capital furnished by proprietors, will meet all the charges that are made in consequence of deaths. There are other sources of certain profit besides the calculations favourable to the assurance-office. Some of the insured after paying for years their premiums regularly, may cease, or be unable to continue, and then their claims, or rather the claims of their heirs and families become forfeited, and all the previous payments in the way of premium are clear gain to the office.

The charging of a higher premium than is absolutely necessary, provided the overcharge be not exorbitant, and is only intended for the greater security of the insured and to cover all necessary expense in the way of management, is just and honourable; for it is of infinitely more consequence that the insured be perfectly safe against all contingencies, and that he should pay annually a comparative trifle more than is absolutely requisite, than that he should run the risk of having all his payments at last lost, and the hopes which his dependent family cherished throughout the course of these payments, in the end blasted by the insolvency of a badly constituted office.

It is more than ever necessary that persons effecting a life-assurance should well inform themselves with regard to the character and the stability of principles of the particular society they propose to resort to; for while competition on the part of new respectable societies, and even between these and the older institutions, has compelled them to demand only the lowest or nearly the lowest premiums that can with safety be charged, there are specious companies in existence which are unsafe and objectionable, and which must sooner or later break up. The fact that attractive but rotten establishments are in being,—that some of their class have already inflicted incalculable injury upon society, and ruined the ignorant or the unwary, induces us to throw out a few cautions that may be of service, and perhaps lead some one individual so to look to his ways as may terminate blessedly; first, by persuasion and conviction that it is an imperative duty to insure; and secondly,

before performing the act, to satisfy himself as to the validity and sound management of the office chosen.

We have already glanced at the great benefits which life assurance institutions are capable of producing and bequeathing ; but before proceeding to our cautions we shall introduce another extract from the " Popular View," in order that Mr. St. Clair's just and impressive authority may in part appear in our pages. He is speaking of the imperative duty in question, and thus expresses himself :—

" While we see every one, excepting perhaps, the careless spendthrift, or the reckless debauchee, busied in providing the means of immediate support for his family or other dependants, it must be a matter of astonishment to every thinking person, that so many should totally neglect to make any future provision for their families, in the event of their daily efforts being suddenly closed by premature death.

Such conduct fully proves, that

' All men count all men mortals but themselves.'

It is a fact, almost too well known to be mentioned, that the generality of persons, old as well as young, live on and on, all of them in the full expectation of their lives being continued for many years ; and it is difficult, in many cases, to convince even the aged and infirm, that the solemn hour of their departure from this life, is near at hand.

" From this feeling of self-security, arises the unwillingness and even dislike in the minds of men, to make any provision for their families contingent upon their death. Many argue, that they are strong and healthy, and it may be have never required medical attendance or advice since the tender years of infancy ; but, let such men examine for a moment the records of mortality, and let them ask themselves the question, were all those persons whose deaths are to be found recorded, as occurring during the prime of life, delicate in appearance, and diseased in body ? No ; many were healthy and robust, and the soundness of their constitutions could not have been questioned for a moment, even after the most careful and searching examination. But health and vigour soon fly before the numerous diseases to which the human race is liable ; and how often is it the case, that the man whom we one day see in his accustomed health, is the next stretched on a bed of sickness, and ere a single week may have passed, he may be numbered with the dead.

" Let men therefore, apply the experience of the past, and ask themselves, what reason they have in reality for thinking their tenure of life so certain, while the shafts of death are every year flying in thousands around them.

" In proof of what has just been stated, it may be here mentioned, that the Bills of Mortality shew, that out of 5000 persons in the prime of life, no less than 600 will die ere ten short years have fled ; and ere another period of the like duration has passed away, upwards of 700 more of them will have fallen before man's common foe. It would be well that such facts as these were deeply engraven on the mind of every man, for while it would be instrumental in the prevention of much human misery, it would materially contribute towards a far more important end, namely, the preparation of man for his solemn change.

"We would here most earnestly endeavour to impress upon the mind of every parent, the necessity of examining into the truth of these statements, and when fully satisfied of their accuracy, let each ask himself, First, May not I be one of those upon whom one of the numerous shafts of death may fall ere another year has passed away?—And second, What provision have I made for those who are depending upon me for support, in the event of such a calamity befalling them? The man who can answer the latter question satisfactorily, may indeed live in peace and quiet, knowing that happen what may, his dependants are provided for; but that parent must be callous indeed, who can spend his income, heedless of what may become of his family in the event of his death.

"That it is the duty of every man to make a *future*, as well as a present provision for his family, no one will venture to deny; for it is a principle powerfully enforced throughout the whole of the scriptures, and one which is sanctioned and supported by every moral feeling, and every tie of affection. Parents are enjoined to 'lay up in store for their children;' and the frequency with which the widow and the fatherless are recommended in the sacred writings to the care of those in prosperity, shews how much it is the duty even of strangers, and how much more so, then, is it the duty of every man to provide for his *own* widow, and for his *own* children.

"The duty being proved, or we may rather say admitted, as few attempt to deny its existence, although too many entirely neglect its performance, the next point to be considered is, the manner in which such a provision can be most advantageously secured, not only for those who are to benefit by it, but also for those who are to make it? To lay aside so much a year to be invested in stock, or deposited at interest in a bank, is a plan adopted by many, for securing for their families a future provision; but although such a plan is highly commendable, and ought to be adopted by every one to an extent corresponding with his income, still it forms no real provision *of itself*, and ought therefore, to be accompanied by some plan which will secure to the full extent the object in view, from the moment in which it is put in execution. It is easy to explain, how the plan of saving so much a year to be put out at interest, constitutes no real provision for the parties for whom it is intended; for in what, we would ask, would the provision consist, supposing the party attempting to make it, were to die within a year or two from the commencement of his plan? Why, it is evident that his family would find themselves with but a small sum, perhaps the hardly earned savings of one or two years, and it might be, barely sufficient to defray the expenses attendant upon such a calamity. Such a scheme could only be successful in the event of the person's life being spared for *many* years, and that too in a state of health and activity sufficient to enable him to continue his professional exertions.

"The *uncertainty of life*, therefore, constitutes the grand objection to the saving plan being resorted to as a *complete* provision, for who can tell at the commencement of active life, how long that life may continue to exist?

"It must be evident from what has been stated, that the saving principle must be accompanied by some scheme, which will cover the uncertainty of human life, in order to make a provision for the widow and the fatherless *immediate* and *complete*. Such a scheme has been found in the science of Life Assurance.

"An explanation of the principles upon which Life Assurance is based, has been given in another part of this work, so that it is unnecessary to say more upon that part of the subject, but the advantages to be derived from its adoption in connexion with the saving plan, may be here briefly stated.

"First,—By transferring a portion of such savings to an Assurance Office, whether it be in the shape of a premium for a capital sum assured, or for an annuity contingent on the life of the person making the provision, an immediate claim is constituted, inasmuch as the whole sum contracted for would be payable, although the party should not survive one single hour after such premium is paid. Second.—A high rate of interest is secured on the amount of savings so employed, which could not otherwise be realized, especially on small sums; and the party is relieved from all responsibility in regard to the investment of that portion of his savings, the Assurance Office being liable to his representatives, let their investments turn out as they may. On this point it may be noticed, that many persons rather than risk their savings, in what they call doubtful securities, allow them to remain in a bank at a comparatively low rate of interest, and in some cases keep them in their own hands, receiving no interest at all."

We might dilate upon the great moral advantages which result from life-assurance judiciously effected, and done with discernment. Inseparable from preparing to meet an annual payment not only are saving and regular habits induced, but peace of mind, arising from the consciousness of having performed a sacred duty, and also, from the moment that the assurance has been effected, the confidence that near and dear relations have something to look up to as a future support. It is impossible to compute the effect of such sentiments and confidence both on the part of the benefited and the benefactor. Nay, throughout the whole frame of society and the immediate neighbourhood where such persons reside, the influence of such an example must have a propitious and elevating power. And it must reach to the very brink of the grave,—ay, to eternity itself. But then in proportion to the benefits to be derived from life-assurance when wisely effected and applied, are the misery and the destruction which the want of circumspection may incur and propagate; therefore there is the most pressing necessity for caution. Any person, however unacquainted previously with the subject, will, by accompanying us for a few minutes be enabled afterwards to pursue for himself the necessary reflections for his own guidance.

Not many weeks ago the community was astounded with accounts in the newspapers of the bursting of an assurance bubble, called the Independent and West Middlesex Company. This society was for fire and life assurances, and also for annuities; but was composed of four persons at first, who were alike destitute of capital and of character. However, in about four years, they succeeded so as to fleece individuals to an enormous amount, in the department of annuities alone, their frauds in this way extending to about

one hundred thousand pounds. They began and advanced by means of flaming prospectuses. They were so bold as to assert having been incorporated by acts of parliament; they paraded *taking* names; and they offered to do business at a much lower rate than could be honestly remunerative. We need hardly add that they lived in high aristocratic style at the West End, till detected.

It may well astonish any person, that in a commercial country like England, any such bubble company could live for six months. But although suspected or exposed by individuals, and even made the theme of insinuation and caution by portions of the press, the system of puffing in the provinces, or more remote parts of the country, may for a time so pass off an enormity of the kind, till numbers, old and young, be fatally involved, and reduced to want. Nay, there are people that grasp with a desperate greed at any preposterous promise, regardless of reason and of warning too; as well as simpletons who never think for themselves, and to whom information tardily comes. In consequence of such fatality and facility the Independent and West Middlesex Company triumphed for years.

But it is well known on the part of not a few well-informed and competent judges, that there are at this moment companies existing in England, even in London, and which may not have been established with fraudulent views, that, as assurance and annuity offices, cannot continue to pay according to their engagements, and which yet for a time may appear to be prosperous. At first large sums of money are received, and many of the parties who are to be duped are young and healthy, continuing long to pay in their premiums, or to make confident purchases. But how much greater will the disbursements some day become, when there must be exhaustion, deficiency, and then an explosion; seeing that in one particular instance at least, where a great deal of business continues still to be done, and numbers blindly swallow the bait, the scale of rates is far too favourable to those who are to become burdens to the assurers. But this is not all the evil; the practical or total disappointment and injury that await multitudes of at present confiding expectants, who have their eyes and thoughts directed to a certain metropolitan institution which has been in operation for some years, but which from ignorance or error of some sort has been framed on false principles, will not complete the fearful impending disaster. The particular establishment alluded to has become the parent or model of other companies throughout the country, or at least in some of the principal towns; while it may beget more, until an extent of devastation be produced, perhaps in the next generation, to which the West Middlesex explosion will be but a comparative trifle in the history of wrong and suffering.

It may be said that any company of the kind framed at first in

good faith, but afterwards discovered by its proprietors and agents to be unsound in principle, will instantly be closed and its real character promulgated if these parties be honest. But it is not a pleasant thing to confess error, more especially when it must incur ruin to income as well as to character for intelligence and integrity. In the case of a company, no one individual is very ready to charge himself with the sins of the whole in an aggregate shape. He takes to himself no more than a unit of responsibility; so that what is every one's business and duty is performed by none. Nay, infatuation seizes people, so that they become blind through habit and partiality to the most tremendous evils which calculation and precedent can proclaim; provided the day be thought distant at which these evils will be felt, and when other persons, their successors, will have to grapple with or sink under them. In the meanwhile not only do they plunge deeper and deeper into error, and thereby compass the ruin of many new victims; but they are begetting imitators and a younger race of destroyers, of which the world is one day destined to hear the most lamentable tidings; all brought about by a perversion of one of the best economical and moral engines that ever was discovered, and than which nothing can be better adapted to man's nature and necessities, if rightly employed.

It will not be for a moment supposed that we have a design to puff any one of the numerous assurance companies which now flourish in Great Britain; or that we take upon ourselves to be so specific in our cautions as to name any of the less worthily contrived, and the necessarily unstable societies that we fear are in existence, and whose doom, with that of thousands of their victims, is sure to arrive, perhaps with the sudden terrors and desolation of an earthquake. Let us, however, warn all to be suspicious of, and to avoid every establishment or office of the sort, which puts forth extraordinarily high pretensions, and offers unprecedented benefits. No prudent and well-informed person will trust to a society which promises to pay more upon the percentage yielded by premiums, than what unerring tables deduced from the laws of nature, and the character of sound commercial conduct, will sanction. A single fraction below the natural price, no one but a fool will knowingly wish to risk; for it is as sure as a mathematical demonstration that if an office long does business in this way, it must at length make a terrible crash. We have also to warn every one who may be ignorant of the nature of sound assurance principles to distrust and to shun every establishment which offers to advance money on the policy; for this is not only to tempt the unwary and the desperate to pay money out of one pocket into the other with a loss, but to break through the very safeguards which industry and prudence throw around the just and beneficent system; thus offering an inducement to borrow and to be improvident.

The true principles as well as the great benefits which almost every person may derive from, or confer by means of life-assurance, are plainly and compendiously exhibited and explained in the "Popular View" before us, the perusal and study of which we strongly recommend to all. Almost every other publication that has appeared on the subject was so abstruse and scientific that the general reader could not be supposed willing to master the reasoning and illustrations thus put forward; and hence, no doubt, much of the unmerited neglect of the beautiful system. Mr. St. Clair gives a rapid sketch of the origin and progress of assurance institutions; elucidates their leading principles; disposes, as we shall see in an extract, of certain popular prejudices and objections; details the necessary procedure in affecting such guarantees; furnishes examples applicable to almost every imaginable case; notices the law, with striking cases, applicable to life assurance; and concludes with a well-arranged, condensed, yet satisfactorily full list and view of the different offices of note, with their rates of premium for home and abroad assurances.—with a variety of other particulars calculated to interest and inform the intending applicant. We may add that, although we know nothing of Mr. St. Clair personally, it would, we are convinced, be advisable in many cases to consult him before running any risk, or even of fixing on the particular form in which the contemplated transaction is to be made. No doubt there are many other persons equally competent to give advice; but his pamphlet affords sufficient evidence of his ability, and also of the deep impressions he cherishes regarding the duty and the benefits of insuring, to entitle him on the present occasion to special notice. The following are his answers to certain objections, together with some other statements deserving of consideration,—

"Numerous objections have been urged against Life Assurance, but one and all of them are founded either upon ignorance or prejudice. The science of Life Assurance is one to which there cannot be any real objection, if properly applied to the varied circumstances of those persons availing themselves of its benefits. One cause, we believe, for many keeping back, is, the fear they entertain of the medical inspection; but we beg to assure persons who suppose that there is anything disagreeable in the examination to which parties are subjected, that there is nothing whatever which could offend or displease the most sensitive mind, and that many a one has congratulated himself after being passed, and regretted that his fears on that score had prevented him so long from assuring.

"Some persons who have never taken the trouble to examine into the nature of Life Assurance, consider it an *irreligious* Act, and others deem it impracticable, imagining that it is meant that the life assured shall be continued for a period corresponding with the amount of premium paid. Others again think it *unlucky* to insure a life, considering as some do in the case of making a will, that the life will be cut short in consequence. Although

such objections as these are almost too absurd even to mention, they are nevertheless the cause of preventing many a man from making that provision for his family, by Life Assurance, which it is the bounden duty of every parent to do.

"In not a few instances, the want of means is pleaded as an excuse, for neglecting to make provision by Assurance. In some cases we might admit the force of this argument; but, can the hundreds and thousands of the middling classes, who at present think of nothing further than providing for the *daily* wants of their families, make this a pretext for throwing entirely out of view the future welfare of their wives and children; while a most *ample* and *immediate* provision could be made by their saving a mere fraction of their income.

"On a subsequent page will be found a Table, applicable to the working classes, shewing the *weekly* cost of an Assurance of £100, commencing at any age from 21 to 60, inclusive. It will there be found that the weekly cost of an Assurance of £100 payable at whatever time the death of the Assured may happen, ranges from about Eightpence at the age of 21, to Two Shillings and Sixpence at the age of 60. That is to say, a person commencing an Assurance of £100 at the age of 21 could continue it during the whole of his life by saving the very small sum of Eightpence per week, which might be lodged in a Saving's Bank, weekly or monthly, and, transferred to the Assurance Office at the end of the year as before directed. In the same way a person in the prime of life, say 30 years of age, could make a like provision by saving from tenpence to elevenpence a week. A larger or a smaller sum than £100 may be secured by saving an amount in proportion to the sum that is wished to be Assured."

ART. X.—*Belgium*. By J. EMERSON TENNENT, Esq., M.P. 2 vols.
London: Bentley. 1841.

THESE volumes are valuable on account of the information which they afford relative to the trade and the statistics of the countries visited during the parliamentary recess last year by the author, when he meritoriously occupied himself in examining the manufactures of Belgium and Germany, with the view of correcting the evidence of certain individuals before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Copyright of Designs. Last month we took notice of Mr. Tennent's Treatise on that subject, and also alluded to the Bill before Parliament concerning which the Hon. Member has taken such an active share; and many things in the present publication concur to corroborate his statements and opinions advanced on both of the occasions to which we have just now referred. By the merchant, the manufacturer, the statistician, and the statesman, these volumes will therefore be perused with profit. They also abound with interesting matter for the general reader; for although the ground traversed by the author has been thoroughly beaten by multitudes of summer tourists, yet Mr. Tennent has the ability, the

acquirements, and the knack to bring out new points as well as to bestow on the old and the familiar original remarks; while the whole is written in a very agreeable style, in so far as the mere literature of the book goes. But we must now observe that in the estimation of many the work will be regarded with suspicion as to facts and reasoning, when both may be correctly put forward, on account of the temper exhibited by the author, and the political use which he appears to us to have inconsiderately allowed to influence his pen. Even his sketches of scenery, and his lighter and good-natured observations, will be thrown aside, or refused their due attention and admiration, in consequence of the extreme zeal manifested by him to preach a lesson relative to the folly and the wickedness of those who labour to bring about a repeal of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland; his endeavour being to establish an analogy in such a case with the separation of Belgium from Holland. We, of course, offer not a single observation with regard to the political merits of the Irish repeal agitation, nor the motives and the actions of the parties who are marshalled upon that keenly contested field. But we take leave to deny that there is such a clear and close resemblance between the two cases as Mr. Tennent seeks to demonstrate; or that he has succeeded in his main effort so well as he would have done had he written in a calmer style, displayed less of party heat, of prejudice, and special pleading. The very Dedication will repel not a few, and sour the taste for the pure amusement in the work. Lord Stanley is the personage who is complimented as the saviour of Ireland, as the minister and statesman whose measures have not only "muzzled treason," but who while in office worked out such a regeneration for that unhappy country as contrasts wonderfully with the wretched policy of the present administration. We shall now, however, enable our readers to obtain some proofs both of the information and the entertainment which these volumes furnish, without troubling ourselves further with its debateable and more passionate matter.

However absurd it may be to attempt the establishment of an analogy between Ireland and Belgium, and however forced may be his method of accounting for the reduced condition of the people of the latter country since its separation from Holland, still any correct representation of that condition, and of the decline of trade and manufactures, ought to command attention, and to set men's minds upon the study of the causes of the lamentable change. We shall therefore begin with specimens of our author's mode of accounting for the revolution and the existing position of the industrial and political affairs of the country. During the union of Holland and Belgium under the rule of the lately abdicated king, the arts which minister to the promotion of manufactures and trade appear to have been encouraged, together with every means of advancing the ma-

terial and industrial interests of the country; with that sovereign's characteristic love of system, his well-known obstinacy, and contracted way as looking to some one darling object at a time, and to an unwise neglect of concurrent grievances and enlarged political views. His great ambition, Mr. Tennent informs us, was to render his people "a nation of shopkeepers," and to develop as thoroughly the manufacturing resources of Belgium, as industry and care had matured the agricultural and commercial riches of Holland. Our author goes on to state that—

"There was no labour, no expense, no care, no experiment left unemployed to give life and impulse to their grand object. One engrossing topic was uppermost in his mind; which was not inaptly compared to a 'price current,' solely influenced by the rise and fall of produce or the fluctuation of the funds. The inventions of Watt and Fulton stood higher in his estimation than the achievements of Frederick or Napoleon. He protected the arts, not so much from admiration as policy, and he countenanced literature, not from any devotion to letters, but because it created a demand for articles of commerce. In short, there was nothing classic, inspiring, or chivalrous in his bearing; all was material, positive, and mathematical. Business was his elements, his recreation; and amusement but a robbery of that time which he thought he ought to devote entirely to his people. He loved to surround himself with practical men, and he gained the good will of all the great commercial and financial aristocracy by the attention he paid to them individually and collectively. It is incontestable, that if the happiness and welfare of a nation had depended on the laborious exertions and unremitting devotion of the sovereign to commercial affairs, that Belgium ought to have been as contented as it was prosperous, and its sovereign the most popular monarch in Europe."

Mr. Tennent proceeds to enumerate the great works and improvements which distinguished Belgium during the fifteen years of its connexion with Holland, towards the close of which it had attained a high degree of prosperity, the march being steady in its ascent, from the period of the union to the hour of its disruption. But what is its manufacturing and commercial condition now?—

"Belgian prints are constantly undersold by from ten to fifteen per cent by English goods, imported legitimately into their market, notwithstanding a duty of a hundred florins upon every hundred kilogrammes; an impost which, being assessed by weight, falls heavily on that class of goods which are the great staple of England, and amounts to about six shillings upon a piece of the value of fourteen. Nor is this all: their market is systematically beset by smugglers across the frontiers of France and Holland, who, inundating it with French and English goods, exempt from duty, have reduced the price of Belgian production to an ebb utterly incompatible with any hope of remuneration. This is an evil, however, to which not their peculiar branch alone, but every protected manufacture in the country is equally liable, and for redress of which they have vainly invoked the inter-

ference of their legislature : the mischief is of too great a magnitude to be grappled with or remedied. The only relief which their government has attempted, has been by the deplorable expedient of themselves supplying capital to sustain the struggle. A manufactory, however, which they undertook to support, at Ardennes-on-the-Meuse, constructed with machinery upon English models, and conducted by English managers, became an utter failure, and was abandoned ; and, in like manner, an association which they had encouraged to attempt an export trade, after numerous shipments to Portugal, the Mediterranean, the East Indies, South America, and the United States, became utterly insolvent, and involved the government in a loss of 400,000 francs. In the meantime, England and France monopolise the most profitable portions of their trade ; the latter supplying them almost exclusively with the more costly articles of ornament and fancy, and the imports of medium goods from the former having been in the first six months of the present year, upwards of 17,000 pieces more than in 1839. This is one illustration, and, I regret to say, only one out of many of the ruinous effects of the ' Repeal of the Union.' In Ghent, from its peculiar position, and the active genius of its population, its results have been felt with more severity than elsewhere, though its influence is discernible, to a greater or less degree, in every quarter of Belgium."

According to one statement in what we have last extracted the French monopolize the most profitable portion of Belgian trade in as far as the most costly articles of ornament and fancy are concerned, which entirely agrees with the fact that the French outstrip us with regard to designs and the better sorts of manufactures. In Brussels, for example, all the higher-priced fabrics are French, while only the medium and low are ours ; and this in spite of all our mechanical advantages, cheapness of fuel, immense capital, and matchless enterprize. The difference cannot be owing to inferior minds, or the inferiority of raw materials. The cause is the inferiority of the education of our artists who are employed as designers, or, to speak more justly, the *no* methodized and systematic education at all. Take for example the sculpture of bijouterie : how greatly do the French articles of jewellery excel the British as respects elegance of fancy and form ! It has well been said that our ornaments of this class, although distinguished for massiveness and size, and the vulgar estimate of money value, are destitute of those fine qualities which give value to the meanest substances. We have no artist who has been educated for his craft as a sculptor of rings, brooches, and the like,—not even of the article of plate ; so that our racing cups are fantastic and destitute of refined and regulated invention. Many of our workmen, to be sure, have much mechanical skill ; but bring them to chase the human figure, for instance, and how pitifully they show their ignorance of its characteristic points and anatomical structure. Even the silver font that was made for the baptism of the infant Princess is said to be a

taste, inappropriate combination, without taste, betraying a want of fancy, and only an effort for novelty, and the reverse of invention. Thanks to Mr. Tennent and others, and even the leading men in the House of Commons of all parties, there are now prospects of improvement, and of the establishment of "schools of design" becoming a branch of popular instruction; and no doubt in the course of time we shall have dresses, dishes, and ornaments of all sorts, that shall vie with those designed and manufactured in France; and then the *un-English* partiality for foreign articles will no longer be a reproach to our ladies and the patrons of fashion.

We now copy out some account of the character of the Belgian people, and the result of the teachings they have received:—

"The character of the Belgians for industry, frugality, and skill, is not surpassed by that of any artisan in the world; but these unfortunately, are not the only requisites to success! 'The sufferings of the Belgian mechanics,' says M. Briavonne, 'are all referable to their unfortunate political position; but formed in a school of adversity, they have learned to discover even in their misfortunes, a fountain of higher qualities, which has sustained them in their painful struggle. Prodigal in their prosperity, adversity has served to teach them economy—to render them systematic, patient, and persevering. Nurtured in luxury; they have become reconciled to privations; and the Belgian manufacturer has long since learned to place his sole reliance upon untiring labour and unyielding industry. Less adventurous than the American or the Englishman, he has more foresight, moderation, and patience, than them both.' "

Speaking of the condition of the population in general and comprehensive terms, the same authority states that it may be summarily thus described;—"of four millions of inhabitants, one is in independence, another in want, and the remainder floating between these two points." But says Mr. Tennent,—

"Another reflection naturally forces itself upon the mind of any one who sympathises with the artisans of Belgium, generous, industrious, and deserving, as they have here been described—who and what is it that have reduced them to this condition of suffering and privation? The answer is but too obvious; and those who were the base instruments of their ruin, if they have not discovered the effects of their own crime in the stagnation of all national prosperity, must, long ere this, have learned it in the 'curses, not loud,' but deep, with which their actions are assailed by their dupes and victims. Belgium has, years ere this, discovered the truth of the maxim, that it is

'Better to bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others we know not of.'

If, under the successive sovereignties of Austria and France, and as an integral portion of that Holland, she had not the poetical satisfaction of being 'a nation instead of a province,' she had, at least, the substantial enjoyments

of liberty, wealth, and remunerative industry ; blessings which even 'hereditary bondsmen' might hesitate to exchange for bigotry, poverty, and decay."

Our author expatiates in the following manner relative to the actors and the effects of the revolution :—

"The union of the Liberals with the priesthood and their followers, who formed the preponderating mass of the population, formed an alliance so powerful, that the whole strength of Holland was unequal to withstand it, much less the small body of reflecting and loyal subjects who still remained faithful to the union and the crown, and who were not only overwhelmed by the violence of the commotion at the moment, but so utterly discomfited by its ultimate consequences, that they have never since been able to rally as a party. But the immediate object being once achieved, the union of the 'clerico-liberal' confederacy did not long survive its consummation. The 'compact alliance' between the priests and the liberals had been sought by the former only to effect a definite purpose, which could not otherwise be attained—the Repeal of the Union ; and no sooner was this accomplished, than the intolerant ambition of the clergy put an end to all further co-operation between them. The party of the priests had then become all powerful by their numbers, and no longer requiring the assistance of their former allies, they boldly attempted their own objects independently, and in defiance of them. It is rather a ludicrous illustration of their zeal and its aim, that among the crowd of aspirants who were named for the crown of Belgium in 1831, the Pope himself was put in nomination ! and had the decision remained with the revolutionists, there can be no doubt that the Netherlands would have been added to the territory of the Holy see. Before twelve months from the expulsion of the King of Holland, the body by whom it was effected was split into two contending factions ; and, at the present hour, the two opposing parties who contest every measure in the legislation of Belgium, are the quondam allies of the revolution,—the liberals, and the '*parti pêtre*,' the latter of whom have the decided majority, and rule their former associates with a rod of iron. Every thing, in fact, is regulated by the wishes of that numerous body of the priesthood, who from their ardent exertions for ascendancy, have obtained the title of the *La Menaisiens*, and whose influence in every family and in every parish rules, regulates, and determines every political movement. They it is who conduct all the elections, name the candidates, and marshall the constituency to the poll ; and when I was at Ghent, the curate of Bottelaer, a rural district in the vicinity, read from the altar the persons for whom the congregation were to vote at a pending contest, on pain of the displeasure of the bishop. If the coincidence does not strike irresistibly every individual who has attended to what is passing in Belgium, it is here again unnecessary to point out the parallel between the composition of the two parties in that country and Ireland, who sympathise in the principle of repeal and separation. In each country the majority of the 'movement' is composed of the Roman Catholic clergy, and the devotees of the church ; but in both their strength would be ineffectual, and certainly their object suspected, had they not been joined by honest but

mistaken individuals, who, aiming at Utopian theories in politics, have been content to employ for their accomplishment the aid of those whose designs are more essentially sectarian than civil or political."

Our remaining extracts shall be of a more miscellaneous and entertaining texture, Mr. Tennent having often varied his political matter, and the results of his inquiries with regard to manufactures and machinery, by introducing sketches of scenery, of towns, and of remarkable objects. His historical reading too has been tastefully laid under contribution, so as to illustrate his subjects, and pleasantly interest the reader.

One can hardly expect anything but oft-repeated description, when a tourist at this time of day sets about sketching the present appearance of Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Aix-la-Chapelle, the Meuse, and the Rhine. But Mr. T. confers even upon these and other familiar places fresh and vivid colours, informing observation filling every sketch. Take Ghent, for an example, as he saw it:—

"The general appearance of the city, without being highly picturesque, is, to a stranger, of the most agreeable I remember to have seen. It does not present in the mass of its houses and buildings, that uniform air of grave antiquity which belongs to those of Bruges, the greater majority of the streets having been often rebuilt and modernized, as well as from the effects of civic commotions, as to suit the exigencies of trade and manufactures, which, when they deserted the rest of Belgium, seem to have concentrated themselves here. Its modern houses are almost all constructed on the Italian model, with ample *portes-cochers*, spacious court-yards, lofty staircases, tall windows, and frequently frescoes and bas-reliefs, to decorate the exterior. Almost every house is furnished with an *espion*, a small plate of looking-glass fixed outside the window, at such an angle, that all that is passing in the street is seen by those inside, without their appearing themselves.

"Here and there upon the quays and in the narrower streets, there are to be found the gloomy old residences of the 'Men of Ghent,' now converted into inns or ware-rooms, with their sharp tilted roofs, high stepped gables, abutting on the street, fantastic chimneys, and mullioned windows, sunk deep into the walls. And turning some sudden corner in a narrow passage obstructed by lumbering waggons, drawn by oxen, one finds himself in front of some huge old tower, or venerable belfry, covered with gothic sculpture, and stretching up to the sky till he has to bend back his head to descry the summit of it. One singular old building on the Quai aux Herbes, remarkable for its profusion of Saxon arches and stone carvings, was the Hall of the Watermen, whose insurrection under John Lyon, is detailed with quaint circumstantiality in the pages of Froissart. But in the main, the streets of Ghent are lively and attractive, and its squares, spacious and planted with trees, forming a striking contrast to the melancholy brick and mortar buildings, that compose the manufacturing towns of England. Here too, as in Manchester and Leeds, the population seem all alive and active, but instead of the serious and important earnestness which one sees in every counte-

nance in Lancashire, the Gantois seems to go about his affairs with cheerfulness and alacrity, as if he was less employed on business than amusement. The canals are filled with heavily laden barges, and the quays with long narrow waggons of most primitive construction, into which they unload their cargoes; whilst the number of handsome private carriages, that one sees in every thoroughfare, bespeak, at once, the wealth and refinement of the population. The shops are exceedingly good, though not particularly moderate in their charges, and I was somewhat surprised to see, as an attraction on the sign boards at the doors of the drapers and modistes, the announcement that *Scotch and English goods* were to be had within. Altogether the combination of antique singularity with modern comfort, commercial bustle, wealth, gaiety, cleanliness, and vivacity, which is to be seen in Ghent, cannot fail to strike the most hurried traveller, and I doubt much whether it is to be found in equal perfection, in any other city of the continent of equal extent."

Let us have a look at the country, and at Flemish farming:—

"The entire surface of the country, between Ghent and Courtrai, is one unbroken plain, which, though less rich and luxuriant than the alluvial soils of Holland and of England, exhibits, in all directions, the most astonishing evidence of that superiority in agricultural science for which the Flemings are renowned over Europe. The natural reluctance of their thin and sandy soil has been overcome by dint of the most untiring labour—an attention to manuring, which approaches to the ludicrous in its details, and, above all, by a system of rotation, the most profoundly calculated and the most eminently successful.

"The general aspect of a Flemish farm; the absence of hedge-rows, or, where they are to be found, their elaborate training and inter-texture, so as to present merely a narrow vegetating surface of some two or three feet high, and twice as many inches in thickness; the minute division of their fields into squares, all bearing different crops, but performing the same circle of rotation, and the total disappearance of all weeds or plants, other than those sought to be raised; all these show the practical and laborious experience, by which they have reduced their science to its present system, and the indomitable industry by which, almost inch by inch, these vast and arid plains have been converted from blowing sands into blooming gardens. Here draining and irrigation are each seen in their highest perfection, owing to the frequent intersection of canals; whilst the same circumstance, affording the best facilities for the transport of manure, has been one of the most active promoters of farming improvement. Chaptal relates, that having traversed one of the sandy plains of Flanders in company with Napoleon, the Emperor, on his return to Paris, adverted to the circumstance of its gloomy barrenness with an expression of surprise as well as regret, when the practical philosopher suggested, that the construction of a canal across it would, within five years, convert the unproductive waste into luxuriant farms. The experiment was tried, and proved triumphantly successful. The canal was opened, and in less than the time predicted, the results anticipated were more than realized in its effects."

Our author has the art of picturing a large subject within a small space, and of giving a form and a finish to the frame that are in proper keeping. We might produce many instances, but must hasten to an end, and therefore select some passages that will diversify our specimens. Here is a useful suggestion, and a characteristic feature ; it relates to wooden shoes :—

“A manufactory of *sabots* was attached to the back mill, and sold for five-pence and six-pence a pair for the largest size, and half that amount for those suited to children. Surely the introduction of these wooden shoes would be a great accession to the comforts of the Irish peasantry, as well as a new branch of employment in their manufacture. An expert Flemish workman can finish a pair within an hour, and with care they will last three months. Four pair of thick woollen socks to be worn along with them costs eighteen-pence, so that, for four shillings, a poor man might be dry and comfortably shod for twelve months. In winter, especially, and in wet weather, or when working in moist ground, they are infinitely to be preferred, and although the shape may be clumsy (though, in this respect, the Flemish are superior to the French), it is, at least, as graceful as the half-naked foot and clouted shoe of the Irish labourer. I doubt much, however, whether the people, though ever so satisfied of their advantages, would get over their association of ‘arbitrary power and brass money’ with the use of ‘wooden shoes.’”

Our author's tour having a special reference to manufactures, we must, before closing, let him be heard concerning one within a marvellously small compass of house-room :—

“Close by the bleach-green, we entered a windmill for grinding bark, and at a short distance from it, another of the same primitive edifices was at full work, crushing rape oil. I never saw such a miniature manufactory—in one little apartment, about ten feet square, the entire process was carried on to the extent of a ton of seed, yielding about thirty-six gallons of oil per day. In one corner the seed was being ground between a pair of millstones ; in another, pounded in mortars by heavy beams shod with iron, which were raised and fell by the motion of the wind ; the material was then roasted in an iron pan over a charcoal fire, till the oil became disengaged by the heat, and was then crushed by being enclosed in canvas bags enveloped in leather cases, and placed in grooves, into which huge wooden wedges were driven by the force of the machinery ; the last drop of oil was thus forced out by a repetition of the process, and the residue of the seed, which came forth in cakes as flat and as hard as a stone, were laid on one side to be sold for manure or other purposes.”

We must not entirely overlook the fine arts :—

“I never saw a more striking illustration of the power of a picture, than the effect produced by the Descent from the Cross. It was closed by its two folding volets when we entered, the backs of which contain, likewise,

two designs by Reubens, one of St. Christopher, the patron saint of the guild of arquebusiers, for whom he painted the picture, and the other, of a hermit, neither of them of great merit. These engaged no attention, apparently, but when, by and by, the sacristan moved them to either side, and displayed the astonishing picture within, the effect was quite remarkable—the loungers and passers-by were now arrested, one by one, as they came within the circle of attraction, till a little crowd of peasants and soldiers were collected before it, in the most breathless attention, and, as if struck with a new sensation, I saw them look silently in each others' faces, apparently to discover whether others felt as they did themselves. One girl, with a basket on her arm, was caught at once, as she passed, and remained with the rest, quite abstracted in contemplation; it recalled Wordsworth's exquisite description of the street-musician by the Pantheon:—

'What an eager assembly! what empire is this,
The weary have life and the hungry have bliss,
The mourner is cheered and the anxious have rest,
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppress'd.
That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste—
What matter—he's caught, and his time runs to waste;
The newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret,
And the half-breathless lamp-lighter he's in the net.
The porter sits down on the weight which he bore,
And the lass wheels hither her store;
If a thief could be here, he might pilfer with ease,
She sees the musician, 'tis all that she sees!'

The genuine admiration of this artless assemblage, was as marked a triumph to the genius of Rubens, as the pecking of the birds at his basket of fruit was to the execution of Apelles."

The States of the Prussian League are to form the subject of another of Mr. Tennent's publications. Not a few of our readers may be aware, that he is the author of "*Letters from the Ægean*," and a "*History of Modern Greece*."

ART. XI.—*The Spas of England, and Principal Sea-Bathing Places.*

By A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D. Colburn.

DR. GRANVILLE is not unknown as a gossiping and lively tourist, and particularly as the author of "*The Spas of Germany*." He is therefore well-equipped by experience, and in a manner bound to do that for the watering-places of his native country which he heretofore performed in behalf of foreign lands; for we believe his former work of a kindred character to the present, has been the means of sending many of the English to mineral springs abroad, not merely because the doctor gave tempting accounts of the scenery and the society which distinguished particular places, but

because his medical knowledge and directions have been deemed safe guides, and almost sufficient to supersede the necessity of calling in a German physician. He was therefore in honour, and as a professional man, bound to make the attractions and the healing or healthy qualities of the English Spas, and Bathing places, equally well known with those in foreign parts; especially as the medical virtues of our springs are numerous and much diversified; some of the wells being altogether undescribed, and their very existence a secret but to persons in their immediate neighbourhood.

What the Doctor has done on this occasion has been done pleasantly and well, although in a rambling manner; for his work is as much that of a guide-book to tourists, and also a tourist's journal itself, as it is a professional directory to the watering-places. It may indeed be expected that in the last mentioned sense, it will have the advantage of its German predecessor, inasmuch as the fruits of experience and more extensive comparison are in the author's possession; so that, we anticipate, in a few seasons, even during the ensuing summer and autumn, that not a few of the wealthy idlers, the temporary relaxers, and the anxious invalids of England, will be moved through the publication before us, to spend a considerable portion of their time and money in their native, instead of a foreign country, and to patronize places that either have been partially or wholly neglected hitherto.

It was in the summer and autumn of 1839 that Dr. Granville made his tour through England, in order to visit the various Spas, to examine their medicinal qualities, and report upon them, together with all the accessories, such as the natural and artificial peculiarities of each place, the accommodation for visitors, the prices of lodging and living, the means of access to each, and other particulars useful as well as amusing to the public. He first set forth to examine the watering-places in the northern division of England, Yorkshire being the southerly limit to that excursion, and the present volume the result. A second is to follow which, of course, will traverse the other division of the country.

The main object of our author, viz., to examine and to report upon the curative qualities of the various wells, to test and describe their temperature and flavour, and to institute a chemical analysis of the springs, which is thrown into an appendix, was, our readers may rest satisfied, pursued with becoming zeal, and with adequate skill. But we have also indicated that he notices and dwells with a hearty liking and abundant facetiousness upon a multitude of other objects and subjects, some of them of a practical nature, others merely entertaining. Perhaps nothing will strike the reader whose mind is not specially set upon the restoration of health, so much as the great improvements and vast undertakings that everywhere met the Doctor's eye. We need hardly mention that the means of

locomotion,—and he tried every method of conveyance in order to give a professional opinion upon each, as individual cases may be concerned,—obtain from such an excursive and gossiping writer due notice. He is even critical upon some of these means, taking credit, for example, for being the first to proclaim the views concerning railroads which have been lately adopted by parliament with regard to the neglect of managers. He complains of having been overcharged by the Birmingham company, and his strictures are judicious. Others of his literary rambles are verbose or uninteresting; yet, taking the volume altogether it has merit; it will be useful, and it is amusing.

The author anticipates that objections may be taken to the introduction of the non-professional matter which abounds in his pages. We, however, are not of the number of those cavillers; not merely, because the Doctor was in duty bound to produce a work pretty much akin to his "*Spas of Germany*," in respect of matter extraneous to his main object; but because what he has thus done will repay the general reader, be a superior guide to the tourist, and above all prove conducive to the welfare of patients. We look upon his sketches of the amusements, the sights, and the recollections connected with each particular place, as being of the nature of prescriptions, as well as enlivening to the reader. Perhaps, indeed, these are almost the only parts of the work that can be safely acted upon without the advice of a physician; for however clearly and minutely the Doctor may describe a mineral spring, we presume, that resorting to it at a wrong stage in the patient's complaint, taking it in undue or insufficient quantities, or perhaps when the waters are of a quality altogether unfit for the particular ailment, may do a harm, which even the change of air, scope for wholesome exercise, and other cheering influences cannot neutralize.

As we have before mentioned, Dr. Granville not only visited and describes the more celebrated spas of the north, such as Harrogate and Scarborough, but the less and little-known to be found in Durham and Sunderland, at Newcastle and Gilsland, &c. We shall first alight with him at Harrogate, and hear something he has to say in favour of its wells. He asks:—

"Who can cavil at the nature, genuineness, and efficacy of the Harrogate waters? On the other hand, who has not cavilled, and cavils to this day, at the waters of both Leamington and Cheltenham? Those of Harrogate are unsophisticated, because the place itself remains as it was? You dip your cup into the fountain-head, and get your strong waters. There is no shuffling, and the mind is convinced at once. Elsewhere you have the complicated machinery of pumps, the ends of whose pipes may terminate Heaven knows where, and you drink in faith, but not in conviction. Harrogate is, in fact, a true and genuine Spa."

The Doctor more than once denounces the system of pumping mineral waters, declaring the system to be decidedly bad, because it has to pass through leaden pipes, and may or rather must be deleteriously affected. There is no instance of the kind in Germany, and perhaps the practice has been adopted in this country, because what costs nothing is lightly esteemed by purse-proud John Bull.

But as we have repeatedly mentioned, our author does not confine himself to medicinal subjects. Take, before we depart from Harrogate, some particulars concerning a ball, and also about inns and company. Speaking of the particular dance, he says :—

“ The fair exhibited rather to advantage, though almost all of them *inconnues*. Three or four were decidedly pretty, and a couple of them, perhaps, might have been called *élégantes*. Indeed, all seemed surprised that so goodly a display should have been brought together at such short notice, considering how few names of any importance there were on the spa books. The thing is done somewhat more speedily, and certainly more gaily, further on in the season—when the regular balls at the Crown, on every Wednesday evening, and at the other principal hotels on other days in the week, take place by mutual agreement ; or, whenever, by some sudden frisk or inspiration, ‘ The ladies and gentlemen at the Granby or Dragon present their compliments, and request the favour of the company of the ladies and gentlemen at the Crown,’ or *vice versa*. But, on the whole, what I saw may be taken as a fair specimen of all the rest. Dancing is the principal amusement for the company at Harrogate ; and it is one that greatly conduces to aid the mineral waters in their effect. There is scarcely any other occupation for the invalid and visiter, except excursions to the neighbourhood, and a promenade, *de long en-large*, from one well to another. The lords of the creation have also the billiard-table and the cigar ; the weaker sex, a circulating library ; and occasionally a concert is concocted, or an itinerant lecturer comes amongst them to unravel the wonders of the heavens, or display the beauties of nature. These are so many god-sends to shorten *ennui*, for the preventing of which Harrogate is but ill-provided. And yet no watering-place in England ought to have more sources of amusement ; for Harrogate is ‘ a genuine Spa.’ ”

But further as to the hotels and sorts of company at different periods of the season :—

“ The hotels are of two classes ; but this division, which was a well-marked one a few years back, is now dwindled away, from the force and change of circumstances. At one time your opulent Leeds, and Sheffield, and Manchester factors, whose ideas and supreme happiness at a spa were limited to a moderately dear hotel or boarding-house, no more dreamed of stopping at the gates of the Dragon, still less at those of the Granby, for admission, than they would at the palace of my Lord Harewood, by the way, for that purpose. No ; they sneaked into the Swan, the White Hart, or the Wellington, or, as the *summum bonum*, into the Crown, to occupy some

one of its hundred little bedrooms, low-roofed and without bells, arranged on each side of narrow corridors, which crossing each other at right-angles, and in all directions, would puzzle the most expert topographer. The Dragon and the Granby were sacred places. The lords only graced the latter, while the wealthy commoner pleased himself in the former. Now, *nous avons changé, &c.* Pretty little *gauche* misses and their snuff-coloured-coated papas boldly stalk into both houses without being 'called;' cutlers and cotton-spinners aspire to great assembly rooms and gigantic banqueting saloons; and nothing pleases the wealthy townsman of Bradford and Huddersfield, Halifax and Rochdale, but the *lambris dorés*, the well-stuffed sofas of red damask, and the *cuisine par excellence* of those two crack hotels. The season, however, presently arrives, when the smoke of their native places recalls them to their duties, and when the complexion of the previously pimpled damsels being well polished by the sulphur bath, and the lining of their papa's stomach altered into a fresh manufacturing power by the Cheltenham chalybeate, they must take their departure and leave London luxury at Harrogate for Lancashire and Yorkshire homeliness. And then the Right Honourables, the M. P.'s, —the baronets, and their ladies, pour into Harrogate, chase away all the vulgar before them, fill the Dragon and the Granby with 'Ha! ha-s,' and 'How do-s,' imprisoning the real invalids at the Crown;—where, by the by, I lived for a week very comfortably, to be near the Montpelier Spa and the Old Well. Then begin the real gaieties of Harrogate, then the money flies, and six weeks of a plentiful harvest enables the respective landlords of those aristocratic establishments to keep them up during the rest of the year, with expenses and taxes upon them that would appal a chicken-hearted Boniface, and which could not be met but for the extravagant charges the landlords themselves make on their customers of 'gentle blood.'"

The usual, the uniform consequence of any place becoming a scene of resort for wealthy Englishmen and their families is exorbitant charges for living and for lodging. At a Harrogate hotel, Dr. Granville says, the ordinary demand for lodging and board at the public table is two guineas-and-a-half per week, with half-a-guinea more for the servants of the house; for if you have a servant of your own in livery, there is an extra charge of three shillings and sixpence a day; besides which, there is a tax of three shillings a week for wax-lights. How expensive then must the case be to a man with a family! and should any of them be sick, and unable to frequent without bad effects the public-rooms, the demand for a private sitting-room is three guineas a-week more. Still fashion wills it, that such exorbitance shall be countenanced; for the higher classes resort to the principal hotels, "though few of these illustrious remain the usual period of time necessary for a successful treatment by mineral water." But the overcharges to which the middle classes are subjected if they desire or require to have the benefit of the Harrogate waters, is not the only evil which fashion has imposed. Says our author:—

"The state of things has given immense importance to the hotel-keepers; and in that respect Harrogate is something like Baden-Baden. These gentry are, in good truth, the lords of the place at present. What does not suit them, that must not be; and in the pursuit of this object each pulls his own way, and cares not what becomes of the rest. They go so far as to command (for it is a threat in the shape of a request) the closing of the hospital, as before stated, during the season, lest the sight of the poor lepers, and still more so the use they make of the sulphur-water out of the upper or *bog*-wells, as they are called, should interfere with their own establishment of baths and invalids."

Of all the English spas that the Doctor visited, the one which has left the most pleasing impressions on his mind is Scarborough; probably, he says, in consequence of its combining the luxury of sea-bathing in perfection, with the more solid advantage of efficient mineral springs; offering in a variety of respects, a striking contrast to Harrogate, which is dull and expensive as well as inland. It may be, however, that our physician's partiality for the place which we are about to hear of more particularly, was, as he himself suggests, considerably promoted by his first breakfast at the "Bell." Be this as it may, we must let him speak:—

"'I know not,' says he, 'Whether to attribute the feeling I experienced on my first arrival at Scarborough to the exciting nature of the air into which I found myself suddenly plunged, when the mail pulled up at that most intricate turn in front of the 'Bell,' or to the sight of the glorious ocean, or to the appearance of sundry eatables spread on the well-decked table of that inn. But to whichever of these causes it may be owing, that feeling was one of inward contentment, accompanied by a buoyancy of spirits such as I had not lately enjoyed.

"Unquestionably, the being admitted to the privilege of sitting down at once with three or four merry persons, and a lady or two to boot, at a table where I was presently helped with all the good things of this world, after an early morning drive of three or four hours, with 'an unfreighted stomach,' was likely to put in good humour even the crossdest-tempered fellow alive; and perhaps that had its influence in the present instance. Bread good, and good-looking; excellent tea, tea-cakes, muffins, and new-laid eggs, would satisfy any reasonable bachelor at a London club-house. But what if he found within his reach on the same table, a *pièce de résistance* of cold beef, and raised pies, and shrimps, and potted and marinanded fish of many kinds, to satisfy wherewith either his hunger or his whim! And yet such things and such a breakfast, are to be found at Scarborough, not only at the Bell Inn, but at many other hotels; and they constitute one only of four daily repasts which honest and civil Master Webb (and I heard that other landlords do the same) gives you at nine, twelve, four, and eight o'clock *p. m.*, at his ordinary on Bland's Cliff, for the sum of six shillings *per diem*, including lodging."

Again:—

"I am enchanted with Scarborough. And who would not be who has sojourned but a single day at this 'Queen of English sea-bathing places, at the close of the summer-months, or in the early days of a bright autumn? To me Scarborough was a surprise, to the full extent of the word. I was not prepared to find a Bay of Naples on the North-east coast of England; nor so picturesque a place perched on lofty cliffs, reminding an old and experienced traveller of some of those romantic sea-views which he beheld abroad, particularly in Adriatic and Grecian seas. * * * Scarborough is perhaps one of the most interesting marine spas in England. It combines the advantages of mineral springs with those of a convenient and luxurious sea bathing shore. It is surrounded on the land side by numerous objects of attraction, to which either roads or footpaths, over moors and dales, like radii from a centre, offer a ready access to the visitors. Some of those objects, indeed, have acquired well-merited reputation. In modern architecture, enriched and heightened by extensive gardens, plantations, and Arcadian groves, there is Castle Howard, which the visitor will perceive on the right of the high-road immediately beyond Malton. In ancient structure Rivaulx Abbey, which is supposed to have been the first Cistercian monastery founded in Yorkshire, presents ruins of considerable extent, more perfect than those of most of the same class of monastic buildings in the county, Fountain Abbey excepted. In natural phenomena we have the strongly-marked geological formation of the coast right and left of Scarborough, with its caverns and promontories—its clefts, its dislocations, and its elevations—all sufficiently denuded to exhibit a very museum to the lover of geology. From Robin Hood's Bay northward, to the Scarborough Head southward, a distance of thirty-three miles of coast, every inch of the land, which may be inspected at low-water over a course of the finest sands in England, is pregnant with interest."

Scarborough once more, and the prices there:—

"Living on the whole is somewhat cheaper at Scarborough than in London, and certainly not so extravagant as at Harrogate. From inquiry of an excellent manager, the mother of a large family, I learned that the prime pieces of meat, with all bones removed, cost but eightpence per pound; that poultry, eggs, and butter, are one-fourth cheaper than in London; and that a fair-sized cod-fish may be had for one shilling, or a pair of the largest soles for that sum. Bread and milk are tolerable, and water is excellent, rather hard but well-flavoured and limpid.

"Water and bread! These are no trifling comforts at a spa; and though they may appear trite in their nature to some people, yet the enumeration of them will have its value with a large majority of my readers. House-room, whether in the form of lodgings or of separate houses, is not to be procured good at a very cheap rate. The average rent for the latter is ten guineas a week. A large house near the cliff-bridge lets for thirteen guineas during the season, which is reckoned to begin on the 1st July, and to terminate on the 12th October. After the latter date, house-rent falls to one-half its former amount. Lodging and boarding houses are of three classes; and at all of them four meals are allowed. The respective prices are 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. per day, including a bedroom."

It will be by this time manifest to our readers that the Doctor blends the *utile* and the *dulce* in a lightsome and agreeable manner ; and that his matter is much diversified. Our next and last extract will furnish further evidence of this variety, and show that his eyes were uniformly open, so as to discriminate where improvement was in advance, and when in arrear ; and also to mark what where the particular sorts of improvement, and what the defects. Preston, it appears, exhibits anomalies. Hear the physician :—

“Of all the rising manufacturing towns in the North, Preston is probably the only one which has contrived to add to its population, its wealth, and its factories, to a very considerable extent, without at the same time having made any corresponding advances in civilisation, cleanliness, and ameliorations in the material part of the city. Its streets are as narrow and as crooked and as dirty as ever. Very few of its shops, even in Fishergate, the Regent Street of the place, exhibit any appearance of improvement from what they must have been thirty years ago. It possesses no public building, not even a market ; and on every Saturday evening the butchers' shambles, and other sheds for the display of every marketable commodity, are set up in a line on one side of the very street just named, nearly to its whole extent, causing filth, confusion, and inconvenience. It will hardly be believed that there exists no such thing as a public or any other bath, hot or cold, in Preston. There are two ordinary news-rooms in the place—the one a little more aristocratic than the other ; yet even the latter is very unworthy of the wealthy people who subscribe to it. Preston, I repeat it, is fifty years in arrear of the progress of all modern manufacturing towns in England, in the conveniences, the comforts, and the embellishments of life ; nay, it is a hundred years in arrear of the steady and somewhat surprising progress of its own manufactures. It is a place slow in improving, and seems to consist only of people intent on amassing wealth by commerce, manufacture, and speculation. It would take half a century of steady goodwill, and a considerable expenditure of money, to make Preston what Manchester, Halifax, Bradford, Wakefield, or even Huddersfield, are and have been for a long time. And yet, to judge from a little episode in the daily routine of the place, to which I was a witness in the green-market, one would feel disposed to consider the Prestonians an intellectual people. A licensed hawkers having advertised the importation and intended sale of three thousand volumes of cheap books, had been so successful in his operation, which was carried on in the open market-place, that he felt it necessary to apologize to ‘the reading public’ because his large stock had been exhausted a day sooner than he had anticipated. He promised, at the same time, the literati of Preston, to return soon with a still more splendid supply for their accommodation.”

ART. XII.

1. *Cecil; or the Adventures of a Coxcomb*. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Bentley.
2. *Corse de Leon: or the Brigand*. A Romance. By J. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 3 vols. London: Longman,

WELL, we dare to say that our readers will be satisfied for this month with samples, amounting to something like a tithe of those which might be presented, of the novels and romances that have been published and puffed since we last paid any attention to these tribes. Even those persons who resort to the pages of the Monthly Review with a very different purpose than to sate an appetite for the literature of circulating libraries, will allow that we cannot altogether overlook the most numerous classes of books that now issue from the press, and which, unfortunately, consist of fictions, either in the guise of poetry or of prose. Nay, they must approve of our conduct when they find that we have selected specimens of mark, and the best of their kind, which the month supplies. Indeed, benefit and legitimate pleasure must be conferred whenever talent and a knowledge of the world, as in the former of these works, are directed to delineations of character and of society, as well as to the business of reproving in a caustic and cynical tone; or, as in the latter, when natural ability, enthusiastic reading, chivalrous sentiment, and consummate art have all combined to work out a sterling historical romance. But to each creation in its turn:—

“The Adventures of a Coxcomb” gives us a picture of high London life, and is evidently the work of one who has witnessed its heartlessness, its frivolities, and its sordid selfishness. He also carries the reader, with an easy command, to foreign parts, and affords many glimpses of the continent. The work, however, is not a novel with a continuous story; with cunningly contrived and reciprocating plots; not even with completed characters, not excepting the Coxcomb, the Honourable Cecil Danby himself. Nay, a principal fault of the work is its frequent violation of consistency; the constant effort also to be smart, or to be energetic, forcing us to pronounce the author to be merely clever, but without genuine power or artistic skill.

But although Cecil is over piquant, too studious of point and brilliancy, and without the frame-work or structure of a plot,—for he breaks off as soon as he breaks a heart, jumps from humorous sneers to pathetic incidents, from the dance to the courts of law or of Parliament, from home to abroad, just as the whim is upon him, or as soon as he has uttered what he wished to say,—and although he takes the title of Coxcomb, he has yet a heart as well as a head, and with facility can touch the feelings, speak wisely, and act manfully. Still the sparkling quality prevails, and the reader’s sense of overstraining is dominant.

The hero is the younger son of a father who is thus sketched :—

“ My father was a man such as one rarely sees out of England ; reserved, without being contemplative,—convivial, without being social ; not mistrustful, yet having confidence in nobody ; cold, unexpansive, undemonstrative ; fulfilling his petty duties so gravely, as to impress people with a notion they were of some consequence ; and by his gravity of air and paucity of words imparting a tone of mystery to his insignificance. He seemed afraid of letting himself know what he was about. Yet he had nothing to fear. God knows he never did anything worth speaking of ! He was a moral man. His business with Hanmer, with his banker, or with Lord Votefilch, might have been transacted at Charing Cross without injury to his fame or public virtue. Yet he seemed to dread that even his own man should be aware on Tuesday that on Wednesday he had an appointment with either of the three ; and as to his wife—but for *that* reserve there was, perhaps, sufficient motive.”

He is not better born in respect of a mother, although we do not find any originality in the portrait, being a stock character in the novels which profess to depict fashionable life. Neither in Lady Harriet Vandeleur, one of our hero's early instructors in coxcombry, is there anything very different from what we constantly hear of from writers of the present class, when they attempt to satirize the social and moral code of high life. We shall, however, give a scene where she appears, and a specimen of her lessons to the tyro. She has handed him a flower :—

“ ‘ A token of approbation and encouragement, Mr. Cecil Danby,’ said she, still continuing to examine her flowers, and occupy herself with their arrangement. ‘ You have made fair progress. You have almost mastered the most difficult of London lessons,—to subside into a fraction of the multitude, and satisfy yourself with being a mere link in the chain of society. Those who pretend to more, will never become even that. You have no right, at present, to individualize ; but must live and move, and have your being, in the life, movement, and sensibility of the mass.’—‘ In one respect, I certainly feel with the mass !’ cried I, with warmth ; ‘ in my adoration of—’ ‘ My carriage is at the door,’ interrupted Lady Harriet ; ‘ and if you have no better acknowledgment to offer for my graciousness than such platitudes—’ ‘ Your graciousness !—’ I ejaculated, with an appropriate sigh of reproach. ‘ Don't treat it too lightly,’ she replied ; ‘ for it is more the result of my indulgence, than of your merits. You are doing pretty well. You have learned to dress simply, to ride a quiet hack, and place yourself in the background of the picture. But you have still worlds of wisdom to acquire. You talk too much ; you laugh too much. Your teeth are good ; and your spirits high ; but this does not suffice as an excuse for being heard in company, when others, with greater minds and smaller voices, are compelled to silence by your chattering.”

Many of the vicissitudes at home and abroad, to which Cecil

Danby is subjected, arise from love,—love, too, we must be allowed to remark, which a real coxcomb could neither inspire nor experience. But we must not be more communicative with regard to his Adventures, many of which connect themselves with clubs and co-teries, ball-rooms and operas. We shall, however, exhibit a German *flame* at dinner, in order to show the sort of exaggerating humour and bitter sarcasm of which the author is master.

“ Our soup consisted of snippings of cabbage served in the water in which they were boiled, with little suet dumplings floating on the top ; our fish was a cold pike, with vinegar sauce garnished with rings of onions. To these, washed down by a gargle of Rhenish *ordinaire* (which, like the famous Nauemberger, served to indicate where vinegar grows wild), succeeded a dish of exceedingly fat *boulli*, accompanied, Germanwise, by four sauce-boats, containing pickled cherries, a *purée* of onions, another of *meerrettig*, and a black nameless compound that looked and smelt marvellously like senna-tea.

“ My nerves were somewhat shaken on perceiving with what heroic fortitude Wilhelmina not only divided her fish with her knife, but afterwards, immersing the clumsy blade in the vinegar so as to blacken the surface, plunged it fearlessly into her mouth ! For a moment I was apprehensive that death might ensue. But as *she* survived it, so did I. Of the fat *bouilli* and senna-sauce she ate with voracity ; and when the third dish was placed on table, consisting of a stew of wild-boar swimming in stewed apricots, and looking like everything that was nastiest in nature, I literally shuddered at the unctuousness of lip with which this ethereal being justified her carnivorous propensities.

“ Next came an *eierspeise*, which she imbibed with equal satisfaction ; then, an ill-roasted joint of veal, well-basted with butter ; and two or three soup-plates of garden-stuff, that looked as if ladled out of a weedy ditch. Then wafers,—then salad,—then leveret, that must have forgotten the date of its own killing ;—then cheese, that must have forgotten the date of its own pressing :—then fruit, then *zucker brod*,—then sugar-plums,—then coffee,—then *krisch* ; to say nothing of half-a-dozen delicate *hors-d'œuvres*, such as pickled herring, Brunswick-sausage, slices of raw ham, caviar, and other creature-comforts of a similar nature.

“ Gott in Himmel !—to see the idol of one's soul fill the lips that Leonardo would have delighted to paint,—lips like the half-open bud of a Bournealt rose,—lips that seemed formed only to emit a murmur of tenderness and joy,—the plaint of Margaret,—the song of Thekla,—to see those lips dilate to receive a vile, circumferential slice of Braunsweiler Bratwürst.—Oh ! Tommy Moore,—oh ! Johannes Secundus,—oh ! Lord Strangford !—oh ! Camoens ! oh, everybody else who has ever versified upon those ruby portals of the Temple of Beauty,—feel for me !—Es rührt mich der Schlag auf der Stelle !

“ The horror of the Arabian husband who beheld his wife Amina steal to the churchyard and indulge in her foul repast of human flesh, could not have exceeded mine. I should as soon have expected the Venus de Medicis or Belvidere Apollo to sup on cheese and opinions, as that ethereal

creature. My only consolation was the belief that this sylph, this Undine, this fay, this sprite, might perhaps be trifling with my sensibilities, and trying the force of my attachment by the perpetration of enormities."

This gross gorge finds something like a companion picture of inelegance and want of taste in that of the court of George the Fourth.

"I know not whether my ideas had expanded with much travel; but nothing out of the pages of Tom Thumb ever appeared to me so burlesque as the court and courtiers of the new Sovereign.—Such a be-starred, be-wigged assemblage as it was!—Scarcely a man among them that ventured to appear in his own shape or character! They seemed to think, like the beggars who post themselves at the cathedral doors of Catholic countries, that it was indispensable to exhibit some deformity to obtain attention. The rough affected to be smooth,—the smooth, rough. The dandies became yachters,—the sea-captains dandies.—Never did I behold anything so shallow and superficial as even their coxcombry! . . . The whole effort of its society consisted in keeping at temperate heat the pulses of infirm Majesty. As compared with the refined and lightsome society of the Continent, it was a structure of coarse Norway deal, profusely worked up with French polish; which superficial enhancement, owing to the nature of the material, obstinately refused to adhere."

Here follow specimens of Cecil's philosophy, and worldly maxims; a climacterick :—

"Eight-and-thirty is a frightful epoch in the life of a woman of fashion. Hot rooms and cosmetics place it on a level with fifty, in the lady of a country Squire. The struggle between departing youth and coming age is never more awful! A little older, and the case becomes too clear for dispute. At forty, she gives up the field, allowing that time has the best of it. But for the five preceding years, those years during which, though no longer pretty, a woman may be still handsome, the tug of war is terrific. A woman never prizes her beauty half so much as when it is forsaking her; never comprehends the value of raven locks till revealed by the contrast of the first grey hair; never finds out that her waist was slim and her form graceful, till she has been accused of *enbonpoint*.

"Brother coxcombs! if you would have a proper value set upon your homage, pay your court to a woman of eight-and-thirty. The flutter of a little miss of sixteen is nothing to the agitation with which the poor grateful soul uplifts her head above the waters of oblivion, in which she was succumbing."

The lasting advantages of common-place :—

"Rational common-place is, in the long run, that which pleases most. Wit keeps one too much on the alert to watch whether the shafts it launches attain their mark. Humour makes one nervous, lest it should degenerate into coarseness. Refined wisdom oppresses one with a sense of inferiority.

Originality is a pretension that renders one critical. But plain, rational, common-sensical conversation, uttered by an agreeable girl, beside whom one is setting in a comfortable cozy corner, wraps one round with a consciousness of comfort and repose. One has no fear of being startled,—no dread of being quizzed.—*C'est une nourriture saine et abondante.* One can fancy a long winter evening cheered by such a companion, with the aid of a good fire, good tea, and the last good novel."

We dismiss the clever and amusing Coxcomb, after quoting his ideas relative to monasteries:—

"I abominate monasteries. Two things peculiar to the cloister, are my especial detestation: the smell of human fustiness,—and the aspect of human hypocrisy. The faces one sees in such places are as much made up in their way as that of a *petite maîtresse*. Rouge and patches are not the only foreign aids of ornament by which people may falsify their visages. Humility, piety, patience, may sit just as discordantly upon the countenance as white lead or painted eyebrows!—The soft deprecating voice of an old monk is my ideal of the accents of Satan."

The only part of Mr. James's three volumes that we have read with something like offended feelings, is the dedication, in which the King of the Belgians is flattered to an extent which we think implies that he is a gullible subject. Not that we doubt the author's sincerity, or suppose that his judgment would be swayed by royal condescension, so as to play the sycophant more than most men are apt to be; but we should have been better pleased with his taste had he dealt in less extravagance of compliment. According to this dedication, Leopold is a far more generous patron of letters than the world gives him credit for. Says Mr. James—"When I see all that you have done to honour genius, to encourage literature and the arts, both in your own and other countries; when I look to the admirable arrangement and preservation of the archives of your realm, and the efforts made to obtain every document which has escaped the destructive power of time and political convulsions, I may well feel, as a literary man and a historian, not only admiration but gratitude." But the King's exertions towards the improvement of his people have not only, according to the following passage been exemplary and remarkable, but it seems to be stated that a degree of success and prosperity has attended these exertions, which we did not hear of, at least in Mr. Emerson Tennent's work. "Wherever I turn my eyes in your dominions," quoth the dedicator, "I see the most enlightened efforts to promote commerce and the arts, the great sources of national prosperity and national glory, and to foster industry and virtue, the only sure grounds of national happiness. Many men may combine to carry such designs into execution; but they cannot exist in a country where they are not powerfully directed by the sovereign himself."

The romance of "*Corse de Leon*" is perhaps the most stirring and the most skilfully worked out of any of our prolific author's fictions. We do not say that the characters are profoundly fathomed, or individualised with unmistakable distinctness. Those which are historical speak and act in a way consistent enough with what we have read of them; and they stand before us in as far as figure, costume and manners are concerned, with a fidelity, as if the author had been their contemporary. But he does not go much deeper than the exteriors. Then the pure creations are much akin to those which the writers of romance, who go to a distant era, love to describe, and have nothing very original about them. But then, Mr. James's historical studies, his sympathies with the past and the picturesque, and his dexterity as a painter, have here furnished a consistent and delightful whole; romance and history being in perfect harmony, and the spell over the reader never once broken. It is true that from a very early stage in the story one must be convinced that the end will be such as lovers and youthful readers desire; and that the wonderful, the almost miraculous agencies of certain characters will extricate the hero and heroine from the most alarming and apparently inevitable evils. Nevertheless, the interest is kept up by the never-ceasing variety of splendid or romantic description, incident, and adventure, or characteristic and powerful dialogue. Mountain and fastness, brigand's hold and spoils, strange intrigues and conspiracies, single combat and siege, imprisonment and trial, sentence and escape, court and pageantry, not to speak of love and constancy, as well as of villany and death, are so interwoven and severally dependent, that one's eagerness to know what comes next is unfaltering; while the beauty, the grandeur, or the stirring nature of each scene is complete.

The story is laid in France, in the reign of Henry the Second, he and the Maréchal de Vieilleville, the Maréchal de Brissac, Catharine de Medicis, and some others of historic fame, being brought upon the canvass, but only as accessories, and whose lives and era suggested some of the principal incidents of the romance; while *Corse de Leon*, a French Robin Hood,—Father Willand, a Friar Tuck,—the cruel and treacherous Marquis de Masseran, the heroine's step-father, with his infamous agents,—and the hero, Bernard de Rohan, sustain the chief interest of the work. Like all of our author's productions, the "*Brigand*" overflows with pure and kind-hearted sentiment, exalted notions of morality and man's nature, and proofs of cultured taste. It therefore operates benignly upon the heart, while it sends the imagination upon pleasurable exciting excursions which the author directs, filling them with satisfactory entertainment.

It is not easy to deal with a story so cunningly dove-tailed as this, when in the compass which our pages afford we wish to present an

intelligible sample. The following, however, may be understood, after we state that Father Willand, as well as Corse de Leon, are the champions of the lovers, and that among the vicissitudes of the hero he is condemned to die. The king and the priest are the colloquists.

“ ‘Let the sentence be at once confirmed,’ said the king. ‘My determination is taken,—my mind made up, Francis.’ ‘I beg your gracious pardon, sire,’ said Father Willand, interposing, ‘but before you pronounce finally, hear me too. Your royal son has spoken as becomes a prince; your daughter has sued as a woman, and I come to talk as a priest.’ ‘I believe, under such circumstances, my good father,’ said Henry, with a faint smile, ‘you ought, according to rule, to send me your admonitions through one of my chaplains.’ ‘What, trust a purse with a pickpocket!’ exclaimed the priest; his usual jesting bitterness mingling strangely with the tone of deep feeling in which he spoke. ‘No, no, sire; the admonitions would slip through their fingers by the way. Whenever your majesty wants to do a real act of charity, do it yourself: don’t trust to an almoner. I, in my priestly capacity, do as I would have you do in your kingly one, and, therefore, I beseech you hear my admonitions from my own mouth; I would not have them tainted with the breath of any other man.’ ‘Well, well, speak then,’ replied the king. ‘It shall never be said that I refused to hear. What have you to say in this youth’s favour, why the law of the land should not take its course?’ ‘In his favour I have very little to say,’ replied the priest; ‘for, indeed, there is very little to be said in the favour of any living man. We are all pups of one litter, blind and stupid when we are young, and snarling and vicious when we are old: but what have I to say is a warning to your majesty. What will you think of yourself and your present obstinacy should this young man not be guilty? If, entertaining doubts of his being the real person who did the deed, as I know you do, you resist all prayers and entreaties in his favour, and send him to the scaffold, what will be your feelings should you afterwards find out that he was not the man? How will you reproach yourself, then?’ ‘The impartial judges of the land,’ replied Henry, somewhat sternly, ‘have pronounced him guilty. If there be a fault, the fault is theirs, not mine.’ ‘Think you, sire,’ said the priest, ‘that in purgatory those judges will make you a low bow, and beg to have your share of fire as well as their own? With whom, sire,’ he continued in a still bolder voice,—‘with whom rests the power to save or to destroy? and why is that power trusted by God unto a king? Inasmuch, and solely inasmuch, as it is needful to have one to moderate the rigour of the law. The law must entertain no doubt. It either acquits or it condemns; but still reason may have a doubt, and it is for that that kings are invested with the glorious privilege of mercy. I tell you, sire, that, more than at any other time, you prove the divine origin of your power when you exercise it to save; for, in communicating to you the means of shewing mercy, God himself gave you a share of his brightest attribute. If, I say, you have no doubt of his guilt, send him to the scaffold; for your firm conviction, as an upright judge, shall justify you in the eye of Heaven. But if after having first heard the cause yourself, and read every

word of the evidence that has been given, you do entertain a doubt, exercise the right of shewing mercy, or prepare for long and bitter self-reproach in this world, and for the punishment of blood-guiltiness in the next. 'Your words are very bold, priest,' replied the king sharply; 'and this scene must never be repeated.'"

Mr. James strews his pages with maxims and philosophical reflections,—but with more of earnestness and less of bitterness than the Honourable Cecil Danby exhibits. We quote one example:—

"'There has there risen up,' he added, 'within my memory, a habit, an affectation of indifference, if you like to call it so, to all things on this earth; which indifference is born of a corrupt and a degraded heart, and of sated and exhausted appetites. To a high mind, furnished with keen and vigorous faculties, nothing on earth can be indifferent; for acuteness of perception, a quality which in its degree assimilates us to the Divine nature, weighs all distinctions. As God himself sees all the qualities of every thing, whether minute or great, and gives them their due place, so the grander and more expansive the intellect may be, the more accurately it feels, perceives, and estimates the good or evil of each individual thing. The low and the base, the palled taste of luxury, the satiated sense of licentiousness, the callous heart of selfishness, the blunted sensibilities of lust, covetousness, gluttony, effeminacy, and idleness, take refuge in indifference, and call it to their aid, lest vanity, the weakest but the last point to become hardened in the heart of man, should be wounded. They take for their protection the shield of a false and tinsel wit, the answer of a sneer, the argument of a supercilious look, and try to gloze over every thing, to themselves and others, with a contemptuous persiflage which confounds all right and wrong.'"

ART. XIII.—*A Concise Digest of the Laws, Usages, and Customs, affecting the Commercial and Civil Intercourse of the Subjects of Great Britain and France.* Sixth Edition. By CHARLES OKEY, Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris: Galignani. 1841.

THERE are few English works published upon the continent that have experienced a more rapid success than those of Mr. Okey, who is the consulting barrister to the British Embassy in Paris. Books of fiction please for a time: a new novel speedily usurps the place of its predecessor; and this in its turn also yield to one of a more recent date. But Mr Okey has furnished the public abroad with volumes whose real utility is not only recognised, but also appreciated in that circle whose interests are connected with the subject of that gentleman's writings. A knowledge of many points in the French law is most essential to Englishmen visiting the continent, particularly as the civil code makes several distinctions between the laws for strangers or foreigners, and those which apply to the French citizen. Mr. Okey saw the necessity of putting his fellow-countrymen in possession of a book which would at once ex-

plain to them their liabilities, their duties, and the various form they have to go through in certain cases, such as marriages, accession to property, wills, &c., &c., in concordance with the French laws. He saw this necessity—he saw that there was a deficiency to be filled up—and he applied himself to the task, which he ably accomplished. The accommodation was immediately perceived and acknowledged; and the King of the French rewarded with a decoration the individual who had thus turned his acquaintance with the French laws to so excellent a purpose.

In whatever legal matter an Englishman may be engaged in France, all he has to do is to seek a solution of his difficulties, or enquire the right path to pursue, by consulting Mr. Okey's work; and it is probable that he will require no other lawyer. The most minute question, relative to points of law, are satisfactorily explained in the *Digest*; and in asserting that no Englishman in France should be without this work, we are only performing a duty consistent with our characters as impartial reviewers. Let us take advantage of the work now before us to make our readers acquainted with some of the French laws which apply to foreigners.

An individual is said to be a foreigner when he is born in a foreign country, of foreign parents, and is not naturalised by legal process in France. An individual born in France, of parents who are domiciled by legal process, is a foreigner. An individual born in another country, of parents naturalized by legal process in France, is a foreigner. An individual begotten in France, by parents naturalized in France, and born in another country, is also considered a foreigner. An illegitimate child born of a French woman and recognised by a father who is a foreigner, is a foreigner. An illegitimate child born of a foreign woman, and recognised by a father who is a Frenchman, is a French citizen. The quality of a child, even if he be a minor, does not always depend upon that of the father. Thus, an individual born in France, of parents naturalized in France, does not become a foreigner in the eye of the law, if, during his minority, his father loses his quality of a Frenchman, which he can do by becoming naturalized in another country, by accepting employment under another government without the sanction of the French executive, or by establishing a commercial business in another country and residing there to superintend his affairs. Every individual born in France, of parents who are foreigners, can demand the enjoyment of the civil and political rights of a Frenchman, in the year after the one which marks his attainment to the age of majority, provided that he make a declaration of his intention to establish his domicile in France, the date of domiciliation by legal process to commence in the said year after he arrives at the age of twenty-one.

A foreigner enjoys in France the same civil rights, and those

rights to the same extent that are granted to the Frenchman in the nation to which the foreigner belongs. Thus a Swiss enjoys the benefits of the civil rights of a Frenchman to a much greater extent than any other foreigner, on account of the reciprocal understanding existing between the two nations. An Englishman, in order to enjoy the benefit of the civil rights of a Frenchman in all their extent, must procure an act of domiciliation, authorised by the King, signed by the Minister of Justice, and published in the *Bulletin des Lois*. With this act he is empowered to exercise all the civil, but none of the political rights of a Frenchman, so long as he shall continue to reside in France. The advantage of the act of domicile will be perceived by the following statements :—

“ No foreign, not domiciled in France, can enjoy the civil rights of a Frenchman to their full extent ; and this is a considerable inconvenience to any foreigner who may desire to recover debts from another. A foreigner may proceed against a Frenchman, or against an individual, who, born in another country, is naturalised by act in France ; but the Frenchman, or naturalised individual, thus proceeded against, can make the plaintiff find security for the expenses incidental to the trial. This guarantee is for the safety of the defendant, if he gain the cause.”

And again, a foreigner can be arrested provisionally for debt, before judgment be obtained against him, unless he possess the act of domicile ; and should he not be able to disembarass himself of his debts, or arrange with his creditors, he must stay in prison double the portion of time which must be completed by a Frenchman, or by one entitled to enjoy the civil rights of a Frenchman. A foreigner not domiciled, can be arrested upon a simple book-debt, amounting to more than a hundred and fifty francs. A Frenchman, or an individual who is entitled to enjoy the civil rights of a Frenchman, can only be arrested, unless he be in commerce, upon a bill of exchange, which must be dated at one place and made payable at another. A bill drawn and made payable at the same place is not considered a bill of exchange, but a single accommodation bill or promissory note. No foreigner can arrest another foreigner for debt without an act of domicile. A foreigner under age—that is a foreigner who has not attained the age of twenty-one—can be arrested for debts contracted in hotels or boarding houses, for necessaries ; but for no other debts. A foreigner who, in a foreign country, may have contracted a debt with a Frenchman, or with an individual enjoying the civil rights of a Frenchman, can be arrested the moment he sets foot in France. The following is the scale of the various periods of detention which act as a sponge for all debts, in respect to Frenchmen, or those who enjoy the civil rights by act of domicile ; the double of each period is to be passed in prison by those who are not so situated. A man may obtain his liberty—

" At the expiration of one year when the debt does not amount to five hundred francs.

" At the expiration of two years, when the debt does not amount to a thousand francs.

" At the expiration of three years, when the debt does not amount to three thousand francs.

" At the expiration of four years when the debt does not amount to five thousand francs.

" At the expiration of five years, when the debt amounts to more than five thousand francs."

No foreigner nor Frenchman can be detained in prison for debt when he has entered into his seventieth year. On the day that he is sixty-nine years old, he can demand his release. It will be seen by the above table that if a man owe millions, he cannot be detained in prison more than five years, if he be a Frenchman, or be entitled to the enjoyment of civil rights, and not more than ten if he be a non-domiciled foreigner.

Some time ago, a celebrated individual, who was accustomed to contract with the French government in respect to the commissariat department, undertook a certain engagement, which he obtained by tender. In a few days he presented himself at the office of the Minister of Finance, and desired that he might be accommodated with a million of francs (forty thousand pounds sterling), as he was somewhat deficient in the funds necessary to commence the contract. His character having been hitherto of the most unexceptionable description, the Minister did not hesitate to lay his petition before the council; and the money was advanced to him. He then wrote to the Minister to decline the contract, and forwarded the thousand pounds (twenty-five thousand francs) which he had forfeited by the non-fulfilment of the engagement, according to the conditions thereof. A council of Ministers was called, and the law-offices of the crown were consulted; but the receipt which the contractor had signed to the Minister of Finance, when he received the million of francs, by no means involved him in any offence against the criminal law. All that could be done was to arrest the contractor for the debt, and throw him into prison as soon as a judgment was procured against him. He remained five years in St. Pelagie, kept his million, and then obtained his release according to the law—a free man, without a debt in the world!

During the detention of any individual for debt, the creditor is obliged to allow him thirty francs a month in Paris, and twenty-five francs a month in the departments, to secure him the means of subsistence. Should this sum fail to be paid at the minute it is due, the debtor can demand his release, and the debt is cancelled, as if he had stayed out his time. It must also be remembered that the bankruptcy laws exist in France, as well as in England, and thus

they are much better in the former than in our own country. A tradesman may also white-wash himself without becoming bankrupt, by making a *cessio bonorum*, which, if honourably and creditably effected, is followed by a general discharge, and the individual may commence the world again. The bankruptcy laws are, however, excessively severe in cases where fraud has taken place. A banker, or stock-broker, who fails, and who has expended monies entrusted to him as deposits, is considered a fraudulent bankrupt, and punished with imprisonment proportionate in length to the nature of his offence: in some cases, indeed, such delinquents are sent to the galleys. Had such a case as the late bankruptcy of a certain London banking firm occurred in Paris, at least one of the partners would have been sent to the galleys for five years, as assuredly as he was guilty of expending vast sums deposited in his hands as trust monies. And such regulations are highly necessary, however much people may exclaim that they cramp and circumscribe the commercial energies of a nation. Those commercial energies must not be allowed to distend to such an extent, that if they fail, the rebound dashes down the fortunes and ruins the prospects of thousands of confiding individuals, amongst whom, perhaps, are the widow and the orphan! The ridiculous license allowed by the English commercial laws encourages all kinds of frauds, bubble companies, joint-stock societies, whose aim is plunder, and insurance companies, who assure nothing save the ruin of the shareholders and the prosperity of the founders. The English bankruptcy laws are a farce; and yet the process is encumbered with expenses which must fall upon the petitioning creditor, unless the estate can pay them. It is a most remarkable fact, that in France, where bankruptcies are far more numerous than they are in England, the average dividend paid by the estates of bankrupts is seventy-five per cent. It would therefore seem that such individuals should never have been driven to the tribunal of commerce—or, to speak in English terms, to the bankruptcy court, seeing that very few mercantile or trading houses are solvent enough to pay twenty shillings in the pound if abruptly called upon to do so. The reason why bankruptcies are more numerous in France is, because the laws are not so exclusive relative to that process: in England no small tradesman can become bankrupt, as the petitioning creditor's debt must amount to one hundred pounds; whereas in France, all a tradesman's debts together need not amount to that sum to enable him to avail himself of the laws for his release from embarrassments. There is, however, no Insolvents' Court in France; and the sooner it is amalgamated with the Bankruptcy Court in England, the better.

The laws of France are extremely liberal with regard to the rights of foreigners to establish commercial houses, and to form societies for the working of mines, &c. Every foreigner, whether natural-

ised, domiciled, or not,—whether acting alone, or on his own account, or as one of a company—can obtain a grant of mines. With regard to patents of invention, improvement, or discovery, the laws are equally favourable to the foreigner, empowering him to recover, by legal proceedings, ample compensation of any Frenchman who may make use of his name, seal, &c., to dispose of goods for which the said foreigner alone has a patent. A foreigner, established, moreover, in another country, can with the same facility, prevent any Frenchman in France from making use of his (the foreigner's) inventions; and from reaping the benefits of his discoveries, so long as the patent granted for them remains in force. Any foreigner, who undertakes the working of mines in France, does not embark in a mere ordinary commercial enterprise: he cannot demand as a right the power of working mines, but obtains a previous grant from the government—a ceremony through which even the French citizen is compelled to go. Any foreigner may become a shareholder in the Bank of France, as such speculations are considered a portion of the commercial rights of all individuals, whatever may be their nation. If a foreigner take into France a discovery made in another country, while it is yet unknown in France, he stands in the same light as if he were the original inventor. At the same time the patent, which the foreigner would obtain in this case, can only exist so long as the patent which the original inventor may have obtained in his own country, may be valid.

Naturalisation in France enables a foreigner to enjoy political rights—to be able to undertake magisterial duties—to fill government offices—and to be entitled to vote at elections, or sit in the Chamber of Deputies, &c. A foreigner may become naturalised in France, when after having attained the age of twenty-one, and having declared his intention to fix his future habitual residence in France, or has lived in France ten years from the date of the said declaration. Then ten years after the act of domiciliation, a foreigner may demand his letter of naturalisation, because the act of domicile itself is a declaration of his intention to fix his abode in the country. At the same time, and according to a law of June, 1814, a foreigner may, in certain cases, where he has rendered important services to the commercial, civil, or literary interests of the nation, be favoured with letters of naturalisation from the discretion of the King, who can grant them even if the foreigner have not dwelt the necessary number of years in France; but the act of naturalisation must be approved of by the two Chambers.

Altogether, the work before us is a most useful one; and the number of editions through which it has passed, speaks volumes in favour of its popularity,

ART. XIV.

1. *The Book without a Name.* By SIR T. CHARLES and LADY MORGAN.
2 vols. London: Colburn. 1841.
2. *Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections.* By LADY CHATTERTON.
3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1841.

THE very want of connexion as regards the materials brought to the structure of these works, has induced us to place them together, and to throw them under one general head as vague as are the titles which the authors themselves have set forth. Besides, in the variety and miscellaneous nature of the sketches, the sentiments, the reflections, and the reminiscences collected, there is a sort of kinship, that is suggestive of classification; although the manner of each writer is distinct, and, in so far as that goes, there is consistency, a unity of style and of purpose, on the part of each of the three taken severally.

The difficulty of finding a showy or a sententious, yet appropriate title to the book, as well as the influence which such an announcement will have upon its sale, are proverbial things. These difficulties are of course multiplied when a book is to consist of all manner of subjects and thoughts; so that such generalities as the old fashioned terms—Sketches and Recollection; or the less hackneyed phrases—Olla Podrida, Patchwork, and the like, have been greedily seized by authors and publishers, and no doubt regarded with the confident hopes of inveigling or captivating many a reader, by him or her who first adopted the happy terms. But in proportion to the degree of ingenuity displayed in such discoveries is the want of taste and of promise if any one of them be again used; for then the copyist is sure to be set down as an imitator in more than the title, and to be held as tame as he is unoriginal. No wonder then that Sir Charles and Lady Morgan were resolved to stand by themselves in this advertising and arresting respect; and have not only given no definite name to their book simply because they “had no name to give” but have discovered a title from this very circumstance. The work therefore is sure to command the attention of readers, and would have attracted not a few, even although the authors had never before been heard of, and although it did not possess one half of the merits that it really does. So much for a name.

The contents of the “Book without a Name,” consist of papers which have separately appeared in different periodicals during the last ten or fifteen years, and partly of scraps which have gathered on their hands, and have, we may presume, been deemed by the writers, of the number of their more felicitous effusions.

Many of our readers must be already acquainted with the pecu-

liar style of each of the writers; for although the manner of the one may be supposed to have considerably worked upon and modified that of the other, the husband's is distinct from the wife's; his being lightsome, and satirically piquant—her's more earnest, bitter, fuller of the exaggerations of prejudice. The gentleman utters a great deal of good sense, and original things too, while he laughs and jokes; the lady is more turgid, but not less marked on the side of intellect and of novel philosophy; so that, between them, two volumes have been produced that deserve to rank with Captain Marryat's "Olla Podrida" and Basil Hall's "Patchwork."

There appears to us however to be no small share of affectation, and also of craftship in the manufacture of the "Book without a Name," the title even suggesting the criticism; and these inferior qualities may be readily taken for originality. Neither are bold and out-of-the-way utterances necessarily novel wisdom. Still, both in the way of facts, that are new and newly set, and of speculations that are odd and striking, both authors show to advantage; while, perhaps, the greatest entertainment afforded as well as curiosity excited by their volumes, will arise from the manner in which the sly and sharp humour of the one, and the sterner sarcasm of the other, are veiled in their moral preachings; the writers themselves appearing hardly to know whether they are leaning to philosophic jest, or are earnest at random.

Part of the prefatory notice or address, which is well contrived, so as to catch attention, were it but from its mystification and assumed tone of defiance, we shall first of all quote; for in respect of both qualities mentioned, it furnishes a sample of the work. Say the authors.

" ' Notice is hereby given,' that these volumes are volumes in the queen's peace, volumes with no offence in their mouths; that they are desirous of enjoying their own sense or nonsense, without let or molestation to the sense or nonsense of the world at large. Those who delight to imagine that '*les vessiers sont des lanterns*,' are welcome to their whim, provided they will leave other folks alone, and not cry *haro* against all whom in their wantonness they may suspect of being suspicious. Nay, if, in spite of such protestations, some reasons in behalf of forbidden truths should by accident have crept into these innocent pages, such reasons are at once admitted to be of no avail, against any lawful or customary authority to the contrary. Those in possession are hereby acknowledged to have a plenary right to make fair and foul weather at their pleasure, and to place the heart on whichever side of the body it seems good to them. Whenever it is asserted that such a thing 'must be,' that, 'such a consequence flows from such and such undisputed premises,' this is intended as a simple declaration of the historical fact, that such is the case with respect to the understandings of those who know no better—of those obstinately freethinking logicians, who will have a will of their own. It is not pretended that such consequences are theologically true; nor is it

meant to force any to believe the evidence of their own senses, if their instinct or their interests (which are often one and the same) happen to point another way."

We must now give a sample from the contributions of each, beginning with a specimen from the pen of Sir Charles; and perhaps a more clever or amusing one cannot be selected than his defence of a very common practice in city and fashionable life, against which straighter-laced, or more common-place, moralists have sometimes waged a clumsy war. The subject is the "Not at Home" denial to an unwelcome or inconvenient visitant. Here is the preachment:—

"It was the boast of the great Lord Chatham, that the poorest man's cabin is by the constitution of England protected from violation; and, that 'though the winds of heaven may penetrate it, the rain may enter it, yet the king cannot.' But the right of the subject would be of little use to him, if this blessed sanctuary which even the '*Dis æqua protestas*' must respect, should be penetrable to every common-place bore, who has the hardihood to make his unreasonable attacks upon it. The inquisitorial '*Is your master at home?*' would then have the effect of a star-chamber process, and break down all the barriers of liberty and property. A badger will bite the nose of any animal that thrusts the unwelcome protuberance into its hole; a snail will retreat to the innermost whirl of its shell from intrusions; and an oyster, the dullest of animated beings, has the privilege of closing its valves against external annoyance, and being 'not at home' to the sea-gulls. Nature has exerted its utmost skill upon this point of the animal economy; and the beautiful pendulous nest, that ingenious contrivance for denying the unwelcome visit of the snake to its retiring inhabitants, is but one among a thousand means provided for discharging the function of the 'not at home' of the human species. The right, then, being indefeasible, the fiction by which it is guarded is perfectly honest, and stands upon the same ground as the most approved fictions of law. The pretended moral obligation to refuse its protection is not, therefore, more reasonable, than that which should compel the criminal to plead guilty, and be hanged in maintenance of his character for veracity.

"The usages of modern society have given a vast increase of utility and importance to this *para-bore*, this innocuous conductor of the *fulmen* of the street-door knocker. In the old times, when none but the select few sought admission to the interior of the mansion, no visits were common but such as were perfectly acceptable. A man would as soon have thought of turning from the door a tenant on rent-day, as giving a general order of exclusion, unless when the physician was the sole exception. But, in these days, 'not at home' is a very necessary *convenience* interposed between the visitor and visitée, in those numerous calls of mere etiquette, which, while they are perfectly essential to the maintenance of social order and civilized society, are insufferable taxes on time and patience. In order to reap a few dinners, it is necessary to sow an infinity of visiting cards; and if the bearers were always received in *propriâ personâ*, a bachelor would run considerable risk

of being starved, for want of leisure to overtake his invitations, and qualify for their repetition. What between visits of introduction, visits after balls, friendly visits for jogging the memory, and '*visites de digestion*,' a diner-out might spend his whole life in the vocative case, were it not for the paper currency, in which he is permitted to discharge these honourable debts. But the matter would be still worse with the ladies, who are forced to carry on a diplomatic exchange of visits, with a punctilious list of some six or eight hundred particular friends, not one of whom would acknowledge them at an assembly, or exchange a salute through the carriage window, if the annual visit at the commencement of the season had not been duly paid. Like the service of a writ, the putting in of a refreshing card (and lucky it is that this suffices) is an essential preliminary to bringing the parties to a hearing. Without this protocol, there is no re-establishing the accustomed relations between the high contracting allies of the last season; two square inches of pasteboard, more or less, make all the difference between the most intimate friendship and the cut direct. In a case so weighty as this, nothing is more unpardonable than that carelessness and inattention to good breeding, with which an *étourdie* will sometimes suffer herself to be at home when she should not. Every one who possesses a knowledge of the art of living in decent society will take care not only to guard against such an error herself, but also to hire servants whose instinctive tact has been sufficiently refined by long and habitual exercise to enable them, without specific orders, to determine when their mistress is or is not at home. The want of this talent in domestics leads to a dreadful abuse. When a blockhead of a porter has not the skill to distinguish between the bullion of his employer's drawing-room and the paper currency, when, after examining his man from head to foot, he knows no more how to class him, than a naturalist how to place the *Ornithorhynchus*, he coolly replies to the customary interrogatory of 'Is your lady at home?' with 'I'll see, sir;' and away he trots to decline the visitor's name and appearance, and take orders according as these happen to be in the vocative or the ablative. This is perfectly abominable! Much better is it to give a bold 'No,' at once, at the risk of dismissing the bearer of an offer of marriage, or a rich brother from the East Indies; for how, after this, can a negative answer be taken in any other light than that of a personal affront? Gullibility itself would not credit the statement; and the most egregious vanity must sink under the unpleasant truth it develops. Besides, how *gauche* it is to leave a gentleman waiting in the hall while this errand is doing, and permitting him to hear the loud whisper of 'Oh! no, by no means, *to him*,' followed by the loud shutting of the drawing-room door. There are few houses in London large enough to admit of this manœuvre being decently performed."

But the rule even here is liable to one striking and imperative exception:—

"There is one personage who has a prescriptive right of admission at all hours, and who never takes a denial. But this gentleman is universally admitted to be so great a bore, that no one in his senses would think of imitating him. He'll knock at any door he pleases, whether it be in Grosvenor Square or St. Giles's—

Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas

Regumque turres ;

and, like his friend the doctor, he stops to ask no question, but walks up stairs at once, even to 'my lady's chamber.' With a fellow of this peremptory character, there is but one point of good manners to be observed: which is to be always ready to receive him with a good grace, neither weakly dreading his visit when he does not come, nor treating it when he does, as a thing unexpected and unusual. Receive him with the firmness of a Stoic, the cheerfulness of an Epicurean, and the respect due to the power, in whose name he intrudes; for he was never known to retire from a bad reception, nor to remit his claims, to tears, struggles, or supplications; and as for 'not at home,' and leaving his card, show me the porter who would dare to propose it."

Readers cannot but admire the manner in which the author has thrown and classed his ideas, not merely so as to amuse, but he has cleverly contrived to put them in a way which the denouncer of the custom may appropriate. How much do indulged artificialities and fashionable follies pervert! But now for the Lady, who, our readers are aware, is a strenuous upholder of the prerogatives of her sex. She might indeed in her book about the usurpations of *Woman's Master*, have made use of some of the illustrations to be quoted. At any rate, most probably, her studies preparatory to the production of that work, supplied her with the curious matter that we extract.

The paper to which we refer is entitled "*Le Cordon Bleu*," which will perhaps suggest the blue ribbon which was so long considered as the adequate recompense of all the highest merit in the highest classes, but which has a broader yet a humbler symbol for its theme; viz. the blue aprons of "the first class of *female cooks* in Paris." Accordingly, cookery both as a science and an art is made the text of a great deal of severe sarcasm, and also of antiquarian information; as well as for vindicating woman and defending her rights.

Lady Morgan goes a long way back, bringing her historical glance down to our times,—from the period when women, "nature's own cooks," were driven from their legitimate sphere by those who could wield more "physical force," in consequence of the same sort of necessity that is "now giving way to steam-kitchens and hot hearths." "The women," she says, "must have early found that the animal susceptibility to civilization (that is, to domestication and taming) lies in the stomach; and that those species alone are capable of the process, whose will is eminently obedient to their appetites. The inference from the animal to the human stomach could not have been lost on female penetration; and its application to the purposes of influence was probably among the first uses of the discovery of Prometheus." She goes on to ob-

serve that "the most stubborn and rebellious characters have been remarkable for their indifference to the art of eating, and that from Esau's mess of pottage to Andrew Marvel's shoulder of mutton, the connexion between spare diet and dogged obstinacy has remained unshaken."

Notices are taken of the culinary art as it existed among the Hebrews, Lady Morgan's keen sarcasm finding frequent scope; while she loses no opportunity of doing honour to the exertions and talents of her own sex. The spices, gums, and essences introduced by Queen Sheba into the kitchens of Jerusalem, and *les offices* of Solomon, are spoken of; Cleopatra's supper to Cæsar, which obtained for her the honours of a Roman Empress, and also her pampering Antony's love of fish, come in for admiration. The Roman kitchen itself is called great but "unscientific;" while with the northern races who overwhelmed the empire, and who were as "hungry as the sea," and "could devour as much," quantity was of far more importance than quality. We are told that,—

"To appreciate the barbarian kitchens of the fifth century, it is enough to have tasted the national cookery of the same races in the nineteenth. Sour crout, pickled herrings, and lusciously sweet puddings, followed by the final leg of mutton, *obligato*, are still the staple of a German dinner; and 'even unto this day,' the national dinners of the Saxon heptarchy may be traced in a genuine English bill of fare of their descendants. There may be some excuse for northern ignorance on this point, in 'the divinity which hedged in' their women, and which deemed it sacrilege to devote them to any coarse employment. The north men would have blushed to turn their noble wives into turnspits; so the men took the cookery to themselves,—and a pretty mess they made of it. The crude fibre of an old ox satisfied the tastes of the rude worshippers of Odin; and the heroes of Thor, like those of Homer, disdained not to prepare it with their own hands. The women, indeed, were consulted as oracles; but it was on all subjects, save that which concerned the daily interests and comforts of the community."

Everything is given against the lords of the creation; and all the merits of the *cuisine*, like those in other departments of life and society, to the fair.

The most interesting portion of the paper traces the progress, the transitions, and the vicissitudes of the culinary art in France, and its alternations and history in England; the advances and discoveries of our Gallic neighbours having operated influentially upon British kitchens, although our inferiority has always been great, both as to invention and refinement. The following is the manner in which one French epoch is treated:—

"During the insanity of Charles the Sixth, the Comte de St. Paul raised a militia in Paris of five hundred *garçons bouchers*, commanded by

their own officers, the master proprietors of *la boucherie*. The corps, having fought well at the battle of Azincourt, retained their military grades and plunder; and from these knights of the marrowbones and cleaver, descended some of the noble houses of France;—the illustrious families of Saint-Yon, Thibaut, '*et autres*,' says the chronicler, owe their origin to *la grande boucherie de Paris* of the fifteenth century. If the servants of the abattoirs of Paris were thus mounting the baronial coronet, an English Queen (but a French woman) raised her cook to the rank of an English gentleman. Eleanor de Provence, the consort of Henry the Third of England, struck by the superior art of Richard de Norreys, her serjeant cook, induced the king to grant him the manor of Ockholt, or Ockwell, in Berkshire. From this eminent artist, so generously appreciated by his royal mistress, descended a family, which, in the days of Elizabeth, ranked high in the state; and represented that class—their country's boast and pride—the gentry of England, under its most respected phasis. About one mile from the ancient town of Bray, immortalized in story by its versatile, yet ever-consistent vicar, still rises for the delight of the antiquary and the triumph of the gastronome, one of the most perfect and interesting specimens extant, of the old English manor-houses of the middle ages: it was erected by John de Norreys, the direct descendant of Richard, the queen's cook. John de Norreys bequeathed, by will, a large sum for the completion of this mansion; or, as he expresses it, for the 'full building and making uppe of the said chappel, with the chambers adjoining, within my manor of Ocholt, in the parish of Bray, not yet finished.' Of the portions of this manor-house still existing, its gables, porches and beautiful windows of six bays, the most remarkable feature is the quartering of the historical cook with the armorial bearings of the proudest peers of England. Here, among the antelopes of Henry the Sixth, the eagles of Margaret d'Anjou, the crests of the Beauforts, and the lambriquins of the Beauchamps, are still to be seen the beaver of Richard de Norreys, with the appropriate motto of 'faithfully serve,' borrowed from the calling of the founder of the family."

But to pass over to France once more, and to alight at the period of that country's *Renaissance*, by the genius of Catherine de Medicis, her Italian queen, "and by the quick apprehension of her *spiritual* women:"—

"Francis the first again, for the third time, brought back the women to the court, whence the ferocious Louis the Eleventh had banished them. His Italian daughter-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, being placed at the head of the royal household, brought to her lofty position all the lights and science of the Italian 'office,' then the first in the world. Confectionary, the poetry of the kitchen, was at its acme: and *les patisseries de la Dauphine* shed a glory on the whole order, by the ingenuity they displayed in their architectural and allegorical structures. They were soon incorporated into a company; and, in the reign of Charles the Ninth, the son of this foundress of *l'art sucré*, they received a statute, '*où l'on remarque le privilège de fabriquer la pain à chanter messe*.' The French cookery displayed in the field of gold made an obvious impression upon Wolsey, the greatest

man, and most liberal Amphitryon of his age ; to whom his brute king was not worthy to be a scullion. He saw, at once, the advantage of a reform in the rude English kitchen ; and the 'Butcher's cur,' the 'honeste poore man's sonne,' who, from the heights of his own great mind, must have looked down on the ferocious descendant of Owen Tudor, soon introduced the elegancies of the French table among the other civilizing influences of learning and art. In his Palace of Hampton, the Cardinal Minister may be said to have established a college of gastronomy, of which the halls and offices still standing give the best idea. They are the last subsisting monument in the country of priestly magnificence, and of the household arrangements of churchmen, at the time when they accumulated in the hands of the same individual, the highest offices of the church and the state. * * * To the sumptuous banquets prepared by the Vatal of the mighty and munificent churchman, the fairest ladies of England were invited ; and they studied under his lessons the dishes and devices, which, passing from Italy to France, afforded them opportunities for improving their own culinary science—a science, which no great lady then neglected. What model sweetmeats must have been carried away ! what subjects of domestic discussion for the tapestry chambers and oriel windows of the country mansions, to which the delighted guests returned from these more than royal festivals."

If we make a jump to the reigns of Louis the Fourteenth and his immediate successor, we shall find that Lady Morgan not merely traces the progress of luxurious cookery at those times, and exhibits the political importance which the art obtained at those periods, but the extraordinary genius which the women displayed in the art. She says :—

"The declining years of Louis the Fourteenth brought with them a decline of appetite and of taste ; and he was so subject to weaknesses of the stomach, that a species of cordial was invented for his use by Madame de Maintenon, consisting of distilled spirits, sugar, orange flowers, and other perfumes. This was the origin of the various modern compounds known by the general name of liqueurs—the '*chasse*,'—without which there is no chance of digestion for the high-born and wealthy of our own times. The success of this invention originated a school of valetudinarian cooks, of which Madame de Maintenon was the foundress. Her famous *côtelettes en papillotes*, which protected the stomach against grease, and Louis le Grand from indigestion, spared him from many a fit of bile and penitence, and increased the influence of the favourite, to the despair of Louvois, and of the princesses, and to the triumph of Père la Chaise and the Jesuits. The charming and very *espiègle* Princesse de Conti had almost exhausted her art in attempts to save her husband and brother-in-law from the king's resentment, and from that punishment which their vices were drawing on them, when she suddenly thought of attacking the royal mercy through the royal stomach ; and invented the famous dish, still so popular in France, under the style and title of *Carré de mouton à la Conti*. This was a dish in which the coarser fat and fibre disappear, under the flavour of the natural juices, and of *bouquets de fines*

herbes, mushrooms, and anchovies. The whole was so-digested in the casse-rol, that it left nothing for the royal organs to perform, save to enjoy. The old king threw aside his insipid *potage à la vierge* (a palling *purée* of chicken, veal, cream, and eggs,) and fell upon his piquant *carré* with the appetite of former times, when his *en cas de nuit* (a cold fowl) was left at his bed-side, lest he should awake hungry. The court was amazed at his lenity to the crimes of the Conti and Bourbon; and Madame de Maintenon becoming alarmed, called the Père la Chaise to her aid. The result of this consultation was the '*Canard au Père Douillet*' which then first took its place at the royal table; and the king's conscience was awakened by it to a new sense of—orthodox cookery. Thenceforth, every new dish came labelled with a saintly name; and the many excellent *morceaux à la Ste. Ménéhould* date from the reign of the Saint François de Maintenon."

Again :—

"The petits soupers of Marli surpassed in elegance and refinement its '*grands collations*' in the last days of Louis Quatorze. The great ladies of the court purchased the inventions of dishes from some obscure cook of genius; and edited Matelottes and Salmis, as great English ladies now edit or appropriate works of far less taste and science. The Princesse de Soubise lent her historical name to that excellent dish, which first brought the *purée d'oignon* into fashion; and proved that the greatest vegetable condiment of the kitchen might be deprived by art of all that was offensive in its odour, without losing the piquant acidity of its flavour. The success of the *Côtelette à la Soubise*, and the rising favour of its inventress, alarmed the ambitious jealousy of the celebrated Duchesse de Mailly. She saw something behind the cutlet greater than the cutlet; and, recalling the old spirit of political intrigue of the Soubise women in the former reign, which had so long agitated all Europe, she resolved to meet the princess on her own ground; and she gave to the royal menus and to the world her immortal *gigot à la Mailly*!! In the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, the alimentary philosophy had reached the very acme of its perfectibility! Cookery assumed all the dignity of a science, and stood half-way between physic and chemistry. The most distinguished *savans* did not think it beneath their consequences to occupy themselves with its processes; and they everywhere introduced improvements, from the simple *pot au feu* of the poor mechanic, up to the elaborate combinations which are served in dishes of crystal and vases of gold. The language of the kitchen then became as polished as that of *les belles lettres*: cookery-books and 'almanacs' were composed with the wit of Voltaire and the graces of Sévigné. Receipts for *purées* were written with the purisms of the academy; *petits plats* were named 'epigrams;' and the very genius of pastoral poesy reigned over the technicalities of the second course and the dessert. Women of all classes now aspired to mingle (in the most material sense of the words) the *utile dulci*; and, while great ladies exercised themselves in drawing out elaborate bills of fare, with a unity of design that would have well become an epic poem, those of humbler houses, where no chief was kept, rivalled the master-spirits of the times by their inventions, and gave their names to some of the best dishes of the age.

'*La Cuisine Bourgeoise*' was published in the latter part of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth; and it required all the wit of La Reynière to make head against one of the best cookery-books ever published for the edification of posterity. The pretensions of the sex to meddle with an art, for which it is said, 'nature had never intended them,' produced, however, a violent opposition on the part of their masters; and Madame de Genlis, having boasted that she had taught a German Count at Vienna to dress seven delicious French dishes, in return for his hospitality, she drew down upon her presumption the sarcasms of the *côterie de Holbach*. It was accordingly predicted that the *cuisinières* of Paris would soon usurp the chairs of the chefs; the *précieuses* of the pantry were subjected to general ridicule; and

Toute Française, à ce que j'imagine
Sait, bien ou mal, faire une cuisine,

was an epigram borrowed from a fashionable comedy of the day, and in every body's mouth. But the women persevered; and the order of the Cordon Bleu was founded, which passed through the storms of the revolution, of the restoration, and *les trois jours*, still flourishing in France, when all other orders have been trampled under foot."

At no time and in no respect, in the art of cookery, are the English allowed to have been able to vie with the French. Welch mutton may have been introduced by the Tudors; Scotch Broth, Cocky-leeky, and the "chieftain of the pudding race," the Haggis, immigrated with James the First, throwing back "English cookery to its brute elements." Queen Anne, to be sure, "was a divine-righted cook;" but with the accessions of the House of Hanover, there was little improvement; so that, "it soon became an admitted axiom that, to procure a good dinner in England, it was necessary to procure a good cook from France." Listen, John Bull, and throw away your roast beef and plumb-pudding! Even the ambition and efforts of George the Fourth to elevate the national as well as the royal kitchen, are declared to have been a failure. But be she right or wrong concerning these mighty affairs, Lady Morgan has with power and elegance launched her satire from the *blue apron battery*.

Lady Chatterton's "*Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections*" are far less affected, and are much more feminine in their tone, than what we have just now been quoting. Her sympathies are kindlier, more natural, and touching. And yet she is buoyant and naïve, as well as shrewd and philosophic; while her sentiments are her own and unborrowed. Indeed the great charm of the work lies in this,—that while her mind is fine, pure, and feminine, she seems to utter nothing but its irrepressible genuine language.

These utterances are on all manner of subjects, and on very different occasions. It seems as if nothing ever came amiss for description, reflection, or for recollection as a story. Her memory or diary is always open for a new record, without connexion with

anything that has preceded, and which, in the present volumes, at least, is made to stand by itself. The work therefore consists of almost an endless variety of things, inserted upon no assignable principle, unless the very general link which sequence of travel at home and abroad be deemed such, and the uniformity of feeling, sentiment, and taste be held as the harmonious and clear atmosphere in which her thoughts never cease to reside.

Lady Chatterton's pages begin in England, where rustic as well as noble and royal themes engage her. Ireland is her next field, which she rendered so charming in her "Rambles." Then Scotland for a short time occupies her; after which come Germany and France. Wherever she goes, whatever visit she pays, she contrives to pick up interesting anecdotes, scenes for her sketch-book, characters, legends, superstitions, incidents and criticisms; or to render such subjects interesting and delightful, by reverie, fancy, pithy remark, or elevated and impressive moralizing. It is impossible to open at any page, and not for the eye in a moment to alight upon pleasant or arresting passages, and where the knack of the writer is not at once apparent. We must be guided in our selections, however, by the amount of space which the samples will occupy; nor is this much to be regretted, seeing that the shortest is illustrative always, at least, of the author's mind.

Even her stories of every-day life, and her infant recollections, are attractive and frequently valuable. Her very egotism is agreeable, and her personal disclosures acceptable. Take for our first example an uncalled for, but pleasant apology for her book-making, which may be compared or contrasted with the extract from the prefatory address of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan. Says our present author:—

"I adore a library, and should be glad to think that some volumes of my thoughts might slumber on its dusty shelves. Yes; even if they were never read, it seems to me a pleasant sort of tomb for the mind—an appropriate abode of repose for the best and most genuine part of ourselves. To publish our thoughts and writings is often considered presumptuous; but sure without reason, for no one is obliged to read our productions if they do not like. To talk is not reckoned presumptuous; yet, if we consider well, there is, in reality, more presumption in doing so than in writing. I have never been able to enjoy the pleasure which many experience in uttering their real thoughts and feelings. The idea that my conversation will bore people haunts me, and continually shuts my mouth. But I never feel this when writing, because I know that no one need read a word if they do not choose. Our best friends may tell us they have not read our books, and run no risk of being considered rude; but who could safely refuse to listen to our uttered thoughts, or venture to betray impatience and inattention? I have therefore great pleasure in writing, because I feel that people may most independently throw down my book whenever they like. Another

liberty, too, which friends and the public may take with authors, is, that they may abuse their books,—a liberty which can seldom be ventured on in conversation. And yet it is called presumptuous to write—to do a thing which entails no forbearance, no ceremony, no annoyance on any one! I do not mean by this to imply that I am at all insensible to the fate of my writings: on the contrary, I have no wish to hear or see my works neglected or abused; but still, if either of these two evils happen to me, I must derive consolation from the reflection that it is better to endure than to have lived on in continual dumbness. An author generally receives but little praise from his own relations and those who have lived much with him, because they have generally been deceived in his character. The most common motive which actuates amateur writers is a desire for sympathy—a longing to be more fully understood and appreciated in early life, seldom take the trouble to write, or, indeed, to aim at excellence in any particular pursuit. This observation may be applied in some degree, also, to amateur painters and musicians. Now, no one likes to have been deceived in the characters of those whom they have known from childhood; and, therefore, a person who gives utterance, either in writing, painting, or music, to ideas which had been a long time concealed, is sure to cause a feeling of humiliation to those who have been deceived in him. Some people do not discover, till late in life, how to express their sentiments, while others are able to do so in early youth. Some never! And yet I believe many feel at times, as Rogers expresses so beautifully, that

‘Passions that slept are stirring in his frame :
Thoughts undefined, feelings without a name?
And some not here called forth may slumber on
Till this vain pageant of a world is gone ;
Lying too deep for things which perish here,
Waiting for life but in a nobler sphere.’

All these wishes to be understood, to develop our feelings, and make them plain to others, may be very foolish. But we cannot help clinging to the hope that even if those who seem to have known us intimately do not comprehend us, our writings may still procure sympathy for us among total strangers.”

There is novelty in this apologetic introduction, and glimpses of character. England and Ireland must furnish us with the rest of our extracts. Here are the reminiscences of a visit to St. Anne's Hill:—

“Saturday.—Just returned from an interesting drive to St. Anne's Hill, enchanted with its owner, Mrs. Fox, widow of the great statesman. It is astonishing how averse we are to call any celebrated character by the term Mr., or even any other title which may belong to the generality of commonplace people. I have quite this feeling towards the dear old lady we this day visited. She received us most kindly. There is an ease about her, and a spirituality in her discourse, which even such an unsocial person as

myself enjoyed. She is upwards of ninety ; has a fine countenance, rather on a large scale, singularly animated eyes, in which the malicious fun of early youth still sparkles ; but this roguish expression is tempered by a broad and benevolent-looking forehead, full of good organs, and a kindly smiling mouth. Her teeth, evidently her own, are in good preservation ; and she laughingly said she had just began to wear her own hair. It is of a reddish auburn, mingled, but not profusely, with grey. She entered most warmly into the subject of elections, and told several funny anecdotes of Tory bribery. * * * These two rooms command one of the loveliest South of England views I ever beheld. The low windows open on a luxuriantly blooming parterre, interspersed with sloping lawns and magnificent forest-trees. In the middle distance are seen old English places, with their beautiful parks, villages, and church-steeple ; and far away, blue wavy hills and wooded plains are lost in the glowing horizon. It was one of those gleamy picturesque days which add much to the beauty of all scenery ; a day on which dark masses of cloud cast a steady shade over portions of the landscape, while the bright parts are now and then dimmed by light shadows from the fleeting vapours above. There are few spots where Nature has done so much to form a beautiful site for a garden as at St. Anne's Hill ; and fewer still have been laid out by a mind so full of taste as that of Fox. The sunny dells and shady groves, the cool mid-day seat and evening bower, seem all calculated to afford repose and enjoyment to a spirit wearied with political cares. Antique statues are placed exactly where their graceful forms adorn the surrounding scenery, without (as is often the case in foreign gardens) disturbing the eye by a want of harmony with the scene, or indicating a love of display in the possessor."

Again:—

"Over the large antique chair in which the old lady sat, there hangs a beautiful picture by Sir J. Reynolds : it is of a young and cunning-looking girl, holding in her hand a trap with a mouse in it. She appears to enjoy the disappointed anxiety of a cat, who is endeavouring to get at the little prisoner. 'That picture,' said Mrs. Fox, 'was painted for the French ambassador ; and when he was obliged to go away on account of that horrible revolution, Mr. Fox bought it. It has been in the possession of no one else.' The cunning and intellectual expression of the girl's face, she used to think, strongly resembled a pretty daughter of Lord S—— ; she was a very quick, clever child, and his natural daughter. A gentleman asked her one day by what name they called her, and on replying that it was 'Drake,' he said, 'Oh, I shall remember that, for it is so like duck!' The girl tossed her pretty head, and asked, 'And pray, what name do they call you?'—'My name,' said he, is 'Porter.' 'Oh, then I shall remember that, because it's so like beer.'"

Many of her anecdotes and traits of character are capital, and admirably given. Take this as a specimen in little : Lady Chatterton had been at Richmond, and at Lord Sidmouth's mansion ; and she has this to tell, after that visit :—

"In one respect the picture differs from the one I remember and also from the original at Hampton Court: the subject is the inspection of the Tenth Hussars, the Prince of Wales's regiment, by the King. It is singular enough, that in this copy the figure of the Prince is omitted; which was done by the King's desire, and is a striking and rather comical proof of the dislike which he felt towards his son. When the Prince became King, he dined here, and remarked to Lord S—— that his portrait had been omitted, and hinted that it ought to be restored. This, however, was evaded; and the copy remains in its original state."

Her Ladyship cherishes a tolerant, yet a sweetly religious spirit. She remarks:—

"In the 'Life of Wilberforce,' it is said of Scott's novels, 'Never scarcely did he lay down these fascinating volumes without repeating his complaint, that they should have so little moral or religious object. They remind me,' said he, 'of a giant spending his strength in cracking nuts. I would rather go to render up my accounts at the last day carrying with me 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' than bearing the load of all those volumes, full as they are of genius.' I do not quite agree with Wilberforce in this, but still it is true that there is not any great religious tendency in Scott's writings. This I think is because they are the offspring of a mind, certainly not irreligious, but too innately good to feel the habitual necessity of religion to keep it in order. Some few characters there are, even in this evil world, who seem so well disposed, as scarcely to require the curb of religion. It is difficult for them to comprehend the absolute necessity of being guided in all things by the precepts of the Gospel, and therefore they do not see the great importance of instilling these precepts into the minds of others."

We are over to the Emerald Isle, and fall in with the Trappists of Mont Mellerie:—

"The crops, enclosures, and planting of this extraordinary establishment, are truly wonderful, when we consider that seven years ago it was a wild mountain. Our wonder increased when we approached the buildings. They are of great extent, and though not finished, are advancing rapidly towards completion. We were told that the change of habits in the population of this mountain district since the establishment of the Trappists, is very remarkable. It was a notoriously lawless neighbourhood, where outlaws and stolen sheep were sure to be found. Now nothing can be more peaceable. The results of labour, judiciously applied, must also be of immense advantage; and the system of the establishment insures this application. The works of each department are directed by clever men, who by study become informed of all the recent discoveries, and are enabled thus to give the best instruction. We were very courteously received by the Superior, who showed us all over the establishment. He has a most benevolent countenance, full of Christian humility, yet quite devoid of that cringing and servile expression I have sometimes remarked in Italian monks. He first took us through the garden; where the only flowers they have yet

cultivated were blooming over the few graves of deceased brethren. The sun was shining upon them and upon the painted glass window of the chapel near. I was struck with the idea that these poor men must enjoy a more firm conviction of future bliss than most people. Their own daily fare is hard, and apparently miserable. No luxury, no ornament of any kind, is visible in those parts of the building in which they dwell. The garden, too, only contains common vegetables for their use; but the church is highly decorated. They expend all their money, all their ingenuity, in embellishing the temple of the God they serve; and they cause flowers to bloom on the graves of those who are gone, as if to show that real bliss can only be found in a hereafter. There are about seventy monks in the establishment, all English and Irish. They were invited to return to France, but refused. Some of them were men of rank and fortune; but once a brother, all distinction ceases. Their dress is a white cloth robe, over it a black cape, with long ends reaching before nearly to the feet, and a pointed hood of the same dark hue. The effect of these singularly-attired and silent beings in the carpenter's shop, where seven or eight were at work, was very striking: it seemed almost as if we were visiting another world and another race. Strict silence towards each other is observed, and their mode of life is very severe. They rise at two o'clock every morning, both summer and winter; yet they do not partake of their first meal until eleven o'clock. They never eat meat or eggs, and have only two meals in the day. The second is at six; and we saw what was preparing for it—brown bread, stir-about, and potatoes. The latter are boiled by steam; and a prayer is said by the monks just before they are turned out of the huge boiler, and carried in wooden bowls to the refectory. We also visited their dairy, where they make the best butter in the neighbourhood, by a peculiar method, in which the hand is not used. The dormitory is fitted up with a number of wooden boxes on both sides. Each box is open at the top, and contains the small bed and a crucifix, and just room enough for the brother to dress and perform his devotions. The chapel is very large; and the monks are now decorating the altar and seats with very rich carving. It is entirely done by themselves; and we were told that some of the best carvers and gilders were rich men, who of course had never even tried to do anything of the kind till after they became monks. It is the same, too, with those who now dig the fields, and plant potatoes, and break stones, and make mortar. With all this hard life of deprivation and labour, the monks appear happy and very healthy."

ART. XV.—*A Selection from 'Unpublished Papers of the Right Reverend William Warburton, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Gloucester.* By the REV. FRANCIS KILVER, M.A. London: Nichols and Son.

READERS will meet with a great deal of entertaining matter in this volume. It is Warburtonian throughout. There is not a paper in it, or a letter, that bears not the sterling stamp of the great controversialist, whose sarcasm was a sledge-hammer, often coarse in its strokes and striking at an unfair angle, but sure to produce both

the wound and the noise intended ; so that friends as well as foes had reason to dread him. And then he was so relentless that no reply or remonstrance could effect any other change in him than to return to the assault with a keener and heavier force, alike regardless of what became his priestly office, or the injustice he might commit. In fact, it appears as if he never supposed he could do wrong, and that although he stood alone, all the world must be in error but himself. Hence many of his characteristic excellences, as well as defects, paradoxes, and sins.

This volume is a valuable and often an amusing addition to the literature of a late generation, and will recal many interesting recollections to those who were eager students half a century ago, of many subjects then in vogue connected with Church and State, controversies in religion, and even with regard to the characters of celebrated men who had then just retired from the public stage, or were about to bid farewell to sublunary affairs ; while, to the general reader of fewer years, it will convey a vivid and a real notion of the times in which Warburton combated and flourished, as well as of the giant himself.

If that cause which Warburton undertook to defend had reason to fear that he might damage it by some erratic illustration or ebullition of sentiment,—if even personal friends might tremble when he took up the pen, it is not to be imagined that he would, when offended, spare his own cloth, or the great seats of theological learning. For instance, he was so wroth that the champions of the two Universities did not attack Bolingbroke's sceptical writings, that he characterized them and their labours in the following strain :—

“ Half of them are hunting after old Hebrew roots, and the other half after more substantial diet. The polemic hands, so famed of old, lie at present like Bay's army at Brentford, somewhere *incognito*. A famous German philosopher lately discovered the art of preserving annual insects for a number of years in gums and varnish. Who knows but some provident prelate, in his great care for the church, has, in this long time of peace, been laying up these useless gentlemen in pickle, to be brought out fresh against some great day of action. The day is now approaching ; and I fancy if one could be admitted to their retreat, where I suppose they may be piled up in order, like billets in a wood-hole, we should see them, though yet in their aurelia state, begin to wag their tails, and discover signs of their returning vigour. But if this be only my fancy, and we have none of those bodies in reserve, we are in a very bad way, unless the country militia prove better than they used to be.”

Combine or contrast this with his reasons for the Bishops not often speaking in the House of Lords :—

“ *March 22, 1770*,—The Duke of Cumberland came up to us as we were sitting in a knot upon our bench, and talking of what was then passing. He

said, 'My Lords, it is observed that you always keep silence, and except you (addressing himself to me), I never heard any of the Bishops speak.' 'Sir,' said I, 'whenever I hear *religion* or the *bench* insulted, your Royal Highness shall hear me speak in their vindication.' 'Aye; but why will not your Lordship speak on other occasions?' 'Sir,' replied I, 'haranguing in this assembly is a *trade* like other trades, and generally the Bishops come to this bench so far advanced in years as to be too old to learn. Besides, sir,' said I, 'we have been long accustomed to severe reason and exact method; so that we should be as much at a loss to talk *nonsense* as some others, more habituated, to talk *sense*.'

Here are some of his "Thoughts on Various Subjects :"—

"In your commerce with the great, if you would have it turn to your advantage, you should endeavour, if the person be of great abilities, to make him satisfied with *you*; if he be of none, to make him satisfied with *himself*."

Again :—

"Lord Clarendon lived in an age of great geniuses; and it is remarkable that in drawing the various characters he generally observes that they were small-sized, or inconveniently shaped. That was an age of *little great men*; this is an age of *great little men*."

There is a correspondence between the Bishop and Sterne in this volume that shows how the great controversialist dreaded the wit of the lighter satirist; and the gentle style in which remonstrance is employed is evidence that Warburton wished to propitiate the author of *Tristram Shandy*. On one occasion the dignitary thus expresses himself :—

"You have it in your power to make that which is an amusement to yourself and others useful to both : at least you should, above all things, beware of its becoming hurtful to either, by any violations of decency and good manners: but I have already taken such repeated liberties of advising you on that head, that to say more would be needless, or perhaps unacceptable."

Sterne replies—

"Be assured, my Lord, that willingly and knowingly I will give no offence to any mortal by any thing which I think can look like the least violation either of decency or good manners, and yet, with all the caution of a heart void of offence or intention of giving it, I may find it very hard, in writing such a book as *Tristram Shandy*, to mutilate every thing in it down to the prudish humour of every particular. I will, however, do my best—though laugh, my Lord, I will, and as loud as I can too."

The truth is, that Warburton at one time lived in fear lest he should figure in *Tristram Shandy*.

To another of Warburton's letters, in which certain suspicions had been expressed with regard to Sterne's hand in some gross publication which was making a noise, the following manly and characteristic answer, among other things, was given :—

"These strokes in the dark, with the many kicks, cuffs, and bastinadoes I openly get on all sides of me, are beginning to make me sick of this foolish humour of mine, of sallying forth into this wide and wicked world to redress wrongs, &c. of which I shall repent as sorely as ever Sancho Panza did of his in following his evil genius of a Don Quixote through thick and thin; but as the poor fellow apologised for it, so must I: 'it was my ill-fortune and my errantry, and that's all that can be said on't'. Otherwise, I wish from my heart I had never set pen to paper, but continued hid in the quiet obscurity in which I had so long lived; I was quiet, for I was below envy and yet above want; and indeed so very far above it, that the idea of it never once entered my head in writing; and as I am now 200*l.* a-year further from the danger of it than I was then, I think it never will; for I declare I have all I wish or want in this world, being in my calculation of money, all out, as rich as my friend Garrick, whose goodness of heart and honest cowardice in keeping so far out of the way of temptation, I nevertheless esteem and admire."

The editor's share in this entertaining volume is by no means striking, either as to the manner of his spirit, or the kind and quantity of the matter. The book, however, ought to be added to every previous edition of Warburton's works; nor can his life be fully and properly understood without these papers.

In the pages before us we have, besides a "Summary of the Argument of the Divine Legation of Moses," a miscellaneous collection of articles, often mere fragments, or as it were, random opinions, uttered, however, with oracular confidence, on literary as well as theological and polemical topics or occasions; also a quantity of general correspondence; besides several charges and sermons.

ART. XVI.—*Ludwig Tieck's Gesammelte Novellen. Vermehrt und Verbessert. (Ludwig Tieck's Collected Tales. Enlarged and Improved.)*

8 vols. Breslau.

ENTERTAINING as we do no little esteem for Herr Tieck's literary character, we cannot but regret that the current of his fame has hitherto run so smoothly: we fear it is destined to encounter a rude re-action, and that his genius from being extravagantly over-rated will, according to the world's laudable custom in such cases, be punished by unjust depreciation and neglect. Tieck has long maintained a high place amongst the foremost spirits of his nation, and now stands confessedly at the head of its living authors, the death of Goëthe having left him in undisputed possession of the

literary sovereignty of Germany. Nor has accident alone bestowed on him an eminence his natural claims to which meet with any scepticism among his subjects. The Schlegels had put him forward as Goëthe's rival in the fulness of the great man's fame and strength; and though the attempt was as weak as it was splenetic, and more calculated to prejudice Tieck's true reputation than to enhance it, still the very fact of his having been measured against that leviathan, and that by such critics as the Schlegels, is enough to give us an exalted opinion of the merits he possesses in the eyes of his countrymen. Notwithstanding all this, or rather exactly because of all this, we are convinced that disappointment must be the predominant feeling of the English reader on perusing the tales of this first of modern German authors. In these tales, regarded as models in Germany, the Englishman will frequently be struck by the absence of qualities he has been accustomed to consider the most essential in fictions purporting to treat of real life. He will find in them indeed wit, humour, fancy, subtlety of thought, felicity of language, and, pervading them all, rather dimly felt than practically impressed, a kindly spirit of moderation in judgment and feeling, that were it less obscurely transcendental,—would it but more invest itself in the forms of palpable reality,—would win from us the gracious names of common sense and charity. But this high praise is marred by the want of living interest in the narrative. Tieck holds up to nature no mirror reflecting with life-like accuracy the forms, the actions, and the passions of this busy world; he neither unlocks the deep fountain of our tears, nor agitates us with fear and hope, nor startles us from the repose of our easy chair with the earthquake of inextinguishable laughter. We read his tales with pleasure, alloyed it may be now and then with a sense of tediousness, and we insensibly acquire for their author as we proceed the esteem and regard that is due to a kindly, honourable, and discerning nature; but we never as we read forget the book, ourselves, and all surrounding objects, to be borne away in the spirit into other scenes, and to live, and feel, and suffer, and enjoy in the persons of other men: we never lose our consciousness of our own locality, nor for a moment forget its topographical distinctness from Thebes or Athens. The truth is, the story is with Tieck for the most part a matter of minor consideration; what wonder is it then if it should be of till less importance for the reader? Its principal use is to serve as a vehicle for light sketches of character, and witty sallies, and above all for discussions and dissertations on philosophy, literature, and art. Such a form it is obvious can have few intrinsic charms; it imposes on the author difficulties to be overcome, rather than it rids him, in attracting the reader's attention: and herein lies the peculiar triumph of Tieck's genius that he does throw a grace over this unpromising form, and by the influence of a

style in the highest degree clear, and racy, and tinged with the warm colouring of a poetic fancy, engage and long sustain the reader's interest. To this may perhaps in some measure be attributed the excessive praise bestowed by some English critics on Herr Tieck's latter tales. Our admiration of them is somewhat akin to what we accord to the clever performances of the Italian fantoccini: the actors are but puppets; in the language they are supposed to utter, we recognise throughout the voice of the man in the box, under all the disguises it assumes, and our admiration of the skill evinced in making the most of such imperfect mechanism induces us to over-value the intrinsic merit of the exhibition. The Germans indeed seem to consider the action of the puppets as more natural than nature itself;—according to them truth abides alone in the conceptions of the poet's mind, and the phenomena of actual life are but its travestie. Thus Sternberg exalts Tieck far above Sir Walter Scott, because the latter forsooth displays but the lower artistic power of setting before us the very flesh and blood of humanity, treading a soil every feature of which we behold as in actual vision, while Tieck, disdaining such mere journeywork, imparts to us the sublimities of a more ethereal poetry. We own we are not sufficiently German to be penetrated by the force of this criticism.

Our specimens of Tieck's style shall be taken from the *Jahrmarkt* (The Fair). The subject is one to which the discursive manner of our author is not unfitly applicable. The *Jahrmarkt* often indeed seems to solicit and creditably to sustain comparison with "*Head-long Hall*" and the other works of the same author—surely no slight proof of its merit:—

"In a spacious and pleasantly situated village, dwelt a parson, who led an easy comfortable life, for his means were good, and he was neither oppressed with an excessive weight of learning, nor suffered from gout or any other bodily infirmity. Herr Gottfried was content with his condition, and troubled himself but little about the course of the world. His good lady was even a quieter soul than he, and Rosina, their only child, grew up in placid retirement, and every night laid her head contentedly on her pillow, except when it put her in a pet that she had not seen her dear Fritz the whole day.

"The latter, the Amtmann's hopeful son, who had grown up with her, was a shrewd and active sportsman, a dear lover of romances and tales of wonder, an honest-hearted lad, totally inexperienced in the ways of the world, since he had never quit his village, nor received any other instruction than that of the old schoolmaster.

"People cannot always enjoy contentment, even when they would seem to be nursed in its very lap. The members of the two households, who daily saw each other, when they read books of voyages and travels, often dreamed of bold flights into the distant world, of the wonderful adventures they would be so sure and so glad to encounter; but the most zealous on

these occasions in imagining all possible contingencies was the Amtmann's lady, though she never purposed leaving the great straggling amts-house, being such a martyr to the gout that it was with difficulty she could descend the steps to enjoy a turn in the garden on a summer evening.

"Thus it came to pass at last that for two years it had been resolved to journey in the Amtmann's great coach to the capital, which was just 15 German miles (60 Engl.) from the village. Sometimes however the journey was put off on account of the harvest, sometimes the great festivals of the Church interfered with it; and Fritz, when he had an opportunity of conversing confidentially with his dear Rosina, would often predict that the affair would come to nothing, but that the talkative old people would expend all their travelling spirit in endless plans, and projects, and preparations. In all probability the young prophet's words would have been fulfilled, had not the party been enlarged since spring by the presence of a stranger, who had the art by reiterated attempts to overcome the vacillation of the old folks, and to stir up their wavering resolution to enterprize and action.

"Herr Titus was the proprietor of a petty estate, situated some miles off, in a mountain wood, buried deep in rocks, and almost inaccessible on account of the bad roads. It being well ascertained, or evil tongues having propagated the report, that when he received a visit, and damaged and shattered carriages stood at last before the door of his small house, he was never prepared to receive his guests, his friends and acquaintances had long given up the practice of calling on him there. The story even ran that an ex-jäger, who officiated under him in the combined qualities of valet, groom, and cook, had given it out, that the principal use his master made of an old watch-tower, which he often mounted, was to spy out over the valley, so that if a chaise was any where to be seen taking its way in the direction of his mansion, he might forthwith hide himself in the thickest of the wood. The multifarious servant was then instructed to tell the stranger his master had unfortunately gone to the capital to remain four weeks, on law business, or that he was gone to attend the death-bed of an old uncle, and the time of his return was quite uncertain. Whether this were slander or truth, never did the courteous and grateful Titus omit to visit on his lean hack those who had sought to surprise him, and touchingly to express his deep regret that he had so very narrowly missed the pleasure of their company, and to beg they would allow him to enjoy under their hospitable roof a welcome indemnification for the cruelty of his stars. Accordingly it had become a matter of course all through the province to receive the visits of Herr Titus, and as soon as he was seen from a distance, or the sound of his horse's hoofs was heard, his chamber and his bed were forthwith prepared for him. Now this arrangement was manifestly very much to the advantage of the gentry, persons of official station, and the clergy; for Herr Titus was a pleasant companion, a lively, polite gentleman, who could converse with every body on his favourite topics, was full of anecdote and gossip, knew the chronicle of the whole country, was read in book lore, and was not unacquainted with court politics. In his youth he had very nearly been a soldier had not his father happened just then to die suddenly, and his extensive inheritance with its complicated duties and contingencies confined him to his native land. He never ceased to bewail his misfortune, that stern duty should at so decisive a moment have paralysed his powerful arm."

Guided by this daring spirit the whole party, with the exception of the invalid lady, abandon the still and dreamy waters of their little land-locked creek to brave the multitudinous ocean of the capital, and to toss on the yeasty billows of a German fair. Their decision taken, they stand aghast at their own boldness; the perils they are about to encounter are manifold, vast and unknown; but hope and fancy, those twin stars lighting the path of all adventure, lure them on. Great things are to be achieved by each and all engaged in the enterprise. The parents hope to see their children return after an absence of eight or ten days, with a stock of worldly wisdom and experience on which they may ruminate in peace for the rest of their existence. The young people look on the project as a godsend for their love, which according to the invariable rule in such cases, had hitherto not "run smooth," though its ruffling had certainly been of the gentlest kind, and in strict keeping with the noiseless life about them. It was the lion roaring like a sucking dove. The wealthy amtmann's pride of place revolted against an alliance with the parson's obscure house; still he did not prevent the young people seeing each other as much as ever, contenting himself with watching them closely. "He confided in the parson, who in his simplicity of soul approved and favoured his plans, and in the integrity and obedience of the young people." The amtmann hoped amidst the confluence of visitors brought together from all parts of the world to the fair, to collect intelligence on a subject equally interesting to his affectionate feelings as to his family pride. He had an ungodly younger brother, who ran away from his friends with a set of gipsies at the age of seven, since which time the elder brother had given himself no trouble to enquire after the scamp's fortunes, thinking them not likely to redound much to the credit of the family. Recently, however, he had chanced to hear from a pedlar an account of a wealthy, highly-respected, and extensively connected gentleman, a frequent visitor of the capital, but whose name the pedlar was not acquainted with. From a variety of minute indications the amtmann was disposed to believe that this was no other than his long lost brother, towards whom, now that he fancied him rich and noble, his bowels yearned with fraternal fondness; and he resolved, if his conjecture should be well-founded, to renew the nobility of the name of Lindwurm, dormant for some four or five centuries. The parson, too, has a run-a-way to look after, a pupil he has had no tidings of for five-and-twenty years, and, worse than that, for whom he has received no payment. A letter unexpectedly arrives, enquiring after the scapegrace, and promising the parson the amount due to him on his account with interest, and a gratuity besides, if he can give the writer a satisfactory account of his whereabouts. Besides this, the parson has another scheme in his head, nothing less than winning a *terne* or great prize in the

lottery. The numbers 13, 25, and 33 have been repeatedly presented to him in the most extraordinary way, in visions by night, and in actual appearances by day; and though he is too good a Christian to be at all tinctured with superstition, he argues very rightly that it would betray an obstinacy by no means savouring of wisdom, to shut one's eyes to so remarkable a phenomenon because it was not susceptible of an explanation on the principles of modern science. Lastly, Herr Titus hopes to find at the fair a publisher who will have discernment enough to recognise the merit of a romance he takes with him in manuscript. He wishes to make some observations of character that may enable him to give the last finish to his work; above all, he ardently desires to make acquaintance with a first-rate rogue and vagabond, the provincial specimens of that class he has hitherto met with being vulgar and commonplace, and unworthy the notice of a literary connoisseur.

Seldom has history recorded an expedition all the objects of which so fully succeeded as did those of our adventurers; except indeed that Herr Titus did not sell his manuscript. The better however for his fame that he did not: the observations he made at the fair furnished him with rich materials for enlarging its philosophy, and brightening and deepening its colours, and of this the world will no doubt have proof in due time. For the rest he has been particularly fortunate: he has been on terms of the most cordial intimacy with a distinguished and very gentlemanly thief and swindler, the head of a very extensively organized association, and he has been on the point of marrying the chief of his female staff. The amtmann discovered in the same eminent individual his long lost brother; the parson detected his pupil in another public man, introduced him to his wealthy relations, and received from them the most substantial proofs of their gratitude. Moreover he obtained a splendid prize in the lottery, and being now a wealthy man he was able to treat on advantageous terms with the somewhat humbled amtmann respecting the union between their children, who carried home the best of all fairings, the consent of their parents to their mutual happiness. It cannot of course be supposed that all these great events are brought about without many arduous adventures of the personages concerned. When our party arrives in the capital they find the public in an unusual state of ferment; the name of "Little Caspar" is in every mouth (this is the professional name of the dexterous gentleman with whom Titus made acquaintance under the title of Baron von Wandel), and every head is full of the thought of detecting and capturing the insatiable victimizer. One after the other every gentleman of our party is identified with the master swindler; the parson is roughly used and narrowly escapes a ducking; the amtmann and his son Fritz are put in the stocks. Titus is apprehended by an enterprising bookseller to whom he is

recommended by his friend the baron to offer his manuscript, tied to a chair, and exhibited to an eager concourse of spectators rushing to see a "real live thief," and delighted to enjoy the spectacle at the cost of purchasing one of the spirited publisher's books :— and poor innocent Rosina is taken before the police as a supposed accomplice of the dashing lady who steals the heart of our susceptible friend Titus and the jewels of the merchants. So much for epitomizing life and experience of the world's ways within the compass of a week !

One of the first sights visited by our party after their arrival is a collection of wax figures, and here the following scene occurs :—

"Suddenly the amtmann hurried into a corner and beckoned to his companions to follow him. Here stood a figure in an old-fashioned gala dress, with laced coat, silk stockings, sword and chapeau-bras, and a grinning smile on its broad coarsely-coloured countenance. 'Well, vicar,' said the amtmann gaily, 'do you know who this is ?'

" 'No,' said the other, 'and yet a sort of dim recollection floats before me of having somewhere seen this face.'

" 'Pooh! pooh!' said the amtmann testily, 'only look at the clothes. It is now about five or six years since a travelling artist came into my district, and was entertained at my table. As I treated him obligingly, he felt a wish to take my likeness; he copied, and modelled, and coloured, and all the rest of it, moulding in wax included. He gave me no rest till I sold him my oldest gala suit at a moderate price, and this I consented to do at last, because, as my wife remarked, I could never use it again, the fashion being quite out of date. Now you see this man, who very likely is related to the proprietor of the exhibition, has placed my figure here out of gratitude amongst all these illustrious and renowned individuals. For do but look a little closer and you cannot fail to recognise my physiognomy, though possibly the likeness may not be in the highest degree striking.'

"Every one now recognised the amtmann in his quondam garments, and Fritz was highly delighted to see his papa standing in such respectable company. 'Aye,' exclaimed Titus, 'you stand here between Frederick the Great and Voltaire, you need not be ashamed of the society you have fallen into.'

"Some young people had now come up, and the parson requested the accomplished Titus to see to the number in the catalogue, and read to them the description given in it of their worthy friend. Titus read :—

" 'This countenance so lighted with talent, with its keen expressive smile —'

"The amtmann coloured and bowed, saying in a low voice, 'I cannot but blush to think that this indulgent judgment should be so universally proclaimed to the world. It is very flattering for all that, to be presented in this way to one's indulgent fellow-countrymen and cotemporaries. Proceed, Herr von Titus.'

"Titus continued : 'With that bearing that thoroughly bespeaks the accomplished man of the world, whose life has been conversant solely with the most distinguished circles —'

" 'Flattery, however,' observed the amtmann parenthetically, 'and carried too far.'

" 'With a physiognomy,' Titus went on, 'that seems to announce philanthropy, benevolence, loftiness of soul, and every exalted virtue——'

" 'Really,' exclaimed the amtmann, again interrupting him, his whole face crimsoned with the hue of modesty, 'I know not how after these eulogiums I shall ever be able to walk the streets. But to thee, my son Fritz, let this incident be an encouragement ever to hold fast to the path of rectitude. Thou seest that even concealed merit will not fail to be recognised, even from its still retirement will it be drawn forth into the light of day, even for silent virtue comes the hour of public acknowledgment, Give me thy hand upon it my son, that thou wilt follow in my footsteps.' Fritz cordially shook his father's hand, and looked almost as if he had a mind to cry, so great was his emotion. 'Go on!' thereupon exclaimed the amtmann austere, drawing himself bolt upright, and looking proudly in the grinning face of his copy.

" But Titus was all at once attacked with an extraordinary fit of coughing that seemed as if it would never end, and his face was terribly distorted as if he was on the point of being choked. Fritz slapped the sufferer on the back to relieve his smothering, and when the convulsion at last abated the exhausted reader continued in a faint voice,

" 'Who could recognize in this charming exterior that scoundrel, the far-famed Cartouche, who formerly played so conspicuous a part in Paris! The artist has accurately modelled the face from an authentic portrait; the clothes too are the same as those in which the villain used to frequent the most distinguished circles——'

" It is impossible to describe the rage, the horror, the desperation of the amtmann as he heard this read. 'No!' he roared with a voice of thunder, 'this is more than felony, more than treason! Heaven and earth! Is a respectable man, an upright subject to endure all this! Worse than to be shown up in the vilest lampoon! It is worthy of the stake, it deserves the execration of the present and all future generations!'

" Meanwhile fresh spectators had entered and all pressed inquisitively towards the group formed round the vociferating amtmann. The proprietor of the exhibition hearing the outcry, rushed in at the same moment, apprehending that some mischief had befallen his figures. Every one asked, pushed, shouted,—efforts were made to appease the infuriated amtmann but in vain. It was no easy task to hold back the frantic gentleman from his effigy and prevent his smashing it to pieces. The proprietor sent for the watch, but before they could arrive, the chief magistrate of police appeared in the scene of discord, having heard the tumult as he passed by."

Peace is with the utmost difficulty restored through the interposition of this functionary upon terms, one of which is that the offending head shall be delivered up to the amtmann, and another substituted for it from the artist's collection. But the amtmann was not destined to be rid of the hateful subject so speedily. At the hotel dinner the same day the conversation turns on the subject of the arts, and an enthusiastic youth exclaims :—

“ ‘ We live in times when too many affect to doubt the high, the heavenly calling of those daughters of Olympus, yet do instances incessantly occur under the most varied circumstances, evincing how near is art to attaining the object of its highest aim, namely, the ennobling of the human race. A very remarkable occurrence for example took place this morning, characteristic of an epoch in the annals of artistic history. You are aware, *fräulein*, that our capital, and even the whole territory, has been for a long while harassed by a distinguished bandit, named little Caspar. Rewards have been offered for the apprehension of this formidable individual ; the most adroit members of the police have done their utmost to search him out and lay hands on him ; every possible means has been put in request throughout the country to obtain some certain information respecting him, but hitherto in vain. There is at present (you ought to see it) a cabinet of wax figures in our capital, full of admirable productions, genuine masterpieces of the first artists ; there is an amazing force in every figure, for the art has recently made really giant strides in this respect. Pardon my agitation, *fräulein*, which a colder nature ought perhaps take amiss. To proceed then : this morning a man of respectable appearance entered the exhibition room with a party. It was noticed that his soul was shaken, tears were seen to start from his eyes. His longest pause was made before the masterpiece, the speaking, inconceivably spirited figure of the notorious Cartouche. One might even see the beating of his heart. He sinks on his knees in an attitude of prayer, and as he rises he says with a countenance radiant with supernatural illumination, ‘ Call hither the president of police, I have something important to disclose to him ! ’ It was done. The magistrate arrives, uncertain, curious, his expectation on the rack, when—only think, fair *fräulein*,—do but observe the divine force of art—‘ I am touched, I am shaken the soul,’ exclaims the unknown, ‘ converted by these heavenly works, a new heart has grown up in my bosom—I am,’—cries the large limbed man. ‘ I am little Caspar, whom they have been for years in search of.’ He gives himself up ; and I leave you to imagine the amazement of the president, who at first was utterly unable to comprehend this greatness of soul. The whole city is profoundly affected ; and as for me, I cannot restrain my tears.’ ”

The infection of fashionable morals rapidly seizes upon our simple country lovers ; they resolve on an elopement, and carry their plan into operation in a somewhat singular manner. They give the old people the slip as they walk through the fair :—

“ They turned into a side street, and from thence into a smaller one, and Fritz endeavoured to discover the quarter he was in search of, and the position of which he had accurately imprinted on his memory. ‘ Ah ! dear Fritz,’ said Rosina, ‘ here I am then fairly run away with, a thing that till now I had only read of in books. It seems so strange and yet so natural. Only a moment ago with my parents and now in the very midst of an elopement.——’

“ ‘ Aye, my Rosina,’ answered Fritz, ‘ such is life. Let us look now

for the superintendent's house ; it must be in yonder street : we shall know it by its high gabel.'

" ' How do you feel, Fritz ? ' said Rosina : ' does your heart beat so like mine ? To see us now going along in this way, I am sure every one that looks at us from the windows must think that we are taking a walk quite naturally and in common course, and not a soul in the houses or in the streets will ever take it into their heads that you have run away with me.'

" ' Hush ! ' said Fritz, ' do not speak so loud of the dangerous subject, or they may lay hands on us and carry us back to our parents by force.' "

They reach the house of the reverend superintendent, and here they witness a curious scene. An enthusiastic tragedian waits on the superintendent to divulge to him a deep laid jesuitical scheme he has discovered, the object of which is to introduce Popery into their native Protestant state. Pulling a parcel out of his pocket with great solemnity and unfolding it, he asked with a triumphant air, " What do you call this, reverend sir ? "

" ' That ? ' said the clergyman amazed, and utterly at a loss to know what he meant—' to the best of my judgement, that is nothing else than a red-herring.'

" ' That it is,' said Zimmer, ' it is a red-herring, one of those millions which our weak magistrates suffer to be sold yearly in the city and throughout the whole country.'

" ' But how in the world can this dried fish have any connection with the subject of our conversation.'

" ' Patience, reverend pastor,' said Zimmer. ' For two years I have been a watchful observer, and now at last my suspicions are converted into certainty. This so called red-herring, reverend sir, is to be had for a very small coin, consequently is equally accessible to the poor as to the rich. Now, observe, with these fish there comes every year into our town a multitude of men of foreign aspect, speaking a strange dialect, and in a costume unlike that of our neighbourhood. These men, and they are in great numbers, come hither from Westphalia or from the borders of Holland, and sit them down here at their ease on their chairs, for twelve, fourteen, sixteen weeks together, laughing and chatting with their neighbours and the passers by,—seeing, observing, investigating everything. And how much does each of these suspicious characters sell ? Can the capital they invest afford so much profit ? Can these men so long live upon it and still have something to lay by, as they naturally should do, to return in this way again and again, and every year in greater numbers ? All this gives me no rest, and I now think I am justified in positively asserting my long cherished suspicion. All these red-herring men, these seeming hucksters, are to a man disguised jesuits, disciples of jesuits, or fellows in the pay of the order.'

" ' What, you fancy—'

" ' Fancy ! I am certain : just look here—here—here—what is all this ? '

" The player pulled out a great quantity of dirty paper from his pocket, spread it out, and pointed to it with a triumphant air.—' These are pieces of waste paper,' said the clergyman dubiously.

“ ‘Waste paper!’ exclaimed Zimmer vehemently. ‘Do you really believe there is any such thing? Observe, here are leaves from a catholic catechism; here are catholic hymns; here an essay on the pope’s infallibility; here is another on absolution; here we have no less than a sheet from the works of the infamous Weislinger slandering our great Luther. The fellow’s writings are now regarded as rare, how comes it that we find them used to wrap up red-herrings? And—what say you to this? Here I triumph! Is not this a French leaf of the new school, this a fragment from Haller—this a religious fragment from Adam Müller?—Well? What say you now? Look ye, with every red-herring is a piece of poison distributed: there is no poor person who has not received two or three such leaves. When the herring is eaten, every syllable is sure to be read; the unfortunate purchaser would think it a sin to throw away the sheet without devouring it too. In wealthy houses there are at least the servant maids and men who study these things. Something is sure to stick, the printed form has an imposing effect, and fails not to exercise its influence. Oh this serpent brood, these Jesuits, these world corruptors, nothing is too small for them but they will use it to attain their ends!’ ”

When this gentleman had withdrawn, Fritz opened his business to the superintendent, told of his own and Rosina’s mutual love, and how unable to overcome the unreasonable obstinacy of their parents they had at last eloped and runaway together the distance of full seven streets. He concluded with requesting his reverence to give the blessing of the Church to their union, that so they might return home in happiness and their misguided parents be brought to reason. The superintendent of course remonstrates with the young people, and endeavours to persuade them to return quietly to their inn, where it is probable they will not have been missed. His good-natured efforts are very ungraciously received; Fritz is worked up to a high state of indignation, and tells his reverence, roundly, he believes him to be no better than one of those same jesuits the gentleman with the red-herrings is so meritoriously engaged in unmasking, and declares his determination to wander over the whole city and country till he somewhere or other finds a clergyman of true Protestant principles, who will not refuse to discharge the imperative duties of his office. Upon this the superintendent changes his tone, affects to be overcome by Fritz’s arguments, and leaves the room to put on his canonicals previously to performing the marriage ceremony:—

“He left the room, and Fritz looked triumphantly at his mistress. ‘What say you now my Rosina?’ he said with a roguish smile: ‘you see it is but to know the right way of going to work with everybody to succeed in all you have in view. I have made his reverence look about him, and let him know what sort of man he has to do with. In another quarter of an hour you will be my own dear little wife.’

“Rosina looked bashfully at him and replied, ‘But what a dreadful thing it is if the man is really a jesuit! I tremble before him.’

“ ‘I was not quite so much in earnest as I pretended,’ said Fritz, ‘I rather spoke to frighten him: it is very possible he may have a leaning that way, and therefore it was he so cleverly came right round all at once when he saw how decided I was.’

“ ‘What is a jesuit my dear Fritz: I do not rightly know, though I hear so much about them.’

“ ‘The matter is rather hard to explain,’ said Fritz, hesitating and with some confusion. ‘You see, my dear, they are at any rate bad men, whose object is to pull down our church and bring us all back to superstition. They manage the thing too so adroitly that it is very hard to follow their track. They are so subtle in their proceedings that many a one is a jesuit and does not know it himself. The gentleman who was here just now has made the discovery, that the fellows come here from distant countries, disguised as if their business was to sell fish.’

“ ‘My God! my God!’ cried Rosina wringing her hands in despair, ‘if you should be one of those wicked people, and I should get to be one of them without knowing it!’

“ ‘No, my love!’ said Fritz, taking her hand, ‘I remain true to the faith of my father, and I will make it my care that you shall not fall off from the Protestant doctrine.’

“ ‘But if you should already be such a wicked monster, without your knowing it?’ she answered: ‘what then is the real right doctrine? What is superstition all about? I do not suppose the middle age has anything to do with our village of Wandelheim, has it? My father never mentioned a word of the thing to me in his lessons.’

“ ‘It is only recently the thing is come to the worst, and I do not yet fully understand it myself,’ said Fritz: ‘the sum of the matter is that I feel afraid, and I will never again eat a red-herring. I always had a suspicion of them: they really have a right down papist smell. The clean white salt herring is quite another creature.’

“ ‘But what is all this to us dear Fritz?’ said Rosina uneasily: ‘it is far worse that the old gentleman does not come back.’

“ ‘He must dress himself,’ said Fritz, ‘and so must his lady.’

“ ‘If you had not told him where our parents are stopping. If the man is so cunning, and belongs to that hateful sect, he is quite capable of going slily to our parents and betraying us.’

“ ‘That would be dreadful,’ exclaimed Fritz with a start. He went to the door; it was locked.—‘We are lost,’ he cried—‘Imprisoned!—See now if I did him injustice to think him such a heretic? To deceive us with a lying pretence that he would marry us, and was only going to fetch his canonicals! To bow and wheedle so smoothly, and now to show himself such a Judas. And this villian is the member of a Christian community! The weal and woe of thousands are the object of his care!’

“ ‘If you had not told him where our parents were till he had first married us!’ whimpered Rosina.

“ ‘He would have found another excuse,’ said Fritz, ‘for he has the craft of the serpent.’

“ Rosina walked up and down the large room, sobbing and wringing her hands. ‘Now you will see,’ she said, ‘they will soon be here with the offi-

cers : you have committed abduction Fritz ; so they will load you with chains and thrust you into the darkest dungeon. Abduction I believe is a capital felony : it is hanging matter, is it not ? Oh, you poor unfortunate creature, what has your pure fervent love for my unhappy self brought you to ?

“ Fritz could now no longer restrains his tears. The poor young things were plunged in the deepest woe, deprived of all hope and courage. Chains, prison, pillory, gallows—all whirled tumultuously through their imaginations. Glad would they have been had it been possible for them to steal back quietly to the inn ; for Fritz had quite lost all the boldness that had recently made him talk so big. Rosina chanced in her perplexity to touch a little spring in one of the panels of the wall, and discovered a small door leading to the inner rooms. They stole softly into the adjoining room, the other door of which was fortunately open, they slipped down the stairs, opened the house door gently, and were again in the street. With all speed they made for the most thronged part of the town only to get out of sight of the superintendent's house.”

NOTICES.

ART. XVII.—*The Touchstone of Medical Reform.* By J. H. GREEN, F.R.S. Highley.

THREE Letters addressed to Sir R. H. Inglis, by the Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy, &c., and insisting upon high qualifications as being necessary to every member of the medical profession, whatever be the branch followed ; which qualifications he would have to be tested by a State Council for Medical Affairs. The pamphlet is written with ability, and manifestly by a person who is deeply impressed with the magnitude and paramount importance of his subject. His principles are exalted, and as remote as possible from being partial or time-serving.

ART. XVIII.—*Illustrations of Æschylus and Sophocles.* By J. F. BOYES, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford.

THESE illustrations are taken from the Greek, Latin, and English poets, bringing down the last mentioned to our own times, and including the scholarship of our master spirits from Chaucer to Shelley. Mr. Boyes does not consider that similarity of thought and of expression necessarily proves plagiarism, but is of opinion that minds of kindred constitution, and placed in similar circumstances, will utter similar thoughts with some degree of resemblance of language. His comparison of minds is conducted with calm and judicious criticism, which will refresh the minds of scholars who long ago bade farewell to academy and college ; and will also set younger readers upon useful and amusing trains of speculation. It is the work of a ripe scholar, and of a person whose classical knowledge and taste have been regulated by systematic study.

ART. XIX.—*Klauer-Klatterowski's Educational Works*. London: Simpkin. THERE are before us, W. Klauer-Klatterowski's "Key to French Practice," "Key to Course of German Exercises," "Italian Practice," "Key to ditto," "French Practice," and "Progressive Exercises in Writing German." Now, when we announce these several works under the head of "Klauer-Klatterowski's Educational Works," it must be understood that they constitute but a portion of his excellent productions in the department of education, for we know not how many he has published, how often most of them have been edited, or how frequently we have had to notice their appearance, and to laud their purpose and execution.

We believe we can only repeat ourselves when we declare that for the solitary student, the academical scholar, and the tutor himself, there are no elementary works which have come under our notice so well contrived, so simple and full, and be it added, so interesting and unrepulsive, as the educational books of this gentleman. He seems not only to be imbued with a taste and passion for laying open the first mysteries of the German language, and to pioneer the way to its triumphs for the simplest understanding, but to be capable of performing the same things for a number of modern tongues, French, Italian, &c. He is quite a Universalist. He has caught, or is endowed with the very genius of teaching the "young idea how to shoot," and it is with pleasure that we proclaim the efforts and his execution in this way.

There is philosophical tutorship in Klauer's educational works; for while they develop the elementary structure of a language in the most natural and perspicuous manner, they necessarily exhibit and expound the nature and processes of the human mind; and while they captivate, as they do the student, especially the self-teaching student, they institute and confirm a habit of ratiocination that must be carried into every walk of life, and into every sphere of thought and progress.

We have spoken in these general terms, because it would occupy an unnecessary space in our pages were we specially to characterize every one of the works before us. The probability indeed is, that before many months expire, we shall have new editions of several of them, with "amendments," "corrections," "revisions," and so forth; for Mr. Klauer's exertions and self-improvements never cease. He has a hobby, and he bestrides it gallantly. Let all who have children that are to be educated on a liberal scale; let all who would be self-taught, resort to these works—to the whole of them; for they are of one frame, and exceedingly well united, and mutual exponents.

ART. XX.—*The Jubilee Memorial of Rev. W. Jay*. Ward.

MR. JAY having on the 30th January, 1841, been for half a century minister of Argyle Chapel, Bath, a religious festival was at that date held by his congregation, and other friends, to commemorate the event, when sermons, speeches, &c., appropriate to the occasion, constituted the solemnity. A piece of plate, and a purse containing 650*l.* were also presented to him; all which proceedings are detailed in the small volume before us. Mr. Jay was the friend of Robert Hall.

ART. XXI.—*The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. Vol. V.* London: Longman.

THIS volume contains Evenings in Greece, Ballads, Songs, Miscellaneous Poems, &c. Some of the songs are now published for the first time. But the most interesting novelty in this portion of the series, is the preface, in which, among sundry pleasant records, there are striking remarks on song-writing.

ART. XXII.—*The Life and Remains of the Rev. R. Housman, A.B. &c.*
By R. F. HOUSMAN, Esq. Simpkin.

MR. HOUSMAN was an exemplary character in a diversity of ways, each remarkable enough to justify a biography of him. He was deservedly a popular preacher, as his remains testify; his life was not only blameless but a beautiful model for Christians and ministers to copy; for although he was an early and distinguished member of the evangelical party in the establishment, his spirit was so catholic and charitable, that he never thought of, nor would countenance, the slightest political or social coercion. He was, for very nearly half a century, minister of St. Anne's Church, Lancashire.

ART. XXIII.—*The Progress and Prospects of Society.* London: Saunders and Otley.

WE, at first, thought that the author of this Utopian dream was quizzing; but after a little more examination than of the titles of his chapters, we rather incline to look upon him as a sincere visionary. We cannot take time to tell what are the beauties and blessings which are to characterize the full and proper development of society; but this much may be said as to the practical results contemplated,—there shall be equality among mankind,—there shall be no diseases, nay, nor want of the necessities of life,—labour shall cease,—and all shall go naked. In short, a heaven upon earth; and yet man's soul to continue embodied.

ART. XXIV.—*A Summer's Day at Windsor, and a Visit to Eton.* By
ED. JESSE. Murray.

ANOTHER of the guide-books by the Surveyor of her Majesty's Parks and Palaces, giving an historical sketch of the places named, as regards antiquities, architecture, pictures, adjacent scenes, &c. Numerous wood-cuts and etchings illustrate the details of a charming little tome on engaging subjects.

We object, however, to the author's unsparing outpouring of incense upon royalty. On the other hand we generally coincide with him in his criticisms relative to architectural objects and arrangements, and other points where the connoisseur's taste is particularly concerned. His historical notices are also judiciously selected, so as to add much to the curiosity which visitors, after reading his pages, must feel when surveying the objects, the localities, and the vicinities identified with Windsor and Eton. Now, that the famed spots can be reached at a trifling expence of time and money, no doubt his

book will greatly increase the number of Londoners who during Summer have become passionate in their love of rural beauties and ancient grandeur; and also correctly instruct tourists from more remote parts of this great breathing world.

ART. XXV.—*The Works of Montaigne, Part I., Edited by William Hazlitt.* Templeman.

THIS edition is to present the only complete collection of the works of Montaigne that has hitherto appeared in an English dress. It is to contain,—1st. A Biographical notice of Montaigne; 2ndly. A Biographical notice of his Works; 3rdly. The Essays (Cotton's translation, with Mr. Hazlitt's amendments and corrections) with the notes of all the commentators; 4thly. Montaigne's Letters; and 5thly, the Journey through Italy. This first part begins the Essays; but we have not had time to compare the editor's corrections of Cotton's masterly translation of the prince and founder of the French school in this department; although we are unwilling to let the opportunity escape of announcing the appearance of the instalment, which is handsome and cheap, being uniform with the "*Percy Reliques*," &c., by the same publisher.

ART. XXVI.—*The World in the Year 1840.* London: Fraser.

A "RETROSPECT of the Chief Events, Civil, Political, and Religious, of the Past Year, in Chronological Order," which appeared in the successive numbers of the *Britannia*,—a Saturday Newspaper, "established for the purpose of advocating the old and honest cause of Church and State." The politics of the pamphlet are sufficiently indicated by what we have copied; while the ability, and we must add, the gentlemanly character of the party-tone, will be also correctly anticipated by all who have any knowledge of the "*Britannia*" weekly journal.

ART. XXVII.—*Bishop Heber's Poetical Works.* Murray.

A COLLECTION of Bishop Heber's Poetical Works, into one volume, both such as are known and duly appreciated, and others which have not before been publicly given as his. Every one of the pieces has merit, were it but the refined piety of the author which breathes in every verse. But still, those which formerly appeared under his name are most worthy of perusal.

ART. XXVIII.—*My Life.* By an Ex-Dissenter. London: Fraser. 1841.

THE Ex-Dissenter's paternal grandfather was an Episcopalian; but because foiled in his ambition for the post of Churchwarden, he determined on leaving the establishment, without, however, any fixed notion with regard to the sect he should join. On lending a hearing to all the dissenting preachers in his vicinity, without any potent theological reasons, he selected an Independent congregation, chiefly because on the first vacancy in the office of deacon, he had the prospect of being elected senior deacon. The grandfather's dissent is the most home-thrusting and gravely satirical part of the volume. The father follows in the tract chalked out for him by the grand-

father, and has the form without the knowledge and spirit of religion ; while the autobiographer himself abides by the same line, until a new light, or rather the old Episcopalian steady and mellow beams rest upon him ; so that he returns to the bosom of the Church, at the very time that he takes "dear Sophia" by the hand for better and for worse ; who also returns to the Establishment. "We were both Episcopalians, but what was of far greater importance, we were Christians."

There is a good deal of quiet humour in the fiction ; but the doctrine sought to be taught is intolerant, and too often couched in the language of cant. The satirist would have us to believe that the present tribes of dissenters are mostly fools or knaves. But we must allow him to explain who they are that he calls by this name. He says,—“The dissenters are the Independents,—The Baptists,—the Quakers,—the Presbyterians (to a certain extent),—the Socinians, Arians, and Universalists,—the Swedenborgians,—the Separatists,—the Scotch Baptists,—the Scotch Independents,—the Southcottians,—the Irvingites,—the Plymouth Brethren,—the Ranters,—and the Evangelical Quakers ; but the Wesleyans are irregular Churchmen.” He is very angry, too, at “The Evangelical Voluntary Church Association.” We have found the greater part of the volume to be dull, and its tone, if it be that of the dominant church, more likely to create repugnance, than to convince opponents, or to conciliate waverers. Perhaps the author could not have laboured more successfully if he had wished to give offence and to convey an ironical picture of the bigotry of Episcopacy.

ART. XXIX.—*Kenrick's Egypt of Herodotus.* *Fellows.*

WE have never met with such a lucid and engaging commentary upon this venerable historian as is to be met with in Mr. Kenrick's dissertations on the “Egypt.” It is full and embracing. It throws light around the whole of Herodotus. We trust that our scholar will complete his services by grappling with the rest of the works of the prince of ancient historians.

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